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IRELAND UNDER HER OWN PARLIAMENT.

BY J. L. DERWENT.

THERE is little in common between the Separatist movement conducted by Mr. Parnell and that associated in the last century with the name of Henry Grattan. With Mr. Parnell now, as with Grattan then, Separation is a means to an end—but the ends have no resemblance. The agitation of 1779–82 was as distinctly commercial as the present agitation is agrarian; and while the Irish Gracchus of our time and his eighty-five votes are the Parliamentary expression of a desire to rob the Irish landlord, Grattan and his colleagues were land-owners almost to a man, and cherished as their own the interests of the proprietors of the soil. Had he lived a century later, Grattan would have looked with distrust on Mr. Parnell. An Irish Parliament would now be a machine for enabling the tenant to plunder the proprietor; in 1782 it was sought as a safeguard against the commercial tyr-

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anny of England. The freedom of trade that she had unwillingly conceded in 1779, she was suspected of intending to revoke at the first convenient opportunity; and to prevent that revocation a hundred thousand armed Irishmen united in compelling her to convert the phantom Irish Parliament into a reality. The spirit in which the agitation of 1779–82 was conducted was pithily expressed by those Dublin volunteers who paraded the streets of their city with a couple of field-pieces, inscribed with the motto "Free trade—or this."

From the reign of Charles II. onwards, the price that Ireland paid for her connection with England was the surrender of her trade. While Dublin was vainly trying to extirpate Catholicism, Westminster, with more success, was legislating for the commercial ruin of Protestants and Catholics both.

The missionary zeal of the Irish Par-

liament found expression in the Irish penal laws. These practically offered the Catholic a choice between serfdom and conversion. He was shut out from Parliamentary and municipal life; could practise no profession but that of medicine, had not a vote, and could not make a will. At his death, the State took charge of his property, and divided it among his children; unless the eldest son consented to become a Protestant, in which case the worthy convert was rewarded with the whole estate. Especial care was taken to provide a substitute for the antiquated process of slaughter and confiscation by which the Irish Catholic in ruder times had been deprived of his property in the soil. Under the penal laws he could sell land, but was forbidden to buy it; if he risked money on a mortgage, he had no protection but the honesty of his debtor; if he took a lease of any land, the lease was invalid. These provisions, if enforced to the letter, would have left hardly an acre in Catholic hands. Fortunately for the estates professors of the old religion, the feeling of their Protestant lords towards them softened wonderfully in the eighty-seven years that intervened between the expulsion of Catholics from the Irish Parliament and the first alteration of the penal laws. For a time, indeed, the division between Protestant and Catholic was greater than that between Loyalist and Parnellite now. In the early years of the eighteenth century Irish Parliaments and Viceroy's had a set phrase by which they described four-fifths of the Irish people: the Catholic population was habitually referred to as "the common enemy." By the middle of the century the term had dropped into disrepute, and the penal laws were no longer strictly enforced; in 1777 the Catholic peers and gentry besought George III. for a relaxation of these laws, and the grand-children of the men who had placed them on the statute-book joined with the petitioners in praying for this grace. Their common grudge against England had brought about a reconciliation of the hereditary enemies; or, rather, they were content to suspend intestine warfare for a while, and combine in taking advantage of the distresses of a country that had persecuted both.

The hatred of the Irish Protestant to England was greater in the early years of George III.'s reign than that of the Irish Catholic. England had encouraged the enactment of penal laws in 1703, but the coercive zeal of the Irish Parliament exceeded her desires; and while she consented to the statutes, she was always unwilling to see them executed in their inhuman entirety. So long as the temper of the Irish Protestant continued to be that of a persecutor, it was to England and the English governors of Ireland that the distressed Catholic looked for whatever protection he obtained. The Protestant, on the other hand, had been cruelly injured by the action of his mother-country. He hated her as the most selfish and unnatural of parents, a harpy who, reversing the fable of the pelican, had nourished herself with her children's blood. She had beggared him that she might enrich herself, had swept his shipping from the sea, destroyed his commerce, and ruined his manufactures. It is difficult to find in the history of nations anything more grossly and meanly selfish than the commercial policy pursued by England towards Ireland; and it had the common fate of selfishness—it overreached itself. The country that had refused her children in Ireland freedom of trade was forced, in the end, to grant them not only liberty to trade, but liberty to separate from her.

"The conveniency of ports and harbors which nature bestowed so liberally on this kingdom," wrote Swift, fifty years before the time of the Irish volunteers, "is of no more use to us than a beautiful prospect to a man shut up in a dungeon." It was hardly an overstrained comparison; England had labored to destroy the trade of Ireland, and with almost complete success.

Her first great blow was struck at the Irish cattle-trade. As early as the reign of Charles II. English landowners took alarm at the influx of Irish cattle; and laws were passed by the English Parliament, forbidding Ireland to export to us live stock of any kind, dead meat, and even butter and cheese.

Deprived of their natural market in England, Irish breeders turned their attention to the woollen manufacture. Three-fourths of the island became a

sheep-walk, and its unequalled pastures, and the care bestowed in stocking them, resulted in the production of an excellent quality of wool. English, Scotch, and even foreign manufacturers were attracted to the country, capital was rapidly invested, and in a few years the Irish woollen industry gave employment to thousands of hands. English manufacturers began to tremble for their supremacy, and vehemently petitioned the English Parliament to protect their interests. Faithful to the maxim that a colony existed only for the benefit of the mother-country, the Houses lent a ready ear to complaints of injury done to English trade; and in 1698 a Parliament was summoned at Dublin with the declared object of destroying the Irish industry. The Lords Justices in their opening speech informed the Irish people that England claimed the manufacture of woollens as her monopoly, and was imperially pleased that the sister-island should cease from weaving them, and turn her attention instead to linen and hemp. The Irish Parliament reluctantly agreed to lay heavy duties on the export of woollens. Even this concession failed to satisfy; and in 1699 England framed an Act prohibiting the export from Ireland of woollen fabrics. The industry was ruined, capital left the country, and multitudes of the Protestant population followed it. For many years there was a drain of the best blood, industrially speaking, of Protestant Ireland; and ten or twelve thousand emigrants of that religion sometimes forsook the country in a year. As late as 1773, 4,000 emigrants sailed in twelve months from Belfast alone.

Together with the ruin of the woollen manufacture, came the crushing restrictions imposed on the attempts of Ireland to create a mercantile navy of her own. She was shut out from trade with the Continent, and as regarded the English Colonies, linen fabrics were almost the only export permitted to her. Even this concession was restricted to white and brown linens, the exportation of checked, striped, and dyed materials being absolutely prohibited. All direct importation from the colonies was forbidden; the goods that she required from them were to reach her by way of England, or not at all. The result was

that Irish shipping either rotted in Irish harbors, or was employed in carrying on a smuggling trade with France.

A terrible despondency paralyzed the unhappy country. The Protestant settler, lately so active, had no heart to attempt the creation of a substitute for the ruined woollen manufacture; he foresaw that the day of its prosperity would give the signal for England to destroy it, as the woollen trade had been destroyed. The burden of supporting the population was cast almost wholly on the soil; and the soil, from a multitude of causes, proved unequal to the demand. There was hardly a year in which Ireland was not on the verge of famine; and when the harvest proved bad the famine came. In that of 1740-41 nearly a tenth of the population was swept away; and everywhere might be seen wretches endeavoring to support life on the wild herbs of the field, and even on the nettles and docks that grew by the wayside. Fortunate was the peasant who possessed any cattle; he bled them from time to time, and boiled the blood drawn from the living animal with the weeds that he had gathered.

With the disasters of the American War of Independence came the opportunity of Ireland. Many of the Protestant Irish, whom England's selfish commercial policy had ruined and driven from home, were now in America, and hatred of the mother-country enlisted them by the thousand in the armies of Congress. The Protestant who remained in Ireland was smarting under the memory of the same wrongs and animated by similar feelings of resentment. When France and Spain joined America, and the control of the sea passed for a time from England, he felt that the moment had come for his country to attempt the recovery of her commercial freedom. A French invasion was in prospect. Ireland demanded an increase of her military establishment; and the English Government replied by confessing their inability to furnish it. Under the plea of organizing a means of national defence, the manhood of Protestant Ireland hastened to take up arms. Regiment after regiment of Volunteers was formed; the Irish peers and gentry placed themselves at their head; and with this force to back him,

Grattan, on the 12th of October, 1779, moved in the Irish Parliament: "That it is by a free export the nation is now to be saved from impending ruin." Flood, by turns his colleague and rival, proposed the substitution of the words "free trade" for "free export," and with this alteration the resolution was voted, *nemine contradicente*.

Lord North and his colleagues had already France and America on their hands. Was a war with Ireland to be added? They questioned the Viceroy, and the Viceroy gave it as his opinion that, if the demand for free trade were resisted, the Irish Volunteers would fight. They already numbered fifty thousand, and there were not five thousand English troops in the country. The Cabinet shrank from civil war at such a crisis; and the English restrictions on Irish commerce were promptly and unconditionally repealed.

For the moment, Irishmen of all classes united in a burst of thanksgiving. England was warmly assured that her action had united the sister island to her forever by a tie that could not be broken—a tie of gratitude. Grattan devoted all his eloquence to hymning the praise of the mother-country; and the English Viceroy, Lord Buckinghamshire, filled his letters to English Ministers with predictions of the advent of an era of peace, prosperity, and contentment. This mood lasted a few months, and then the ineradicable Irish suspicion of England began once more to stir in patriot bosoms.

The mother-country had granted free trade rather than risk an Irish war. Was it to be expected that a concession forced from her in the moment of her deepest distress would be maintained when the Americans should have achieved their independence, and peace had been made with France and Spain? Grattan declared the contrary, and the suspicions of the nation responded to him. A feeling spread through Ireland that, if commercial independence were to be preserved, the Irish Parliament must be free. The sentiment of never-dying gratitude that bound Irish hearts to England was forgotten, and on April 19th, 1780, Grattan moved, in the Irish House of Commons, a declaration of the rights of Ireland.

- (1) That the King, with the consent of the Parliament of Ireland, was alone competent to enact laws to bind Ireland.
- (2) That Great Britain and Ireland was indissolubly united, but only under the tie of a common sovereign.

The great patriot repeated his favorite declaration that England's difficulty was Ireland's opportunity. He pointed to the terms lately offered to the American insurgents as a proof of what might be extorted from England's fears, if only demanded by an armed nation. The House listened and wavered; but if it was patriotic, it was still more corrupt; and the Viceroy had arguments at his command which, for the moment, outweighed those of Grattan. A judicious distribution of bribes, and the lavish promise of peerages and places, staved off the evil day; and the resolutions were defeated.

Grattan fell back on the Volunteers. A cry arose that the Irish representatives were betraying the liberties of Ireland. Thousands of new patriots hastened to enrol themselves; meetings and reviews were held; and the sword of armed Ireland was ostentatiously cast into the scale against the bribes of the Viceroy. At first the House refused to be dictated to by an armed mob, and resolutions were passed censuring the action of the Volunteers. It was not long before this temper changed, and the Irish Parliament consented to follow the lead of the nation; but during the sessions of 1780 and 1781 honorable members were more amenable to the seductions of the Government than to the threats of the patriots.

A Bill had been brought forward by Mr. Bushe creating a separate Mutiny Law for Ireland. In obedience to the instructions of the English Ministry, the Viceroy opposed it; but the mind of the country was set on the measure, magistrates were everywhere liberating deserters arrested under the English Mutiny Act; and, in spite of Lord Buckinghamshire's effort, the Bill was passed, and sent to London. The Privy Council struck out the provision making it renewable at intervals of two years; and, having thus transformed it into a perpetual enactment, accepted

and returned it. Not yet wholly obedient to popular sentiment, the Irish Parliament agreed to the English amendment, in spite of the protests of Grattan; and the Irish Mutiny Act was declared perpetual. In the same session the Irish Supply Bill included a duty on the import of loaf-sugar. The Irish manufacturer had already discovered that free trade did not prevent his British rival from underselling him in his own market, and a twelvemonth's experience of his inability to compete with British capital and energy had made him clamorous for protection. Lord North's Government refused to agree to the imposts on British sugars; and the Irish Parliament, by yielding the point, inflamed anew the frenzy of the Volunteers. They met to pass a series of resolutions, demanding for Ireland liberty to close her markets against English goods, and declaring that, without this protection of domestic industry, the repeal of restrictions on Irish commerce, over which they had rejoiced so wildly a twelvemonth before, was a meaningless concession. At the same time the passing of the perpetual Mutiny Act was pointed to as a proof that, under its shelter, the army in Ireland was to be increased, and employed as an instrument for coercing Irish patriots. Outside the walls of the Dublin Parliament this belief was general. Grattan brought forward a demand for the repeal of the provision that made the Act perpetual, and, on his defeat, Flood followed him with a similar motion. It was in turn rejected; but the general support that during two stormy sessions the Irish Houses had accorded to the Government was plainly drawing to an end. Parliament had censured the Volunteers in 1780. In 1781 it addressed to them a vote of thanks, the only discernible justification of which lay in the fact that they were more numerous and importunate than ever. When the news of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown announced to Ireland that America had achieved her independence, the Separatists felt that the moment of their triumph was at hand.

The Catholics, whose antipathy to all with which their Protestant neighbors sympathized had induced them, as late as 1775, to transmit through the Viceroy

an address to George III. expressive of their loyalty to England and detestation of the rebellion in America, were now of another mind. They had aided the Volunteer movement by liberal subscriptions, and were only deterred from forming regiments of Catholic patriots by the danger of exciting the jealousy of their late tyrants and present allies. Some recognition of their cordial attitude was due to them; and, at the instance of Grattan, the Volunteers conceded it. In February 1782, delegates from the various regiments of Ulster assembled at Dungannon, to urge the demand for Irish independence, and to the resolutions voted on this subject the meeting appended a declaration that, "as Irishmen, Christians and Protestants," they rejoiced in that repeal of the most oppressive penal laws which had signalized the year 1778. It was plain that, if an independent Parliament were conceded, a further relaxation of the penal laws would follow; but on the great question of the political emancipation of the Catholics, Protestant opinion was divided. Of the triumvirate that in 1782 led the Protestant Separatists, Grattan was heartily in favor of conceding to the Irish Catholics every political privilege enjoyed by the dominant caste, while Flood and Lord Charlemont were disposed to deny them even the exercise of the elective franchise. For the moment, however, the necessity of supporting the demand for Parliamentary independence with the full strength of Ireland led both Flood and Charlemont to acquiesce in Grattan's policy of encouraging Catholic hopes.

Already, before the Dungannon meeting, a member of the patriot party had taken charge of a fresh Catholic Relief Bill. The measure was subsequently separated into two Bills; one allowing Catholics to purchase land and to bequeath property, the other conferring on them the right of educating their children in their own religion. While the fate of these compliances with the spirit of the time was still in abeyance, Grattan, fresh from the enthusiasm of Dungannon, once more proposed to the Irish Parliament to declare itself independent of England. He was opposed by the ablest of the steady supporters of Government, Fitzgibbon, afterwards

Earl of Clare, who pointed out to the perplexed House that, if they denied the authority of the English Parliament to legislate for Ireland, they repudiated the title on which the Protestant ownership of much of the soil of Ireland was based. Either this argument, or the fact that a majority of the members were practically in the pay of the Government, prevailed over Grattan's eloquence; and the Irish House of Commons acknowledged its dependency on England by 137 votes to 68.

The rage of the patriots grew fiercer and fiercer. They paraded daily in uniforms of every color of the rainbow; the press was filled with incendiary sentiments; and various of the leaders of the movement, including, it would seem, even Grattan himself, hinted in private at their readiness to draw the sword. In the mean time, the Irish Viceroy, Lord Carlisle, was negotiating for a compromise, on terms somewhat short of absolute separation. Had Lord North's Government remained in power, it is probable that the Viceroy's efforts would have been crowned with success; but the disaster at Yorktown was fatal to the Tory Premier, and, after a narrow escape from a vote of no-confidence, he announced the resignation of his Cabinet. The Whigs came into office; Lord Carlisle's negotiations fell through; and Rockingham and Fox sent over the Duke of Portland as Viceroy, in the full confidence that His Grace would be able to appease the Separatists, while refusing them separation.

The Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone is by no means an original product of his genius. Charles James Fox anticipated it more than a century ago. The great Whig orator, while in opposition, testified towards Irish disaffection sentiments as benignant as those of Mr. Gladstone; and, when in office, vacillated in the same mischievous fashion between conciliation and coercion. His language in the English House of Commons, when opposing Lord North, had rendered services to the party led by Grattan even superior to those that Mr. Gladstone, within the last ten years, has rendered Mr. Parnell. Fox was now a leading member of the English Government, and Grattan and his followers, remembering how warmly he had plead-

ed their cause, anticipated at the hands of the Whigs nothing short of the immediate concession of Irish independence.

Hardly had the Duke of Portland landed in Ireland, when he found that his mission was a failure. The news from America and the menacing attitude of the Irish Volunteers had already shaken the fidelity of the Government majority in the Irish Parliament; the accession of Fox and the Whigs to power confirmed them in their inclination to desert to the side of Fox's friends, the patriots. When Grattan, on April 16th, 1782, rose for the last time to move his declaration of Irish independence, it was not as a leader cheering on his forces to battle that he spoke, but as the same leader when the victory is won. "Ireland," he began, "is now a nation. In that character I hail her, and, bowing the knee to her august presence, I say, *Esto perpetua*." The House frantically applauded the intimation and the rhapsody that followed it; the vote of two months before was cancelled by acclamation; and the Irish House of Lords, following the example of the Commons, repudiated all connection with Great Britain but the tie of a common Sovereign, and declared that only the Irish Parliament was competent to legislate for Ireland.

The Whig Government hesitated for a moment between coercion and submission, but chose the latter. Poyning's Act was repealed, so far as it constituted the English Privy Council a tribunal for sitting in judgment on Irish Bills, and along with it went the Act of George I. that asserted the authority of the English Parliament to legislate for Ireland. Ireland believed herself to be, as Grattan had said, at last a nation; and Grattan himself was, for a few months, the darling of every Irish heart. A reward of £100,000 was proposed for his services by the grateful Legislature that had so long allowed the pay and peerages of the Lord Lieutenant to outweigh his patriotic eloquence, and he finally accepted half the sum.

In the ensuing session the emancipated Parliament addressed itself zealously to the task of legislation, and, for the most part, did admirable work. The price of Catholic support was paid,

and the late victim of the penal laws acquired the right to buy land and make a will, to worship free from restraint, and to bring up his children in his own faith. Irish judgeships ceased to be tenable during the Sovereign's pleasure, and their holders were placed on an equal footing with the English Bench. The Irish Presbyterian had been relieved, in 1779, from the hardships of the Test Act; his claim to be married by a clergyman of his own persuasion was now conceded. On two points Parliament showed itself hostile to popular feeling. It was composed of landlords and placemen, and had no inclination to tax absentees or reform boroughs. The non-resident landlord, who drained the country of its money and left his estates in the hands of middlemen, had long been the greatest curse of Ireland, and in the days before separation patriot members were loud in censuring him; but when a proposal was made, in 1783, to tax absentees, it was rejected by 184 votes to 22. Against electoral reform the Irish House of Commons was still more stubbornly set, and its attitude on this question speedily brought it into collision with the Volunteers.

These heroes were no longer at the beck of Grattan. Within six months of his Parliamentary triumph, the darling of Ireland had become one of the most unpopular of Irishmen, and the late recipient of a nation's bounty had suffered a pelting at the hands of the Dublin mob. "If the Athenian government," wrote his son and biographer (meaning by government the practice of ostracism), "had accompanied the popular frenzy of the day, Mr. Grattan would, perhaps, have been forced to go to America." His unpopularity was the work of Flood. That very venal patriot had long been jealous of his colleague's stainless reputation and superior influence, and he now contrived to deal a dexterous blow at Grattan and England both. The liberation of Ireland, he declared in Parliament, had been managed in a bungling fashion. The simple repeal of Poynings' Act and the Act of George I. was insufficient. At the first favorable opportunity the English Parliament would undoubtedly reenact these statutes, and, with the help

of the English forces in Ireland, once more enslave the Irish nation. Flood's remedy was to demand from the mother-country a declaration that she renounced for ever the claim to legislate for Ireland. With the indignation of an author who hears his work condemned, Grattan hotly combated the proposal, and argued that to demand from England an express renunciation of her right to legislate was, in fact, to admit that such a right existed, whereas the simple repeal of the Act of George I. was a silent admission on the part of the English Parliament that it had usurped the authority the Act assigned to it. Logically, he had the better of the dispute; but the Irish Volunteers and people, in whose minds suspicion of England, when once aroused, swallowed up all other sentiments as rapidly as Aaron's serpent devoured those of the magicians, took part against him and with Flood. To increase their clamor, Lord Mansfield, at this unfortunate moment, gave judgment in an Irish appeal case that had been long before the English Courts. A wild cry arose that Ireland was betrayed, and the English Government could only silence it by hurrying through Parliament a Bill that expressly recognized the independence of the Irish Courts of Law. The net result of the whole business was that Grattan's popularity forthwith sank to zero, and Flood, a few years before the tool of the Government, took his place as the idol of the hour. "Mr. Flood," exclaimed the enthusiastic "Humanity Martin," in the Irish House of Commons, "is the greatest character that has ever adorned this country—a character not to be profaned by the tongues of impious men." Yet, at that very moment, the ornament of Ireland was secretly negotiating with the Viceroy, and perfectly ready to desert to the side of the Government if only English Ministers would come up to his terms.

It was not long before a new instance of English perfidy provoked the fury of the Irish people. The bitter conviction forced itself on the minds of patriots that, while the House of Commons continued unreformed, the independence that the country had armed itself to secure was little better than a sham. In the Irish Lower House there sat ex-

actly 300 members, 64 for the counties of Ireland, and no fewer than 236 for the boroughs. Of the borough seats 176, or a majority of the whole House, were the property of individual bishops, peers, and commoners, and were bought and sold in the most open manner, being sometimes parted with outright and sometimes leased to the purchaser for a single Parliament. The buyer's design was commonly to reimburse himself by the sale of his vote, and, as the Irish Government was the only buyer of votes, a result ensued that, had Grattan been a practical statesman, he would have foreseen as the certain consequence of his success. On all questions that did not affect their own pockets the majority in the House were ready to sell themselves to the English Viceroy, and, at an exorbitant cost to herself, England, for eighteen years to come, contrived to govern Ireland by bribing Irish Parliaments. The taint spread even beyond the region of politics. When the first appeal case came before the Irish House of Lords, Lord Strangford, the Dean of Down, was proved to have offered his conscience for sale to one of the parties to the suit, and lost his privilege of voting as a peer of Parliament in consequence.

It was certain that the Government had no disposition to part with the command of Irish politics that an unreformed House of Commons gave it; and the House itself prized as the most precious of Ireland's commodities her rotten boroughs. Flood, who, as the successor to Grattan's influence, headed the agitation for Reform, fell back on Grattan's old allies, the Volunteers. On September 6th, 1783, a second convention assembled at Dungannon, and a daring scheme was agreed upon for overawing the treacherous representatives by whom the dearest rights of Irishmen were betrayed for place and pay to the enemy beyond St. George's Channel. This was the creation of a body of 300 delegates, matching the number of the House of Commons, whose function it should be to assemble in Dublin and coerce Parliament into the acceptance of Flood's Reform Bill.

Under the protection of an armed multitude of patriots, this illegitimate Parliament accordingly met in November

1783. The Rotunda had been selected for its sittings, and thither the deputies were escorted by the Dublin Artillery Volunteers, whose guns the blasphemous wit of Napper Tandy had decorated with the sentence from the Liturgy, "Open Thou our mouths, O Lord, and our lips shall show forth Thy praise." So completely eclipsed, for the time being, was the popularity of Grattan, that one of the delegates—the premier ruffian of Ireland, "Fighting Fitzgerald"—laid an ambush of patriots for him, and the liberator possibly escaped death at the hands of the liberated by happening to dine that evening at the Castle.

In spite of the cannon of the Volunteers and the rival Assembly of Representatives sitting on the other side of the Liffey, the House stood firm. Flood's Bill for the abolition of rotten boroughs was rejected by a majority of two to one. "It comes to us," said Fitzgibbon, "under the mandate of a military congress." The congress in question met to deliberate on the course that Irish patriots should adopt; and the counsels of its moderate members, and perhaps the fact that the military establishment of Ireland had been recently increased, turned its decisions to the side of prudence. Not for the only time in history, the mountain of Irish agitation brought forth a mouse—the three hundred delegates adjourned, *sine die*, after agreeing on a petition to the King.

It was in this session of 1783 that the memorable encounter between Grattan and Flood supplied for the benefit of posterity a happy example of the temper and manners of the Irish Parliament. "I am not," declared Flood, tauntingly, "a mendicant patriot bought by his country for a sum of money, and who sold his country for prompt payment." Grattan sprang to his feet; and, under cover of Parliamentary forms, retaliated with a vindictive portrait of his adversary. "Suppose him a great egotist, his honor equal to his ambition; and I will stop him and say"—looking Flood in the face as he spoke: "'Sir, your talents are not so great as your life has been infamous. You were silent for years, and silent for money. You can be trusted by no man. The

people cannot trust you. The ministers cannot trust you. . . . You tell the nation it is ruined by other men, while it is sold by you. I, therefore, tell you, in the face of the country, and before all the world, and to your beard—you are not an honest man!" Flood naturally challenged his brother patriot after hearing this; but was thought to have taken no great pains to avoid being arrested, and the projected duel ended in a binding-over to keep the peace.

In 1784, Flood again brought forward his motion for reform, and Grattan supported it on principle; but leave to introduce a Bill was refused by 159 votes to 85. In 1785, Irish Parliamentary patriots were employed for a great part of the session in furious abuse of England, the provocation being the attempt of Pitt to negotiate a commercial union between the two countries. The young Premier, true to the spirit of his master, Adam Smith, wished to see England and Ireland placed on the same commercial footing; but the hostility of English mercantile and manufacturing interests compelled him to modify his first proposals, and the treaty he ultimately submitted to the Dublin Parliament was denounced by every patriot, from Grattan downward. The Irish Government found that their salaried majority of placemen and pensioners could not be relied on to pass the Bill, and prudently withdrew it. Ireland was left to do as she liked with her trade, and her pleasure was to nurse her feeble industries by Protection. Nor did home products escape taxation. "So universal is the present system of national taxation, and so many objects does it embrace," says a Dublin newspaper of 1788, "that there are few articles, either necessities or superfluities, that are not subject to an impost." Whiskey, of course, contributed largely to the national exchequer; and a curious picture of Ireland's lawless condition in the golden age that Mr. Parnell looks back to is afforded by the account of an inspector of Excise, with two companies of the 27th Regiment, and as many field-pieces, marching in this same year, 1788, to the attack of an old castle, where, for years, an illegal distillery had been openly carried on.

"Ireland is now a nation." Grat-

tan's words of 1782 were as delusive as the benefits that he had conferred on his unhappy country. Ireland was never farther from being a nation than under her own Parliament; the ancient hatreds that seemed to have died away while the battle was being fought with England revived as soon as it was won. Churchman quarrelled with Presbyterian; and the two agreed in refusing political emancipation to the Catholic. The Catholics themselves were divided into two parties; there were the nobles, gentry, and traders, for the most part loyal to the English connection; and behind these the mass of the peasantry, nourished, as their children are nourished to-day, on legends of English oppression, and regarding themselves as the rightful owners of the soil. It was among these ignorant, wayward, passionate masses that hatred of England was fiercest; and Grattan's remedy for the disease was to give them votes and allow them to fill the Irish House of Commons with mouthpieces of their demands. He had persuaded himself—*mirabile dictu!*—that the possession of a vote and the privilege of sending Catholics to the Irish Parliament would work a miraculous change in the temper of the disaffected Catholic population; and the supreme blessing he longed to confer on Ireland was the creation of a truly national Parliament, where Catholic should work in harmony with Protestant, and the two should vie in loyalty to the English Crown. It was a magnificent dream; but, fortunately for the unity of the Empire, Catholic Emancipation was not fully accomplished until Ireland had long ceased to possess a Parliament of her own.

The great year of the Irish Parliament was 1793. Before its close, the Catholic had acquired a vote; nominally through the action of the Irish Houses, really because Pitt had issued a mandate that the Dublin Parliament obeyed. Pitt's motives for the part he played in Irish affairs of that year were singularly mixed; but two influences predominated—the dread of seeing the whole body of Catholics combine in disloyalty, and the desire of forcing on the Union.

By 1793, the Society of United Irishmen had been fully constituted. It originated among the discontented dema-

gogues whose attempts to reform Parliament in spite of itself had been defeated; and its object was to unite the Catholics of the South and the Presbyterians of Ulster against England and the Churchmen. From the day of its birth the Society had looked to France. Before 1789, its founders might be seen drinking the health of Louis XVI. on their knees; after the fall of the Bastille they became admirers of Marat and Robespierre, and learnt the *Ça Ira*. Their hope was to establish an Irish Republic, with the help of France; and in anticipation of the day when French troops should land, they drilled patriots and stored up arms. Had Grattan been a clear-sighted statesman, he would have recognized the Society as the natural offspring of 1782; had the United Irishmen been grateful sons, they would have set up the bust of Grattan at their meetings and have drunk the health of that patriot as their true parent. It was from Grattan they learnt the lesson that Catholic and Protestant might be induced to combine against England; and the disloyalty of Volunteer and United Irishman was, at bottom, the same. Grattan's declaration, made in the session of 1785, is on record: "If ever the question was presented to Ireland whether the Empire or the Irish Constitution was to be sacrificed, I, as an Irishman, would say, 'Perish the Empire!'"

At first there was real danger that the movement would become a national one. The Ulster Presbyterians had bitter grudges, political and religious, against the Irish Churchmen; and the farmers of Ulster, in especial, had been worse than harshly treated by their landlords. When a lease fell in, exorbitant fines were demanded for its renewal; and if the tenant could not raise the money, the farm was let over his head, and he was mercilessly evicted. In many cases the incoming occupiers were Catholics; and thus a considerable Catholic population was added to Ulster. The evicted Protestant was divided between hatred of the landlord who had ruined him and hatred of the Papist who had taken his place; and while he was swayed by these feelings, the United Irishmen approached him with their proposals. Join with us to over-

throw the landlords, they said; and when the victory is won, Catholics and Presbyterians can arrange terms on which they may live at peace. Many Ulster men listened; and the brotherhood of Irish Republicans soon possessed a formidable organization in that province.

Meanwhile, the Irish Catholics—even the most intelligent and loyal of their body—had grown dissatisfied with the measure of relief conceded to them. The gratitude with which they hailed the repeal of the penal laws died a natural death in the course of a few years, and was succeeded by a passionate craving for the possession of political power. Grattan, and the few members of the Dublin Parliament who shared his views, were eager to concede their claims. Not so the great majority of the House. When a member presented a petition in 1792 in favor of the Catholics, it was rejected by 208 votes against 25. Grattan exerted all his eloquence in vain. "I could hardly obtain a hearing," he wrote to a friend. "As to Denis Browne, they would not listen to him." The Corporation of Dublin passed a vote of thanks to the majority.

Pitt now interfered. The Viceregal Government had spies in the most secret councils of the United Irishmen, and transmitted to England regular accounts of their proceedings. It was plain to the English Premier that there was danger of the Catholics throwing themselves into the movement *en masse*. He determined to conciliate them, and at the same time to bring the union of the two Parliaments one step nearer. It is doing no injustice to Pitt's memory to believe that in supporting Catholic claims he sought to work on the fears of the Protestants. He foresaw that when the Catholic had become a political power the ruling caste of Irishmen would be less hostile to a Parliamentary union with England, in whose strength alone they could find protection; and with this object in view, he was prepared to grant the franchise to the Catholics, and even to go to the length of admitting them to Parliament—a concession that could do little harm while that Parliament was unreformed.

The Session of 1793 opened. To the

amazement of the House, the claims of the Irish Catholics were pressed by the Lord Lieutenant in a speech from the Throne. Oblivious of the vote of the preceding year, the troop of placemen and pensioners followed their paymaster's lead; and the elective franchise was conferred on Catholics.

The acquisition of the franchise only made the latter more eager for seats in Parliament. They strongly urged their claim; and it was favored by a majority of the English Whigs. In 1794, the Radicalism of Fox influenced the aristocratic Whigs to desert him and league themselves with Pitt; and they pressed on their new ally the expediency of considering whether further concessions could be made to the Irish Catholics. Grattan was taken into the counsels of the Cabinet. He came to London and saw Pitt, who hinted that, while the Government would not bring forward a Bill themselves, they would not oppose it if brought forward by others. Grattan returned home persuaded that the day of the final emancipation of the Catholics was at hand; and Lord Fitzwilliam, a Whig Peer whose sentiments on the Catholic question were those of Grattan, was sent to Dublin as Lord Lieutenant.

Had Fitzwilliam refrained from interference with the great families that fattened on the plunder of Ireland, Catholic Emancipation might have been secured; and Pitt would undoubtedly have proceeded to force on a union of the two Parliaments. Unluckily for the Catholics, Fitzwilliam commenced an attack on Irish placemen. The Irish Chancellor, Fitzgibbon, withstood him; and a political duel ensued between the two, each manœuvring to oust the other. An adroit stroke secured the victory to Fitzgibbon, who entered into communication with a section of the English Cabinet that was opposed to the Catholic demands, and through these, reached the ear of the King. George III. readily listened to the suggestion that to sanction the entrance of Catholics into Parliament would be a breach of his coronation oath, and put his veto on the project. Pitt deferred to the will of the Sovereign; and peremptory instructions were sent to Fitz-

william to desist from any encouragement of the Catholic claims.

Unfortunately, Fitzwilliam had already committed himself. A Bill had been promptly introduced by Grattan, and under the patronage of the Lord Lieutenant, was read a first time unopposed. This was more than the Viceroy's instructions warranted; and mutual recriminations ensued between Fitzwilliam and the English Cabinet, resulting in his speedy recall. With his departure closed the era of conciliation. The Bill for repealing absolutely all penalties and disabilities affecting Roman Catholics was thrown out of the Irish Parliament on the second reading; and an outburst of popular feeling was answered by conferring on the magistracy extensive powers for dealing with sedition.

Fortunately for Government, the United Irishmen were no longer united. Distrust of their Catholic allies had prevailed with the Ulster men; and they converted their share of the movement for liberating Ireland into a crusade for the expulsion of Papists from Ulster. A reign of terror set in throughout the north of Ireland. The Catholic farmers and cottiers were warned to quit their holdings; and when they refused, their houses were attacked, and the occupants savagely beaten and sometimes murdered outright. In their desperation the Catholics took up arms; and the year that saw Grattan's Emancipation Bill rejected, also saw the Battle of the Diamond, a skirmish in which victory remained with the Protestants. The same night the first Orange Lodge was founded; and scores of others were speedily added. Such a movement was practically a declaration that Ireland was in a state of civil war.

Throughout the remaining three provinces the Catholics, in their turn, were arming and organizing fast. There were very few troops in Ireland; the English Government would not, or could not, send more; and the Irish Executive was forced to fall back on the Protestant yeomanry. With the brutal Carhampton at their head, these were let loose on the peasantry, and troops of them scoured the country,

committing every conceivable outrage under color of searching for hidden arms. The yeomanry lived at free quarters in houses of the better class, and burnt the poorer sort. The peasant suspected of concealing arms was flogged into declaring where they were hidden; or sometimes his tormentors hanged him and cut him down before life was extinct, repeating the choking until he confessed. Then, with a back bleeding from the lash or a throat bruised by the rope, he was left to curse his tyrants among the ruins of his cabin; often to listen to a wife or daughter complaining of wrongs still fouler than his own.

Like his friend Burke, Grattan possessed in a pre-eminent degree the first of social virtues, a sympathy with his fellow-men. In the Irish House of Commons he poured forth passionate denunciations of the cruelties with which the search for arms had been attended; but to no purpose. The House responded by passing a Bill of Indemnity to shield the criminals. Weapons, however, continued to be sent into the country from America and France; and in 1797 General Lake was ordered to disarm Ulster, where the whole of the Catholic population and those of the Protestants who still clung to the cause of United Ireland were ripe for rebellion. The scenes of two years earlier were repeated; and 50,000 muskets, 22 cannon, and 70,000 pikes passed into loyal hands.

Before this, the United Irishmen had played their best card, and had lost. In 1796, Hoche's fleet of invasion was scattered by a December tempest; and although eighteen ships reached the rendezvous in Bantry Bay, the vessel was not among them that carried the great Republican general. In his absence the French did nothing.

Had Hoche and his 15,000 veterans landed, there would have been an Irish Saint Bartholomew. There were still few regular troops in the country, and the French might well have led on their allies to victory; but most assuredly they could not have restrained them from converting it into massacre. The whole power of the priesthood could not have restrained them, and yet it was

even greater then than now, and at that very moment was being exerted on the side of order; for horror of the French Revolution had made Irish priests, for the most part, prefer the tyranny of heretic England to alliance with infidel France. The priests could keep their flocks quiet while the invader was still in his ships; but had he landed—? "I know my countrymen," said General Clarke, an Irishman in the service of the Directory, to Wolfe Tone, when the founder of the United Irishmen was in Paris seeking French aid: "I know what will happen if the peasantry are let loose." "Shocking things, no doubt," was the answer, "but the oppressors of Ireland well deserve them." Tone's opinion of the deserts of Irish landlords was more than shared by the wretched creatures who had undergone the discipline of Carhampton and his yeomanry; and, when all is said that can be said of the many good qualities of the Irish peasant, the fact remains that at the end of last century he was a savage rather than a civilized being, and revenged his wrongs, when opportunity offered, with all a savage's ferocity.

The French fleet sailed away; and the Irish Executive, conscious of a great danger and a narrow escape from it, addressed itself vigorously to the task of unearthing concealed arms and laying hands on the leaders of the United Irishmen. Early in 1798, eighteen of these pests were trapped in Dublin. Their arrest precipitated the long-organized and long-delayed explosion; and on May 28th the Irish Rebellion began with the treacherous massacre of a party of militia at Prosperous, near Dublin. In the absence of the hated French a few priests were drawn into the rising, and became the most ferocious of its leaders. The peasantry of Wexford, Kildare, and Wicklow, were speedily in arms; and a camp that served also for a prison and a slaughter-house was formed by the rebels on Vinegar Hill.

For the next three weeks its occupants went mad with the delight of shedding Protestant blood. A mock court was appointed to try the prisoners brought into camp; and from the ruined windmill, where it held its sittings, the condemned were led out to

the pikes that waited for them. The cruelties of Vinegar Hill were imitated on a smaller scale in every district that the rebels occupied. In at least one instance they were surpassed. After nearly ninety years, it is not forgotten by the Orangemen of Ireland that, on the day of the battle of New Ross, a division of the Irish army stopped in its flight from the field to set fire to a barn crammed with Protestants, and guarded it with their pikes till the victims of this frightful *auto da fé* were burnt or suffocated.

The rebels received more mercy than they gave—thanks chiefly to a change of Viceroys. On the 21st of June, General Lake stormed their camp at Vinegar Hill; and the day before there had landed at Dublin a Lord Lieutenant who mistook a maddened peasantry, burning with hatred of the owners of the soil, for Irish converts to the doctrines put forth in the *Rights of Man*. Persuaded that the people had been misled by Jacobin missionaries, Lord Cornwallis determined to spare them as much as possible, and hang their leaders. Such a policy effectually seconded the victory of Lake; and while the heads of Harvey, Colclough, Grogan, and their brother chiefs were being set to blacken on spikes in the July sun, the mass of their followers were dispersing sullenly to their homes.

Ireland quieted, the Irish Parliament, at the instance of the Viceroy, committed suicide. The negotiations that preceded the act took nearly two years; for the shrewd patriots who had a country to sell, naturally wanted a good price for her. Their greed and impudence confounded the Viceroy, who soon learned to look on the Parliament in the light of a cesspool that he had been sent to cleanse. "I long," he wrote, "to kick those whom my public duty obliges me to court. My occupation is to negotiate with the most corrupt people under heaven. I despise and hate myself every hour for engaging in such dirty work, and am supported only by the reflection that without a union the British Empire must be destroyed."

June, 1800, saw the long bargaining at an end, and the Treaty of Union accepted by the Irish Lords and Commons. The English Houses promptly

ratified it; and on the 1st of August George III. gave his royal assent to the Act that undid the work of 1782. At a cost of millions, England had bought back her concessions; and the course of events has since taught her that the Union was worth the money.

The eloquent patriot who in 1782 had hailed Ireland as a nation, uttered pathetic and impassioned laments over what he was pleased to call her corpse. To Grattan the miserable history of eighteen years had taught no lesson. He still believed that the changes of 1782 only failed to bring peace in their train because they did not go far enough; that in a reformed and national Irish Parliament a Catholic majority would hold out the right hand of fellowship to Protestant landlords; that the hunger of the peasant for the land could be appeased by giving him a vote and letting him return Catholic members to the House of Commons on College Green. We may judge by the light of recent history if the event would have been as he imagined. If the Ireland to which Mr. Gladstone has successively sacrificed the Church and the landlord as peace-offerings is so disloyal to-day, what would have been her temper had Church and landed-interest been handed over to her tender mercies at the end of the last century? It tempts an Englishman to forgive the old Dublin Parliament its many sins when he reflects that it refused to follow Grattan in the paths of Reform and Catholic Emancipation. The venal majorities that voted in obedience to the orders of English Viceroys prevented the disruption of the Empire; and Grattan, in his great love for his country, would have cut her wholly adrift from England, at the same time putting the Irish landlord in the power of the peasant, with a tender entreaty to the latter to forget the past.

"England," said Hussey Burgh in 1779, "has sown her laws like dragons' teeth, and they have sprung up in armed men." The patriots of the Irish House of Commons applauded the felicity of the image; and forthwith proceeded, at the call of Grattan, to sow the dragons' teeth that sprang up in the shape of the rebels of 1798. If Englishmen desire to be cursed with a second and more extensive crop of the kind, there is an

admirable opportunity just now for sowing the seed. Happily, the signs of the times would rather indicate the determination of the country that no axe—

not even Mr. Gladstone's—shall be laid to the roots of the Union of 1800.—*National Review.*

THE ROSSETTIS.

GABRIELE ROSSETTI.—MARIA FRANCESCA ROSSETTI.—DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.—WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI.—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

BY WILLIAM SHARP.

THAT talent and even genius are hereditary is an argument that has been systematically advanced and ably supported. Yet as a matter of fact most of those who have attained celebrity in any of the arts have sprung from parents in no way remarkable otherwise, and have had brothers and sisters the rumor of whose fame has never been bruited abroad. *One* Chaucer, *one* Shakespeare, *one* Spenser, *one* Milton, *one* Shelley, *one* Keats we know of, and of none other. At the same time we know also that there are other names which bear a double significance. It seems often as if Nature, having formed a mind that men will term a genius, is yet herself dissatisfied with the result, and takes the opportunity of the first succeeding birth in the same family to add certain mental qualities, like important notes too late to be included in a volume; or again, as if she were at times not sure of her handicraft, and so experimented with one mind first till, seeing her way clear, she abruptly left off and bestowed the special endowments on a new creation. It is thus that we recall the names of Coleridge and Hartley Coleridge, Wordsworth and his sister Mary, Charles and Mary Lamb, Tennyson and Charles Tennyson-Turner, Harriet Martineau and Dr. Martineau, James Mill and John Stuart Mill, and many others unnecessary to mention. But on rare occasions it seems as if Nature, having found the brain of one individual in a family not sufficient to contain the whole measure of talent she wished to endow it with, gifts the one, two, three, or four remaining brothers and sisters in closely approximate if not equal proportions; further, on still rarer occasions, it happens that her subtle influence links life

with life till a remarkable continuity of generic talent is the result. In our own literature at least one such instance as the former will at once be called to mind by the simple mention of the parsonage of Haworth; of the latter an instance is to be found in the family whose name heads this paper.

The name of Rossetti is well known not only in England and America, but also in Italy, and in the latter country not through the work of one man alone, for the elder generation of the Rossetti family seems to have been mentally endowed only less remarkably than the later. But the two brothers and two sisters whose names succeed that of Gabriele Rossetti after the title of this paper are those whose reputations have been made in the country to which they belong by birth and by choice, and they collectively afford such an example of consanguineous talent, if the term may be used, as would be difficult, if not impossible, to surpass or even to parallel from our own literary records or from those of any other country.

The Rossettis are of the Italian race, as their name would indicate. I have not attempted to trace the family further back than the latter part of last century, but at that period they were respectable and fairly well-to-do people in the Abruzzi district of the old kingdom of Naples. Vasto, or Vasto d'Ammonè, is a small town, comprising now from seven to nine thousand inhabitants, and lies some eighteen miles from Termoli. Situated on the Adriatic sea-board, it faces from its rocky steep the blue waters that stretch, uninterrupted, for leagues beyond eyesight northward and southward, and is well fitted indeed to be the birthplace of patriotic and poetic

children. Here, through the eighteenth century at any rate, dwelt the Rossettis, whose descendants have become so well known throughout their own and other lands; and here it was that Nicola Rossetti pursued his avocations, and about 1763 took to himself a wife called Maria Francesca Pietrocòla, living, as the most reliable biographer of Gabriele Rossetti has said, in an unpretending house (*modesta casa*), and pursuing the studies for which he had a special bent. Nicola and his wife had several children, four of whom made their mark, though only the youngest achieved memorial fame, the eldest being Andrea, who was born in 1765, and who afterwards became known as a canonical orator and poet; five years later was born Antonio, a poet likewise; next, in 1772, came Domenico, who, as poet, journalist, and medical writer, filled well his comparatively short lease of life; and lastly, after the long interval of eleven years, Gabriele came as a Benjamin on the 1st of March, 1783. Amongst other instructors the young Gabriele had the celebrated Padre Vincenzo Gaetani, and amongst his fellows were youths who afterwards became known, in more directions than one, in the troublous times that preceded the Neapolitan risings against the tyranny of Ferdinand. Of an ardent and poetic while studious bent of mind, he found ample to occupy his intellectual life either in reading the classics and the national literature, in the ferment of political opinions then effervescing in all directions, and in the endless beauty of sea-girt Vasto and its neighborhood. Poet as he was, he could not help loving the picturesque district of the Abruzzi or the blue Adriatic with its fisher-craft and its many marine joys and wonders. Yet, being a modern Italian poet, the glory of Eden itself would not in fascination have transcended politics, that which is as breath to the nostrils of every Italian versifier; and hence it is that in his poems but comparatively few stanzas are devoted to nature, other than as incidental allusions to the surroundings of his youth and childhood. Alfieri, Carducci, and Gabriele Rossetti are each true poets, but too often in their works we are treated only to political disquisitions and speeches in rhyme. The lyric

Tommaso, as Dante Gabriel Rossetti pointed out in a letter to the *Athenæum* some years ago, sinned not thus grievously, and has therefore a sweeter note than any; but he is an exception, for even the sad genius of Leopardi is too often weighed down by chronicling passing events of merely local or immediate interest.

The young Rossetti threw himself heart and soul into the study of his native literature, especially the work of Dante, as eagerly as later on he embraced the politics of the Neapolitan liberals, helping on what he felt to be the good cause by frequent and stirring poetic songs and adjurations to his countrymen. Before, however, these effusions got him into trouble he had for some years held a chief post in the Naples Museum. (*Museo Borbonico*), from whence spread his reputation for great erudition. At last the disasters of 1821 overtook "the city that sits by the sea," and amongst others from whom the ban was not removed by the government of the treacherous Ferdinand was the poet who was supposed to have advocated tyrannicide; and it in all probability would have fared badly with the poet-patriot if it had not been for the admiration he had excited elsewhere than amongst the excitable Neapolitan populace. The story of Gabriele's escape has been so often told within the last few months that it must now be pretty generally known amongst those to whom the name "Rossetti" is in any way familiar, but while recurring to the circumstances the opportunity can be taken for correcting the somewhat frequent mistakes as to facts and dates. Sir Graham Moore was the English admiral then stationed in the Bay of Naples, and he was persuaded by his wife, who had long admired and sympathized with Rossetti's poems and political aspirations, to rescue the latter from the certain punishment that awaited the proscribed poet-patriot when captured, an undertaking which the admiral agreed to attempt, and which with a friend's assistance he accomplished successfully. Having reached his place of shelter, the two officers disguised Rossetti in an English uniform they had managed to bring with them in the carriage, and ere long they reached the shore

in safety, getting their willing captive on board ship without delay, and hence placing him beyond immediate danger; but as of course it would not have done for him to remain in the admiral's ship, he was shortly put aboard a vessel bound for Malta, which in due time he reached, and where he continued to reside for rather less than two years. In 1823 he came to England and settled in London, eight years later was made Professor of Italian Language and Literature at King's College, and in 1826 married a lady of Italian lineage but English birth, namely, Frances, daughter of Gaetano Polidori, the secretary of Alfieri, and sister of the Dr. Polidori who at one time travelled with Lord Byron. Mr. and Mrs. Rossetti, to drop the "Signor" with his severance from Italy, at this time lived at No. 38, Charlotte Street, Portland Place, and here he superintended the issue of his most celebrated work, the *Comento Analitico sulla Divina Commedia*. This attracted wide attention, some sympathy, and a good deal of opposition—an opposition, it must be confessed, that is not likely to be condemned in the future, for, with all its ingenious and learned arguments, the *Comento Analitico*, with such subsequent and sympathetic works as *Sullo Spirito Anti-Papale* (1832) and *La Beatrice del Dante* (1852), has been pronounced by adequate judges to be the elaboration in great part of fanciful theories. The central idea of Rossetti in these productions was to prove that Dante was a heretic in the affairs of both Church and State; that Beatrice represented the true Church of Christ, that Rome was the whore of Babylon, the Pope the Lucifer of the *Inferno*, and the whole *Divine Comedy* the veiled satire and denunciation of a political and religious enthusiast. According to Signor Pietrocola-Rossetti, his biographer, the author of the *Commentary* had had the idea of composing such a work before he settled in London at all. In 1827 the first child of the marriage was born, and was called, after her paternal grandmother, Maria Francesca. The following year, on the 12th of May, there came a boy who was triply named, in the first instance after his father, in the second after a dear friend though not a countryman of the Italian patriot,

and in the third in memory of the latter's idol, the great Florentine—Gabriel Charles Dante, or, as now more widely known, Dante Gabriel. To Gabriel succeeded William Michael in 1829; and in 1830 came the last of the children, to whom the names Christina Georgina were given. In 1840 Gabriele Rossetti published two volumes, one a collection of verses called *Dio e l' Uomo*, and the other, a portentous production styled *Il Mistero dell' Amor Platonico Svelato*, which few seem to have attempted, much less read; and in 1843 another poetical volume saw the light through publication in Paris, this being the collection *Il Reggente in Solitudine*. About two years subsequent to this he had to resign his professorship at King's College owing to an increasing weakness of sight. His remaining productions are *Poesie* (1847), *L' Arpa Evangelica* and *La Beatrice del Dante* (1852). He did not become wholly blind, as has been stated, and so late as a year before his death a very fine pencil portrait by his eldest son exhibits him with serene and happy face and at work at his table. Like the son in question he died in April, the exact date being the 26th of April, 1854, and was buried at Highgate, most truly and deeply regretted by all who had had the privilege of his friendship and love. His wife still survives him and two of her children, and certainly to few mothers has it been alike given to influence so potently the lives of her offspring and to watch them all grow to maturity in fame; perhaps few mothers have obtained such unselfish devotion and unswerving love and trust from their children. Many years ago now a medal was struck in his native country in honor of Gabriele Rossetti, and it is expected that ere long the citizens of Vasto will see in their chief piazza a statue erected to the memory of the poet-patriot with whose name they are so familiar.

Much the best edition of Rossetti's poetical works for ordinary purposes is that edited by G. Carducci, and published at Florence in 1861. The small but bulky volume is divided into four sections—(1) *Poesie Giovanili*, (2) *Poesie Politiche*, (3) *Poesie Varie*, and (4) *Poesie Religiose*, altogether a selection that shows the poet at his best, each section

having a special interest and none containing work absolutely poor, the *Poesie Politiche* being, as is natural, the best known, though by no means therefore the best as poetry. The following musical little poems from the first section, or "Youthful Productions," will show Rossetti the elder in the exercise of his simple and sweet-enough lyrical gift:—

AMORE E SPEME.

Gemelli in petto a noi
Nascono Amore e Speme,
Vivono sempre insieme,
Muoiono insieme ancor.

Troppo ne' vezzi tuoi,
Troppo, o crudel, ti fidi:
Se n'è me la Speme uccidi,
Con essa uccidi Amor.

LA RIMEMBRANZA.

Qui la vidi; e si specchiava
Su' quest' onda sì tranquilla:
Qui s' accorse ch' io guardava,
E si tinse di rossor:
Ah, d'allor che s'è mi piacque
Quella languidior pupilla,
I susurri di quest' acque
Parche parlino d'amor.

In the political section there is a poem of some length chronicling the poet's enforced flight from his beloved Italy, *Fuga da Napoli e Asilo in Malta*; and it is such stirring lines as *Unità e Libertà*, with their ever-recurring

"Giuriam giuriam sul brando
O morte, O libertà!"

or those headed *All' Armi*, beginning impetuously—

"Fratelli, all' armi, all' armi!
La patria ci chiamò,"

that naturally appeal to the national enthusiasm, and have endeared Gabriele Rossetti to the national heart.

Born on 17th February, 1827, Maria Francesca Rossetti was to have a shorter life than any of the children who came after her, yet a life that was full of good work known and unknown. She had the poetic nature so characteristic of the family, but, beyond a few experiments, she never made verse the vehicle of expression; yet, judging both from the memories of those who knew her intimately and from her chief published work, it is certain that she felt with that intensity of intellectual and spiritual emotion which especially accompanies the creative instinct, whether that instinct find due expression or lie hidden

and subdued beneath a highly sensitive receptivity. Miss Rossetti was possessed of great personal charm, and seems to have made a strong impression upon all who came within the sphere of her friendship, and I can testify to the love and high regard extended to her by Dante Rossetti, as well as by the brother and sister still living, one of whom has told me how their elder sister was in their very youthful years quite a leader among them, being even in her girlhood very intellectual and advanced in acquirements, though, of course, or at any rate in most respects, this leadership was vacated as Gabriel's extraordinary and intensely individual mental powers developed. The most vigorous years of her life were devoted to teaching, an avocation to which she was admirably adapted, being clear-headed and resembling her father in lucid power of exposition; and with this she combined such a faculty for attracting sympathetic natures to herself that some of her pupils with members of their families ranked among her dearest and most affectionate friends. A life thus spent has little to chronicle in the way of events. Through the greater part of it an intense piety drew her towards more direct religious devotion, and after some years as outer sister of All Saints' Sisterhood (Margaret Street, Cavendish Square), she entered that Order of Mercy as novice on November 6th, 1873, and was professed as choir-sister on November 6th, 1875; and here, in pursuance of good works and in earnest charity, she remained till her death in the November of the following year. Her published work is not great in extent, comprising, besides her *magnum opus*, an English translation in blank verse (not wholly hers) of an Italian ode by Cavalier Campana on the Death of Lady Gwendalina Talbot, Princess Borghese, which she executed in her fourteenth year; *Exercises in Idiomatic Italian* and (companion volume) *Italian Anecdotes*, 1867; and *Letters to my Bible Class* (S. P. C. K.), 1872. But the *Shadow of Dante* is a book quite different from any of these, and is certainly worthy of the success it has achieved.

Veritably the shadow of the great Florentine brooded over the whole Rossetti household, and chiefly was the

analytic and mystic spirit of the father inherited by his eldest child; and, indeed, the volume called *A Shadow of Dante* is as directly the offspring of the parent *Comento Analitico* as the writer of the first was of the author of the second. Though its composition had been long in hand Miss Rossetti did not publish her work till her forty-fourth year, namely in 1871, when, rather to her surprise, it achieved an immediate literary success, though at first only limited acceptance from the general public. Her readers, however, rapidly extended, and in two or three years the edition was exhausted and a second brought out, this in turn having evidently proved a continuous demand, for so late as last year Messrs. Rivington published a third edition. In her prefatory remarks Miss Rossetti stated what undoubtedly is the case, that Dante's name had for long been merely a name in this country, few, she imagined, having ever read through the *Divina Commedia*. Even in Italy itself she believed that few average readers ever got much beyond the two most famous passages in the *Inferno*, the Paolo and Francesca episode and that of Count Ugolino. This, on the other hand, was the belief of a worshipper of Dante who in her heart of hearts ranked the author of the *Divine Comedy* far above Shakespeare and Milton. Partly, perhaps, from our insular judgment in matters literary as in matters social and national we consider these poets supreme, and yet it is not wholly prejudice that makes us consider Shakespeare first of all creative intellects, Milton second amongst moderns, and Dante third; for, with all the universality that the last-named as a great epic poet possesses, there is a feeling that, after all, his work exhibits a too obtrusive personality (in the sense of Dante *the man* and his wrongs being too often forced upon us instead of the *vision* of Dante *the poet*), a too frequent turning of a great soul to vent its bitterness of spirit upon unworthy objects, to enable us to rank it superior to the serene while majestic revelation of Milton. Both were men of the highest spirituality of nature, but with all the materialism that degrades rather than elevates in the work of Milton, *Paradise Lost* and *Regained* yet

seem to me more spiritual than the *Divina Commedia*, though as a poem the *Paradiso* may excel the *Paradise Regained*. Dante was as much a mystic as Jacob Boehme, Milton was a seer who saw mysteries and expressed them even as he saw them: the epic of the one is freighted with secret allusion and secret meaning, that of the other is open to the eyes of one simple as a child.

With the inherited nature of her father and with the national temperament, it is only what was to have been expected that Miss Rossetti should find Dante's epic a mirror wherein her highest beliefs, hopes, and aspirations were glassed. Her work on the *Divine Comedy* is the earnest exposition of one who intensely believes in what she is saying, and it is this that has no doubt attracted such a wide circle of readers; and certainly no one wishing to become acquainted with Dante could begin under better auspices. As she says herself, if the substance is to many elusive it is well that readers should at least be made wiser and better if only by the shadow. The designs which accompany the volume, two or three being by herself, are of great interest; as for the many translations from Dante's text, she used her brother Mr. W. M. Rossetti's version for the *Inferno*, and Longfellow's for the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*.

In addition to *A Shadow of Dante* there is one little imaginative work: a scarce little booklet—so scarce that I have met with but one copy—which was printed for the authoress in 1846, when she was in her nineteenth year. It is called *The Rivulets: a Dream not all a Dream*, and is an allegory of life and religion, the personalities introduced being *Liebe* (Love), *Selbsucht* (Selfishness), *Eigendübel* (Presumption), and *Faule* (Indolence); the rivulets representing the natural heart of man; the serpents whose breaths are forever fouling the waters, the devil; the fruits and flowers overhanging the banks, and poisonous when they fall into the streams, "the grosser and less palpably sinful allurements of the world;" the crystal mirror which the guardians of each rivulet is gifted with represents the Scriptures; the vase of perfumes, prayer; and the healing water, baptism. It is full of the same extreme religious

sentiment of renunciation that so many years later prompted the authoress to enter the All Saints' sisterhood.

The name of the second child of Gabriele and Frances Rossetti is one not likely to be forgotten as long as English art and English literature are remembered. Even if space did not forbid, the circumstances of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's early life have already been so widely made known that it is unnecessary to expatiate upon them here in detail; but a few facts may be repeated before passing on. The origin of his baptismal names has already been referred to, but the alteration to "Dante Gabriel" was not made till the years of youth were well advanced. His signature, indeed, considering his initials ran G. C. D., was in his early years a little apt to be confusing; thus in 1847 we find him writing a letter to one then unknown to him, but afterwards to become a great friend, Mr. Wm. Bell Scott, signed "Gabriel Charles;" in 1849 a line in the catalogue of the exhibition where he had sent his first oil picture states it is by "G. D. Rossetti," while in the lower corner of the painting itself is the inscription "Dante Gabriele Rossetti, P.R.B.;" and in 1851 we find him signing simply "Dante." "Gabriel," however, it may be mentioned, was the name by which his relatives and friends invariably called him. His precocity has been much remarked on, especially as to his having written a "play" at the age of five called *The Slave*; but this was literally nothing more than placing one after the other a series of childish sentences, the result being remarkable in no way except as to sustained composition at all at such an early age; that, indeed, *The Slave* could have exhibited no morbid precocity is evident from the fact that a poem of considerable length named *Sir Hugh the Heron* contains nothing particularly striking, though composed about ten years later, *i.e.* in 1844. References to these early productions never pleased the author, at least in late years, aware of the fact of their mediocrity as he was; and as a matter of fact Rossetti's precocity was in quality quite surpassed by that of Cowley, of Chatterton, and of his sister Christina. From his very earliest days

he had the desire to become a painter, and in due course of time he attended a well-known art academy, and subsequently the Royal Academy Antique School; but his efforts were fitful, and great as was his desire to become an artist he found at times the necessary technical difficulties almost too great to be overcome. Never thoroughly grounded in draughtsmanship, he felt the want of such education to the last, and there are few pictures, indeed, by the great colorist which are free from faults of drawing. As a boy he had a great love for animals, a taste that never left him; and as the child used to be delighted with a pet dormouse, which he kept in the drawer of a cabinet, so the man was interested through many years in a long succession of pets, ranging from a little downy owl, all head, to woodchucks and wombats and armadillos. But if Dante Gabriel Rossetti was slow in acquiring a mastery over the technicalities of art this was not the case in literature, for before he was eighteen he had proved himself an able and sympathetic translator, and when he was nineteen he wrote a poem as beautiful in its way and as mature in mental grasp and technical execution as any lyric of his later years. This, of course, was the famous *Blessed Damozel*, probably much the most widely known of all his poems. It has nothing to do with any real instance affecting the author, but is a piece of pure imagination, yet this does not militate against its fascinating most readers by its spiritual yearning and human love as much as by its lyric grace. Some time subsequent to this he painted his first oil picture, the often referred to *Girlhood of Virgin Mary*; which, though somewhat crude in expression and faint in color, was very remarkable for its earnest gravity and purpose at a time when such qualities were apparently in general alien to English art. At the time of painting the *Girlhood* Rossetti and Holman Hunt worked in a studio together, and it was shortly before this that the famous *Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood* was formed, and their magazine, *The Germ*, started on its short career; but it is impracticable to refer further to these in the limited space at my disposal, though I may state that I have elsewhere pointed out that this so-called

Pre-Raphaelite movement, which has attracted so much interest and been so much misunderstood, did not really originate wholly and entirely in the studio in Newman Street in 1848-9, but was the outcome of the Tractarian movement begun in Oxford, which itself arose out of the Romanticism introduced into this country by Coleridge and others of his time.

Having found a purchaser for his picture at the sum of £80, the young poet-painter took the opportunity of paying a visit with a friend to the Low Countries, and it was at this period that he conceived the great admiration he always retained for the conscientious work of such men as Memmeling and Van Eyck. This took place in 1850, and not long subsequently the young writer composed an allegorical narrative of much beauty and mature grace of expression; the narrative in question being *Hand and Soul*, first printed in *The Germ* in 1850, then privately in pamphlet form for select distribution, and again in the *Fortnightly Review* for December 1870. In *The Germ*, now as rare as it is interesting, the Rossetti family were well represented, Dante Gabriel having contributed *Hand and Soul*, five poems, and six sonnets, William Michael (also the editor) nineteen compositions, including four able reviews, and Christina seven short poems; in all, in the four numbers to which *The Germ* extended, there are thirty-eight compositions bearing direct or recognisable testimony of having been written by the three Rossettis.

In 1851 Gabriel Rossetti left his father's residence and took chambers at 14, Chatham Place, Blackfriars Bridge, and here he wrote such fine work as *Sister Helen*, perhaps (with its subsequent alterations) his supreme reach in poetry, and composed such designs as *Hesperia Rosa* and such pictures as *The Anniversary of the Death of Beatrice*. The next seven years record a large amount of work as regards extent and a noble harvest as regards imaginative compositions, for it was in this period that he mainly painted those frequently crude but always powerful and individual water-color drawings dealing with Arthurian and legendary subjects that have such a great charm for many who

are at the same time quite alive to their faults of execution. The greater number of these are possessed by Mr. George Rae of Birkenhead, Mr. William Graham, and Mr. George Price Boyce. In 1857-8 he undertook with others the mural decoration of the Union Debating Room at Oxford, with what have subsequently turned out disastrous results. In 1860 he married a lady whom he had known for some time, Miss Elizabeth Eleanor Siddall, and in the following year a daughter was born, but born dead; and unfortunately in the spring of 1862 Mrs. Rossetti died and left her husband alone again after his brief married life. Miss Siddall had herself been a painter, but a painter rather of great promise than accomplishment, and evidently from the first she had yielded to the influence of the charm of Rossetti's "romantic" period. The circumstances connected with the interment in his wife's coffin of all the poet's manuscripts and their exhumation many years subsequently have been fully described of late; also the great success that attended the publication of the poems themselves in 1870, when Rossetti was at once awarded a leadership in poetry. But ere this his health had received more than one severe shock, and though greatly benefited by his second visit to Penkill Castle in Ayrshire (1869), and while even quite well for him during the greater portion of 1872-4, when he lived with his friend William Morris at Kelmscott Manor, Gloucestershire, his constitution was gradually becoming undermined, more and more noticeably as the years went on. The main factor in this break-up of what was naturally a splendid constitution was the constant and ever-increasing use of chloral as a sedative, a drug Rossetti began taking under a misapprehension as to its dangerous effects at a time when insomnia had become the permanent companion of the night. The years 1872-4 were on the whole the happiest in his life; he had safely recovered from dangerous illness and prostration, a lease of renewed health seemed to have come to him, congenial friends, such as Mr. William Morris, Mr. Theodore Watts, and others, were constantly with him, and his work in art and literature was up to his best level; indeed, if the work

of these three years were taken from the record of his life the loss would be great in poetry and still greater in art; for it was at this period he composed, amongst others, the poem *Rose Mary*, and amongst pictures the *Veronica Veronese*, *La Ghirlandata*, *Dis Manibus*, *Fleurs de Marie*, *Damsel of the Sanc Grael*, *Proserpina*, and other famous and notable triumphs of color and artistic workmanship. After his wife's death in 1862 he removed for a few months to chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and in the autumn rented No. 16, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, from which he never again removed, save when at Kelmscott and when paying his few visits to Penkill Castle and Stobhall, the residences respectively of Miss A. Boyd and Mr. Wm. Graham. For the last two or three years of his life he indeed never left 16, Cheyne Walk at all, confining his exercise to the long garden attached to the house, and, moreover, he now lived in great retirement, seeing very few friends as visitors and still fewer as regular comers. In the autumn of 1881 he went for a short time on medical recommendation to the Vale of St. John, Cumberland, but returned if anything rather the worse for the change; and early in February last he went to Birching-ton-on-Sea, where his friend Mr. J. P. Seddon kindly placed Westcliffe Bungalow at his service. But already the hand of Death was slowly tightening its grasp, and in Eastertide the man who possessed the greatest personal influence of any artist or writer of our time passed resignedly away. He was buried in the little Birchington churchyard, within sound of the sea.

As to the life work of Dante Gabriel Rossetti there is no exact parallel in the chronicles of English art and English literature. A great deal of genuine admiration and eulogy has found vent since his death, but I doubt if sufficient stress has been laid upon the unique position Rossetti occupied in two spheres, the remarkable fact of one man attaining leadership in two different arts, and to such an extent that it is still and will for some at any rate continue to be a point of dispute as to wherein he superlatively excelled. That the author of *Sister Helen*, *The King's Tragedy*, *Rose Mary*, *The Blessed Damsel*,

Dante at Verona, *The Burden of Nineveh*, such sonnets as the *Giorgione* and *Sibylla Palmifera*, and the hundred composing *The House of Life*—that the author of such poems as these must ever have a high place in English literature there can be little doubt; a place that may be higher in the judgment of subsequent generations than is even now the case, though I doubt if Rossetti will ever become a popular poet. Indeed a popular poet in the sense of being a poet understood and loved by the average reading public I do not believe he will ever become; but he is pre-eminently a poet for poets, and for those to whom the veil of extreme refinement is as necessary for adequate enjoyment as to others it is only a cloudy mist, a hindrance. As the poet of *The King's Tragedy* he will have the wider and perhaps truer fame; as the poet of *The House of Life* he will have an endless charm for the few whose ears are as delicately attuned to the music of verse as of instruments, and to whom his sometimes over-subtle and over-elaborate style will be a permanent and satisfying attraction. Rossetti's cardinal fault as a poet, more especially as a sonnet-writer, is to become too literary; he often strikes one as being unable to act on the poetic impulse as it comes, and rather to accept it and play with it as a cat does with a mouse. Many sonnets which would otherwise have taken very high rank are far too elaborately expressed, a not infrequent result being a rather wearisome obscurity or even a tendency to bathos. Nor had Rossetti much sympathy with or knowledge of nature. The outer world of things appealed to him but slightly, finding indeed as he did his world of imagination sufficient and ever present, a world mostly enchanted and full of dreams, where Beauty sat enthroned, and where the present realities of the mind were of infinitely greater import than matters of deep significance to the many. "I do not wrap myself up in my own imaginings," he said to me once, "it is *they* that envelop *me* from the outer world whether I will or no." If this literary in contradistinction to more poetically impulsive treatment of his subjects is his cardinal fault, a powerful and mag-

netic imagination is his highest characteristic; and there are passages in *The King's Tragedy* and elsewhere which it would be difficult to find surpassed for weird imaginativeness and spiritual insight. The supernatural was as sympathetic to the genius of Rossetti as Greek mythology was to that of Keats.

But if there is some doubt as to whether the critical estimate of the future will rank him amongst the small inner circle, or only amongst those forming the second or third circles of the elect, there can hardly be any as to the future of Dante Gabriel Rossetti as an artist. No such colorist has appeared in Europe since the days when the great Venetians emulated on canvas the glory of sunset tints and the barbaric splendor of Eastern dyes; no such intensely individual an artist, no such poet-painter since the glory of English art, William Mallord Turner. Only those who have seen the noblest works of Rossetti can understand the enthusiastic admiration such have excited for so many years past amongst the comparative few who have had access to them, an admiration that deepens with every opportunity of inspection. Name after name of some splendid achievement occurs to the memory, the *Proserpina*, the *Beata Beatrix*, *La Ghirlandata*, *The Blessed Damozel*, *Dante's Dream*, *Veronica Veronese*, *La Bella Mano*, *Mariana*, *The Beloved*, *Monna Vanna*, *Sibylla Palmifera*, *Pandora*, *Venus Verticordia*, *Lady Lilith*, *The Day Dream*, *La Donna Della Finestra*, *A Vision of Fiammetta*, *Found*, *La Pia*, &c., &c., &c., but it is impossible here to enter into any detail where there is so much to consider and describe. The great drawback to Rossetti's art-work is the frequent bad or weak drawing, but as a colorist he holds amongst English artists an unique place. In literature as in art one ideal was ever before him, the *Beautiful*; and to none are his own words more applicable than to himself:—

"This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise
Thy voice and hand shake still—long
known to thee
By flying hair and fluttering hem—the
beat
Following her daily of thy heart and feet,
How passionately and irretrievably,
In what fond flight, how many ways and
days."

The member of the Rossetti family whose talents specially inclined to criticism has from his earliest youth been a devoted student of English literature and art, and the quality of the large amount of work of Mr. William Michael Rossetti gives him high rank as an editor and a critic. As has already been stated, he was editor of *The Germ* when he was only twenty and contributed to that short-lived magazine some remarkably acute and able reviews and a number of poems, mostly crude in expression, but none devoid of interest and a certain insistent individualism. While still a boy he obtained a civil appointment and rose steadily till he reached his present position in Somerset House, and though his professional work is not uncongenial as well as being his "sheet-anchor," he has found or has made time for an extent of work that proves great capabilities of application and industry. In March, 1874, he married the daughter of Mr. Ford Madox Brown, thus further cementing a friendship which had existed between the latter and the two Rossetti brothers ever since the days of Mr. Madox Brown's kindly help and guidance to the young painter who had expressed such generous appreciation of his work. Mr. William Rossetti is best known by his admirable translation of the *Divine Comedy*, by his editorial contributions to Blake and Shelley literature, by his volume of essays called *Fine Art: Chiefly Contemporary*, and by his critical biographies of well-known English poets. The translation of Dante's great work was made in blank verse and was published in 1865, and is on the whole the most satisfactory English version of the great work that ranks with the *Iliad* and with *Faust* in fascination for translators; but it does not comprise all his translatable work, for in 1869 he issued an interesting volume called *Italian Courtesy Books*, consisting mainly of renderings of Fra Bart. da Riva's *Fifty Courtesies for the Table*, and in 1871 Chaucer's "*Troilus and Criseyde*" compared with Boccaccio's "*Filostrato*." Those who are fortunate enough to possess copies of the late Mr. Gilchrist's admirable work on Blake will call to mind the great services Mr. Rossetti rendered the work by his annotated lists of William Blake's paintings,

drawings, and engravings, and by other assistance. The Aldine edition of Blake, published in 1866, was also edited by Mr. Rossetti. Amongst his art-criticisms and papers dealing with art, his chief compositions are *Fine Art: Chiefly Contemporary*, published in 1867, *Notes on the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1868*, and some essays in Mr. Atkinson's *English Painters*, published in 1871. His critical memoirs and his editions of the works of Shelley are familiar to every lover of the great poet. The list of his critical biographies is too long to give here, for it comprises not only all the famous poets since Shakespeare, but also some of American celebrity, and as regards the latter he has probably done more than any one else in familiarising English readers with the works of Walt Whitman. In addition to these editorial and critical labors, he has written an interesting series of papers on the wives of the poets, which have been delivered as lectures on different occasions with great success. Very likely I have forgotten some important contribution to literature, but for this I may be excused on stating that the slips in the British Museum Catalogue extend to fifty-six repetitions of his name as critic, editor, and author!

The youngest of the Rossetti family has, as a poet, a much wider reputation and a much larger circle of readers than even her brother Gabriel, for in England, and much more markedly in America, the name of Christina Rossetti is known intimately where perhaps that of the author of *The House of Life* is but a name and nothing more. Born in 1830, Miss Christina Rossetti has had as quiet and outwardly uneventful a life as her sister Maria Francesca, but she has lived to see her fame assured, and to find herself ranked only second to Mrs. Browning as a poetess. I have already had occasion to remark that her precocity was much more notable than that of Gabriel Rossetti, as any one who has read the tiny and exceedingly rare booklet printed privately in 1847 will acknowledge. That a collection such as this at the age of sixteen, with verses ranging in date of composition from 1842, when the authoress was only eleven, to 1847, should have made her grandfather, Mr. Polidori (who printed

the book), confident that the lovers of poetry would not wholly attribute his favorable judgment to partiality is not to be wondered at, and I have no doubt that many a mental acknowledgment of gratitude has been made to the worthy old gentleman who preserved "these early spontaneous efforts in a permanent form." Amongst this juvenile collection *The Dead City* is undoubtedly a remarkable poem to have been written at the age of sixteen, and apart from its imaginative and other beauties has a special interest in the fact that it is manifestly the germ of the well-known *Goblin Market*, or perhaps it would be better to say that on looking back we discern several premonitions of well-known passages in the later poem, for the motifs of *The Dead City* and *Goblin Market* are quite different. Blake might have written the four verses called *Mother and Child*, and there is a dainty and delicate touch in the few simple lines *To my Friend Elizabeth*. Following the latter come two as dainty little poems in Italian, called *Amore e Dovere* and *Amore e Dispetto*. Perhaps the most notable achievement in the volume is the sonnet called *Vanity of Vanities*, written at the age of sixteen:—

" ' Ah woe is me for pleasure that is vain !
Ah woe is me for glory that is past !
Pleasure that bringeth sorrow at the last ;
Glory that at the last bringeth no gain !
So saith the sinking heart ; and so again
It shall say till the mighty angel-blast
Soundeth, making the sun and moon aghast
And showering down the stars like sudden
rain.
And evermore men shall go fearfully,
Bending beneath their weight of heaviness ;
And ancient men shall lie down wearily,
And strong men shall rise up in weariness ;
Yea, even the young shall answer sighingly,
Saying one to another : ' How vain it is ! ' "

This sonnet was afterwards reprinted, but I have quoted it here from its special interest in showing how early the key was struck to whose note so much later music was to be sounded, and also because it shows how mature in the technicalities of her art Miss Rossetti was at a time when very few poets indeed have written a passable sonnet. To *The Germ* Miss Rossetti contributed under the pseudonym of *Ellen Alleyne*, but as these poems were all or mostly reprinted, further reference is unneces-

sary beyond recalling the fact that one of the most beautiful of them and of all her verses, *Dream Land*, was written before she was twenty. Such lyrics as *Dream Land*, *Passing Away*, *When I am dead, my dearest*, &c., have taken root in our literature, and will live as long as it; and there are many other poems in the *Goblin Market* and other Poems and *The Prince's Progress*, &c., of which the same could be said. As an artist Miss Rossetti must rank above Mrs. Browning, and only comes second to her in general position, because her range is so much more limited; and while she has all the delicacy and strength of her brother's touch, she is free from the frequent obscurity or involution of style characteristic of Dante Gabriel Rossetti in his weaker moments. As a sonnet-writer no woman has equalled her since that supremely fine sonnet-sequence wherein Mrs. Browning expressed her sweetest utterances. But it is not only by the volumes called *Goblin Market*, *The Prince's Progress*, and *A Pageant* that Miss Christina Rossetti is known, for though her widespread reputation is undoubtedly based thereon, she has also written two small works which should long retain for her the gratitude of children, namely, *Sing-Song*, with a great number of clever and amusing illustrations by Mr. Arthur

Hughes (a book that greatly delighted one very grown-up child—Dante Gabriel Rossetti), and *Speaking Likenesses*, also illustrated by Mr. Hughes. In addition to these there is a volume of short studies for the Benedicite called *Seek and Find*, and a collection of stories entitled *Commonplace*. The latter contains some very interesting material, *Hero* being a beautiful little "fairy" story, and *Vanna's Twins* very tender and pathetic; *The Lost Titian*, despite its tempting subject, is considerably below the rest as a piece of literary work, but, on the other hand, it was one of the author's first productions in prose.

With the youngest and certainly not least of the Rossettis this brief account comes to an end; but it may have sufficed to bring home to the minds of some that there has existed in our generation a family of poets and writers such as in all probability will continue to be unique, a family that will be looked back to in days to come with an interest that can hardly be realised just at present. There are few mothers who can have so much to be proud of as Mrs. Gabriele Rossetti, for such a poet as Christina Rossetti can come to us but at rare intervals, such a poet and painter in union as Dante Gabriel Rossetti but once.—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE PICTURE OF THAT YEAR.

BY HENRIETTE CORKRAN.

JEAN LOGAN was putting the finishing touches to a gorgeous daffodil satin dress, embroidered with beads of the same color. Never before had she made so fastidious a garment. She was employed as one of the dressmakers in a fashionable London establishment, one of the many hands that constituted its great machinery. Her chief occupation there was to trim and bead. She did not know who was to be the wearer of this gown. While draping the Brussels lace and sewing on the beads, she wondered if the lady were pretty or plain, fair or dark; wealthy she must be, for the garment was expensive. Mrs. Warren, the superintendent of the dress de-

partment, had been more than usually anxious about the success of this particular satin dress, and, indeed, as it glinted in the sombre room, it seemed such a *chef-d'œuvre* of millinery as might have done credit to that high priest of fashions, Worth. It was a wet afternoon; a black pall hung over London; darkness without, but inside home lights burned. The daffodil satin and the beads scintillated with superb indifference to the bleak dismal surroundings. The gas brought out strongly the light and shade of the shimmering folds of this Veronese drapery, fit for a youthful empress. The richness of the coloring seemed by contrast to define more

sharply the thin, white, worn face of the dressmaker, Jean Logan. She was about two-and-thirty and very handsome, though dark circles and lines of care were round the earnest gray eyes and at the corners of the beautifully shaped mouth; the nose was delicately drawn with sensitively curved nostrils; her auburn hair was streaked with premature white hairs; her hands were long and transparent, and though her figure was tall and slight, she stooped. Indeed, the whole aspect of the woman showed plainly that she had gone through some fiery ordeal. As she stitched the glittering beads with her long, white fingers, there was a nervousness, a sad, drooping expression about her whole person that set one thinking of a crushed flower. The black merino dress and white collar and cuffs gave a puritanical aspect, the more striking from the contrast with the glowing satin. Jean Logan had been told by Mrs. Warren that special attention and pains were to be bestowed upon the dress, as it had been designed by a famous painter for his young wife. The word "painter" sent a thrill through her whole being, and left an ache like that of a stab from a sharp instrument. The word brought back the vivid memory of years long gone, charged with their full measure of happiness and terrible sorrow.

The dress was finished, and Jean brought it to Mrs. Warren's room. Mrs. Warren was the walking embodiment of comfort; she was as broad as she was long, with a rosy, smiling face; two small green eyes buried in fat sparkled shrewdly out on the world in general.

"I am much pleased with your part of the work," she remarked, as Jean Logan exhibited the daffodil skirt with its rich trimmings. "I hope the body will fit; but I have a bad cold and want you as a great favor to take the dress yourself and try it on. You are clever, and have taste, more than any one in this establishment—now, you know you have." Saying this, Mrs. Warren gave Jean a good-natured poke with her fat elbow. "You don't mind the wet as much as I do."

Jean could hardly refrain from smiling, as she looked at the round, cosy figure in rustling silk that reminded her

of Mother Christmas; then she glanced at her own frail self in the cheval glass and shuddered, for she saw what was far more like an image carved on a tombstone than a living woman.

"I can lend you my waterproof, but you must take a cab," continued Mrs. Warren; "the house is in the Cromwell Road, South Kensington, one of those big, new mansions. You are to ask for Mrs. Malcolm Mackenzie."

"Mrs. Malcolm Mackenzie!" gasped out Jean in a tremulous, hoarse voice, and growing livid.

"Well, what's the matter? You are like a ghost: are you going to faint?" Mrs. Warren screwed up her small eyes and looked keenly at Jean.

Jean sank down on the nearest chair, covering her ashen face with both her hands. Mrs. Warren stood staring at her, with a perplexed expression on her rubicund countenance.

"Have you had a quarrel with any of the family? Explain this to me."

"No," groaned out poor Jean; "I shall be all right in a minute; it is only the name!"

"Oh, what's in a name!" exclaimed Mrs. Warren, with a broad smile; "perhaps you have had a sweetheart called Mackenzie? But why should that knock you up, my dear? We all go through this sort of experience. Why, I nearly died of love for a smart young sailor, and you see how I have survived!" And she complacently stroked her silken self, quivering with suppressed laughter.

"And so this Malcolm Mackenzie is a painter?" inquired Jean Logan, in the faintest of voices.

"Indeed he is, and has made a lot of money. He is popular; his pictures are sentimental and homely. Besides, his wife has brought him a great fortune. They have been married two years: She is young and pretty. He is a lucky fellow, Malcolm Mackenzie!"

An angry expression flitted over Jean's white face, which seemed to have aged within the last few minutes; her straight, dark brows were knit together, separated only by a deep line of care; her lips were tightly compressed.

"I should really like to know what has caused this great emotion," continued Mrs. Warren in her metallic

voice, her little eyes more gimlet-like than ever, as they tried to pierce through Jean's outer self and read the mystery within.

But Jean gave her no further clue; she rose from her chair, shook herself like a person who desires, for the present at all events, to get rid of a load of care, and, passing her thin hand over her burning forehead, said:

"I shall go, Mrs. Warren, and try the dress; the name wakes up a very painful association, and hearing you mention it so suddenly startled me. I have been working very hard and am nervous."

"Yes, you do look upset! A walk in the fresh air will brighten you up, even though it is wet. This dress has been a rare job, and it does you credit; you have shown great taste in the arrangement of the trimmings," remarked Mrs. Warren, carefully packing up the daffodil satin gown in a box, and writing the address on a label outside. "I am much obliged to you for going to try the dress on the lady, as I am not up to it to-night; you are quite equal to making any alteration, if required; but I expect she will be delighted with it, and that nothing more will have to be done to it. Now, here is the money for the cab," and Mrs. Warren handed some silver to Jean, and with a genial nod of her head sailed out of the room, making a loud frou-frou with her thick silk gown.

Jean Logan took the box in her trembling hands. Her body seemed animated by some strange force: she darted out of the house like one who had been struck by some terrible blow; her limbs tottered under her as she walked, as in a trance, breathlessly to her humble lodgings close to the Edgware Road.

Jean Logan had two rooms and a bit of a kitchen at the top of a house in an obscure street leading out of the Edgware Road. A house let out in flats, mostly inhabited by the working classes. She staggered rather than walked up to the landing; any one meeting her might have believed she was intoxicated.

Jean looked at her silver watch. It was only four o'clock; her little girl would not be back from school for another hour. She fumbled at the lock and opened the door. How gloomy it

looked that dreary afternoon—no fire, no gas! She struck a match, applied it to the grate, and soon a bright flame illumined the tiny parlor.

Jean Logan had been working her eyes out, giving all her time and skill to make a beautiful dress for Malcolm Mackenzie's wife. He was the man she had once loved and trusted; and he had betrayed her innocence and ruined her happiness. Such was the terrible irony of fate: day after day she had been using her utmost skill to make a dress that would set off the beauty of the rich young wife of the man who had blighted her own life.

Jean slung her damp cloak and shabby bonnet on a chair, and, lighting a tallow candle, stood in front of a large picture in oils that hung opposite her work-table. It represented a handsome young girl with a mass of red-brown hair; a fearless, almost saucy, look of happiness lit up her rosy face; the deep-blue eyes, the winning smile that played about the rich pomegranate lips, had witchery in them. The tall, upright lassie looked a goddess of health and high spirits. The wild landscape, with its brilliant purple heather and bluish highland hills, formed a fine background to this Hebe.

The only thing she had ever accepted from Malcolm Mackenzie was this picture. She had been his model. She clenched her hands as she gazed at it; hot tears stood in her eyes as she thought over that terrible episode in her life. Why had he not left her to herself?—she was happy in her highland home with her old dad. No! Her fatal beauty, as Malcolm Mackenzie called it, inflamed him. She was ignorant of evil and fell in love with him, the handsome, six-feet, genial, pleasant, dark-eyed young painter; he flattered her vanity and twined himself round her girlish heart. It was all so romantic, those meetings on the wild moorlands. Jean went to a drawer, unlocked it, and took out a bundle of letters; the ink had faded with years; the paper was yellow and wrinkled; how could he have written thus if he had not loved her? She gave a cynical, bitter laugh as she read these letters, addressed to his own, sweet, bonny, darling Jean, telling her how he worshipped her; that she was

his goddess, his queen; her beauty inspired his art, and would make him a great painter; her grace, her queenly figure, haunted him day and night; and as for her kisses, they maddened him, &c. There were no end of letters in this strain; telling how several of his pictures painted from her had made a sensation in the Royal Academy; his reputation was entirely due to her, &c.

Jean paced feverishly up and down the room. "His 'mountain flower,' as he used to call me!" she exclaimed. "Yes, why did he pluck me to throw me away and let me fade and die in loneliness?" She looked round the little room. And yet she felt she preferred her own wretchedness to his utter want of heart and conscience, for he had treated her in a selfish, evil way, had robbed her of what was most precious to a woman, her honor. No, he could not marry, he was not suited for domestic life, a lawless Bohemian like him; he hated being tied down and bound by any responsibility; a woman's beauty was all he cared for; such accessories as heart, soul, conscience, he barely admitted. Yet he spoke with feeling; his pictures and poems expressed so much sentiment that Jean, who was simple and sincere, could not understand how two such separate natures could be in one individual: the beast and the angel, the artist and the unscrupulous, self-indulgent man.

He wrote to say he would always look after their wee Mary, but Jean was proud, and never accepted a penny from him; she worked hard, and life was less bitter; for she had one great comfort—she had her wee lassie, Mary, to care for.

Jean re-locked the old letters, for she heard her child's silvery voice calling out "Mother!"

In walked a lovely little girl about nine years of age; under her picturesque brown felt hat was a mass of golden hair; she had a rosy, smiling face, and her blue eyes had the same wistful expression as her mother's. She threw her arms round Jean's neck: "You kept me waiting at the door, and it is such a wet evening; and oh Mummie, there is no kettle on the fire, you have forgotten it is tea-time!"

"Oh, forgive me, Mary! I have a

headache; but in a few minutes the water will boil," and she darted off and put the kettle on the fire.

"You have perhaps worked too hard at that beautiful satin dress, Mummie."

Jean stopped abruptly, looked sadly and earnestly at the bright-haired, rosy little girl; the child of the man who was now the husband of the owner of that beautiful dress. For years Jean had been trying steadily to forget the tragic past, and to bind herself to stern duty. In a measure she had succeeded; the fire that had consumed and blighted her young life had smouldered away almost to extinction; but now, the prospect of meeting him again transfixed her, though it revived no love, and excited her to a terrible pitch.

"Yes, my darling, you are right, that dress has given me a headache."

The plates clattered again, the boiling water was poured almost rashly into the teapot.

Mary ate heartily the bread and butter; she was very hungry.

"You are eating nothing, Mummie," remarked the child after a long pause.

"Don't notice me, dearie, I am drinking tea; that will do me good. I am going out presently to try the dress on the lady—would you like to come with me?"

"Oh, so much!" and the child clapped her hands with delight. Jean again looked earnestly at Mary. Going to that house meant that in a couple of hours she would probably find herself face to face with the father of her child; could she go through the ordeal? She felt that all those years of loneliness, poverty, and humiliation would be avenged in that moment; when, rising like a spectre of the past, she would stand in his presence—now that he was famous, wealthy, and honored—stand before him with their child! She panted for that moment—what would follow it never crossed her mind to ask. What she would say she did not yet know; she only knew she had been trampled on and abandoned, and she would have the triumph of confronting him, she and their beautiful child, in the presence of his young wife. She felt she must and would do it.

"You are strange to-night, mother dear; you eat nothing, and you look so angry."

"Don't ask any questions, Mary; we shall go in a cab to South Kensington with the dress."

"Oh, how nice! I do love going in a cab, and perhaps I shall see the lady wearing the beautiful dress you have made."

* * * * *

It was a few minutes past eight when Jean and wee Mary stood on the doorsteps of Mrs. Mackenzie's house in the Cromwell Road.

"What a very big house!" remarked Mary. "Let me pull the bell—which shall I pull, the 'Visitors' or 'Servants'?"

"'Servants,'" answered the mother. The sound of her voice was so strange and harsh that the child started and looked wistfully up into her face.

"Surely, Mary, you know we are not visitors; there is nothing between the bell that announces visitors and the bell allotted to servants; we are poor outcasts." She said this so bitterly that Mary again gazed at her mother. "You are pale and tired, Mummie; you work so hard." Mary pulled the servants' bell.

Jean Logan's heart beat so hard that she had to press her hand against it. The door was opened by a well-fed flunkey in blue livery.

"Mrs. Mackenzie?" gasped Jean Logan.

"Walk in," said the flunkey. "You are the dressmaker? It is a wet night. And is this your little girl?"

Jean nodded her head, and was ushered into a deserted servants' room; a roaring fire was blazing, and on the table were the remains of an ample feast.

"His servants are better cared for than I am," thought Jean Logan.

A smart maid asked her to walk upstairs.

"May I bring my little girl with me?" asked Jean.

"I am sure mistress will not object—she's fond of children; your little daughter seems very well behaved—"

Jean had an impression of being suddenly transported into some fairy-like abode, all blue and silver, with flying cupids on the ceiling. A sharp agony smote her as her eyes swept eagerly round the room, and she felt she was in

the shrine of a woman that was worshipped; a rush of tumultuous emotions passed through her, jealousy strongest of all, when her eyes rested on the lovely woman standing in the midst of all this refined luxury. Jean gazed at her with eager eyes, instinctively feeling that this was a being made for love. Keenly she herself felt the witchery and charm of the lady, with her bright halo of amber hair; those violet eyes had a sad expression, as if they, too, had known sorrow; the rich full lips had a baby pout, simply bewitching; tall and graceful, she was attired in a soft mousey-grey *peignoir* with white lace; Jean saw with too painful clearness the gulf that separated them. She, the worn, anxious dressmaker in her demure, plain, black merino; what was she beside that refined high-bred lady? Yes, she understood it all now!

"Oh, what a dear, dear little girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Mackenzie, in the sweetest of silvery voices; and bending down, she said:

"Won't you give me a kiss, little one? I should so much like to have one."

Mary put up her face seriously to be kissed.

"What a mass of golden hair, like a shower of gold!" continued Mrs. Mackenzie, stroking down the thick mane with her jewelled hand.

"What is your name, dear?"

"Mary Bessie Logan," answered the child solemnly.

"And is she your little daughter?" asked Mrs. Mackenzie, turning towards Jean, who, pale and trembling, was leaning against the wall, with the box in her hand.

"Yes, Mary is my child."

The sound of her own voice frightened her; her throat was parched, her lips dry.

Mrs. Mackenzie looked at her sympathetically. "Are you a widow?"

"My wee lassie has never known a father."

"Oh, how sad! But to be the mother of so sweet a daughter must be a great comfort and soften many sorrows; what greater happiness can there be than to be a mother?" She was caressing Mary's golden hair and rosy face. "It makes up for nearly everything." She

gave a deep sigh. "I have had a terrible grief: I have lost my own darling baby—it died ten months ago." Her eyes filled with tears, and for a few seconds she was unable to speak.

Jean Logan suddenly felt a wild throb of exultation. True, this beautiful creature was honored, worshipped, bore the sainted name of wife; yet it was she, the poor dressmaker, who was the mother of the living child! This, at all events, was a triumph.

"Perhaps your little baby is up in the blue sky!" remarked Mary in a solemn voice.

"Yes," sobbed Mrs. Mackenzie, kissing Mary, "she was beckoned away by the angels. She was a lovely wee bairnie, with such pretty, coodling ways," and Mrs. Mackenzie wept again at the recollection.

Jean's heart again gave a big thump, for there, on the mantel-piece, was a cabinet-sized photograph of Malcolm Mackenzie. Yes, there he was, the man she had so passionately loved, the man who had betrayed and ruined her. She could see he was altered in many ways, these ten years—there were deeper lines in the face. A benumbing sensation was creeping over her, she feared she was about to faint; a mist seemed to rise before her eyes; she turned away her head; she could not bear the sight of this photograph. The burning sense of the great wrong that had been done her sent the blood rushing to her face; her ears tingled. Would she revenge herself by revealing who the father of her child was, and so end the happiness and confidence that existed between husband and wife? She looked at the young mother, who was kissing the child of her own husband and weeping over the loss of her own—her tongue was tied.

"I must really cry no more this evening," exclaimed Mrs. Mackenzie, drying her eyes. "It is all the fault of your charming child: she brought back forcibly the feeling of my own loss. I must not look sad, for this is the second anniversary of my wedding day, and I have promised my husband to go with him to an evening party and to look as nice as I can."

Every word that fell from Mrs. Mackenzie's lips cut into Jean's heart like a

silver blade. There was a bitter smile on her mouth as she took from the box the splendid golden satin dress on which she had lavished so much pains. She unfolded and shook it. "Oh, how exquisite! how beautiful!" exclaimed Mrs. Mackenzie, clapping her hands together with almost childish delight. "How it shines! and those beads—how effective!"

"It is Mummie's work," remarked Mary, opening wide her blue eyes.

"Yes, your mother is very clever," answered Mrs. Mackenzie, putting the child into a big arm-chair, and giving her a box of bonbons. "Eat these sweets, dear, while I am being dressed."

Jean's head was on fire, while the rest of her body was ice. Like a mere automaton she helped Mrs. Mackenzie to dress. Was she really herself, or only a disembodied spirit assisting at the funeral of all her happiness? How she managed to lace up that satin body she could not tell. She felt like a somnambulist as she moved slowly round Mrs. Mackenzie; her Mary—his child!—watching the proceedings with interest. She heard her child's voice, like one in a dream, saying:

"Oh, you look like a sunbeam, shining all over!"

"That is a pretty speech. I hope, little Mary, that I shall always be that to my husband."

Her husband! And she nothing but a poor waif, having to work night and day to keep body and soul together. She had loved him passionately, had trusted him, and he had ruined her. He was now honored, wealthy. Socially his name stood high; why should she be trampled upon? All these burning thoughts rushed wildly through her fevered brain. She had sacrificed all for his sake, and this was the outcome—remorse for her own wrong-doing and a deadly hatred of the man who had tempted her. And now what irony of fate, making a dress for his rich young wife! "I never had such a superb garment: it is really magnificent!" remarked Mrs. Mackenzie. "It does you much credit, and it could not have been an easy job. My husband designed it; and he is hard to please. I am sure he will be delighted;" and, looking at Jean Logan, she continued: "You are

thin and pale. I am afraid, as your little Mary says, you work too much."

Jean sighed, but made no answer.

"Certainly, life is sometimes very hard; but whatever your trouble may be, you must be proud to have so charming a little girl; it is compensation for a great deal;—and she will soon be able to help you: won't you, Mary?"

"Yes, I can hem and sew buttons on," answered the child, whose mouth was full of sweets.

Mrs. Mackenzie went to her jewel-case and took out a diamond necklet, which she clasped round her throat.

"How you twinkle, just like a fairy queen!" remarked Mary, gazing at her with marked admiration.

Mrs. Mackenzie looked up at Jean Logan, evidently expecting her to say something.

"Oh, how white and ill you are, poor thing! You must have a glass of port and a piece of cake. I am so sorry not to have thought of this before. Bring up some port," she said to the servant.

"Now sit down here, Mrs. Logan," leading her to a couch in a dark corner of the room, "and rest yourself."

The servant brought up some refreshments; Mrs. Mackenzie filled up the glass and put it to Jean's lips, who swallowed it eagerly.

"Now this will revive you, Mrs. Logan. Keep quiet here; I must call up my husband."

Another thud of Jean's heart, as Mrs. Mackenzie said this.

"Malcolm, Malcolm, come and see me! come and see the daffodil dress!" she called out from the top of the staircase.

"Coming, my darling," was the answer in a burly, pleasant voice.

The sound of that voice sent a thrill through Jean's whole being; the past rose vividly before her; that voice had spoken words of love to her, words that had changed the whole tenor of her life. He was coming! The suspense was almost beyond bearing; it was torturing. At last she heard the door open, and as through a fog she saw the broad-shouldered form of Malcolm Mackenzie moving towards his wife; she saw him kiss her; there was love and happiness in his face; she heard him say, just as he had often said to her before:

"Oh! really, Wanda, you are a living picture, positively luminously beautiful; a vision of loveliness. I am indeed proud of you, my darling; I never saw you look as you do to-night." He walked round her, stroking down the satin folds. "What a feast of colors! It suits you admirably. Yes, indeed, I must paint you in this daffodil satin; you're a perfect picture." He kissed her again. "I have got something for you," taking out of a leather case a diamond butterfly, which he fastened in the thick tresses of her amber hair. "This is in memory of our second marriage anniversary, my sweet Wanda."

"You spoil me, Malcolm," she answered, looking affectionately at him; "you are a fairy prince. But now, indeed, you have gazed at me long enough: I want you to look at this dear little girl. Come here, Mary," she called to the child, who had been standing close to her mother in a dark part of the room.

Mary advanced shyly and slowly towards Mrs. Mackenzie.

"Oh, this is indeed a lovely child! What hair! like golden corn; and such deep blue eyes!" remarked Mr. Mackenzie, putting his hand under the child's chin. "But how did you come here, my bairnie? What is your name?"

"Mary Bessie Logan," answered the child, looking up wistfully into Mr. Mackenzie's face.

"Mary Bessie Logan?" gasped out Mr. Mackenzie, in such a startled tone that his wife exclaimed:

"Why, Malcolm, why do you appear so disturbed?"

"Who is this child?—who brought her here, Wanda? It is too amazing."

"She is the daughter of Mrs. Logan, the dressmaker, who has just been helping me to dress."

"Mrs. Logan?—how extraordinary! Where is she?" looking eagerly round the room. At last he became rigid; a dark flush came over his face; as his eyes met Jean Logan's, he stared blankly at her.

She rose slowly from her seat, trembling so violently that she had to support herself by holding the thick window curtain behind her. She returned his stare; there was scorn, not terror, in her eyes.

"What does this mean, Malcolm?"

You look bewildered. Have you ever seen Mrs. Logan or this child before?" Mrs. Mackenzie went up to him, and laid her hand upon his shoulder; he was like a man that had been suddenly petrified.

Little Mary ran across to her mother; she was frightened, and she clutched her skirts.

"Oh! do speak, Malcolm; what is this mystery?"

He did not answer, but looked imploringly towards Jean Logan.

The same bitter smile played round her mouth, and then she heard her own voice saying words that seemed loaded with gunpowder:

"Mr. Mackenzie knew the father of my child!" The effort was too great, and she sank back in her seat.

"Oh, Malcolm! did you really know him? and is he dead?" She lowered her voice as she asked this.

"Wanda, do not question me now," he answered nervously. "Attend to this woman; she seems faint."

Mrs. Mackenzie went to her press and took out a bottle of eau-de-Cologne, with which she bathed Jean's temples and hands.

Mr. Mackenzie paced up and down the room in extreme agitation; he poured wine into a glass which, as he laid it down, was shattered into a thousand pieces. He was in a frenzy of agitation—almost terror; he stared wildly at the white-faced woman, and then, suddenly, caught himself thinking what a picture the whole scene would make. His trained artistic eye took in vividly the varied pictorial advantages of the group: his beautiful wife in her luminous daffodil satin, with all its shimmer of reflected lights; drapery that Paul Veronese might have loved to render. She, bending over the sad, pale, handsome woman in the dark woollen dress. The wife in all the exuberance of youth and wealth in strong light; in shadow the woman he had ruined. It was not only pictorially fine, but it had a deeper significance. He was startled as he thought of the pathos of the situation and the cynicism of his own reflections; he, the chief actor in this social tragedy, enacted in his wife's luxurious room—instinctively viewing it from the artist's standpoint; yes, he would paint the

scene—it was grand. He would call it "The Old Love and the New." He was arranging the details artistically in his mind, debating whether he would put a man's figure in, when his child's voice aroused him from his painter's dream.

"Oh, Mummie, do open your eyes; are you still ill?"

"Better now, darling," was the answer in a tremulous, hoarse voice.

Mr. Mackenzie rang the bell; a servant came up.

"Get a cab for Mrs. Logan."

Jean cast another look at him—a look that conveyed a life-long reproach.

To get her and the child away was now Malcolm Mackenzie's only thought; he was in terror lest his young wife should get a clue to the mystery.

"Won't you give me your address, Mrs. Logan?" asked Mrs. Mackenzie. "I should like to know how you are getting on, and if I could do anything for this lovely little girl. Do you know, Malcolm, it may be fancy, but there is some resemblance to you in Mary's face."

"To me, Wanda?"—he said this almost fiercely. "It is sheer nonsense!"

There was an expression of satisfaction in Jean's face: she saw this remark of Mrs. Mackenzie had thoroughly alarmed him.

"The cab is here, sir," said the servant.

"All right. Now, Wanda, go and finish your dressing; I shall put Mrs. Logan into the cab and take her address."

He hurried them out of his wife's room, feeling, what he had never felt before, on very bad terms with himself; irritated by the whole position. Jean's fragile, broken-hearted look pained him; her presence in his wife's house had terrified him.

He got the address from Jean. "Expect me to-morrow," he said faintly; "I must see you; but, bear in mind, you never come here again."

"It would most certainly be inconvenient, Mr. Mackenzie," she answered scornfully.

The four-wheeler growled off towards the Edgware Road, and a smart brougham, with liveried servants, took its place to drive Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Mackenzie to their evening party.

* * * * *

As Malcolm Mackenzie wended his way on the following day to Jean Logan's lodging, he felt ill at ease. He had been a sinner. Elastic as his conscience was, still he felt he had blighted the life and ruined the happiness of the simple Scotch lassie who had loved and trusted him. She had acted in a spirited manner, and had refused pecuniary assistance; he could not but respect her for this independence of spirit. The appearance of his old love in his young wife's room had utterly perplexed him. What would she do next? Would she betray his wretched secret to his innocent Wanda? No high motives ever actuated his life, so how was he to believe that a woman he had wronged should be capable of acting nobly? The whole thing vexed him, as would a pebble in his shoe; it annoyed him to think he had acted unjustly towards the poor thing. He remembered her great beauty; how he had persuaded her to be his model. He was a good-looking fellow then, and the girl liked him. That this proud Jean should be his wife's dressmaker was an astounding conjunction of circumstances—his Nemesis. And the lovely child—how he wished she was his to acknowledge openly! He had a sentimental nature, and the forlorn appearance of Jean touched the outer surface; her white face haunted him, like Banquo's ghost, coming in the height of his popularity and happiness; yes, she would ever be the skeleton at his life's feast, ever whispering that, after all, he was but a poor creature, with no moral fibre, no real heart. He reached her house; it was a common-looking abode, let out in flats to the working classes. As he ascended the stairs he felt nervous and uncomfortable; he blamed Providence for having made him so susceptible to the charms of womankind; his weak nature was easily set aflame, but once the fire out the nature was hard. All this he was conscious of; he excused it to himself by saying it was more or less the artist's temperament.

As he knocked at Jean Logan's door his heart—or rather the place where one is supposed to be—gave a thump. The door was opened by Jean, looking miserably ill. She had passed a sleepless night and was haggard and white.

"Well, Jean," extending his broad, dogskin-gloved hand, "won't you shake hands with me?"

But Jean did not take the proffered hand.

"Will you please walk in?" she said in a curt, tremulous voice, pointing to the parlor door.

He followed her into the shabby room. The only furniture consisted of a big table, a sewing-machine, and a few cane-bottomed chairs; but the one oil-picture over the mantel-piece helped to give a look of refinement to the place.

Malcolm Mackenzie started back on seeing his picture. His ruddy face grew a shade paler.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "never have I done better work than that; how it recalls the past! It was so like you. Oh, what a bewitching lassie you were then! You are still very handsome, only too thin and pale."

"Cease speaking in that tone to me, Malcolm Mackenzie. We are not here to-day to talk jocosely. You have ruined my happiness. I am now striving to forget a wretched past, and to face and do my duty."

"I have come, Jean, to endeavor to tell you the remorse I feel for the wrong I have done you. I long to atone for it in some way. Ask me what you will, and it shall be done."

"Sound your own heart, and you will see that it is not pity for my position that has brought you here to-day, but fear lest I should betray to your wife who the father of the child is she admired so much last night. Don't deny this. When I went to your house, I was fierce with a sense of my wrongs, and thirsted for revenge; but the tenderness, the sweetness, and the sympathy of your wife disarmed me, and saved you. Thank her, not me. I shall never reveal to her who Mary's father is."

"Oh, bless you for this promise, Jean," he said earnestly. "If she knew this sin of mine it would, I fear, kill her love for me. She has a pure, sensitive nature."

"I know it, Malcolm Mackenzie, and respect her. You little considered my nature when you brought trouble on me—a trouble that killed my old father. He was a proud, upright, sensitive man,

and never recovered the shock caused by his daughter's disgrace." Her voice trembled.

Malcolm Mackenzie paced up and down the room. He feared she was going to cry; this would affect his sentimental nature too much.

"Your wife saw Mary's likeness to you. That frightened you, did it not?"

"I confess I feel the wretchedness of my position, and throw myself on your generosity, Jean."

He sat down in a chair opposite to her, and for a few seconds they looked scrutinisingly at each other. Jean noticed how flabby and florid he had grown since they parted ten years ago. His hair was streaked with gray, but no remorse or sadness was in his ruddy face. It embittered her to see him so jovial. His clothes were new and fashionable; his blue necktie and yellow gloves she thought savored of vulgar prosperity. Oh, how could she have been such a fool as to have sacrificed all that is most precious in a woman's life for such a man?

He on his side was keenly perceptive of the ravages time and trouble had wrought in her appearance. Her face had deep circles, and the lovely rosy color had faded forever. There were dark lines round the eyes; she was scraggy, though still handsome, and her merino dress was unstylish, though neat. What a contrast to the picture painted eleven years ago, when he first met her, with the wild Scotch landscape for background! Had he seen her in that bare parlor he never would have been bewitched.

"I am afraid, Jean, you find the battle of life hard; it is too difficult for a woman to fight alone. I cannot bear to think you have so few comforts."

"I earn enough for myself and Mary—enough to keep us from want. Mary is strong and well."

"And very beautiful, I think," exclaimed Mr. Mackenzie with enthusiasm.

"Ah, a fatal gift!" she answered with a sigh; "but I shall ward off men such as you—wolves in sheep's clothing. I shall tell her the truth. She must be warned in time against your sex."

"Don't be too hard on me. I was a

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brute once, and feel it keenly. I have come here to beg you to allow me to provide for our child. I am now a wealthy man, and can easily afford that pleasure. I have in my pocket a cheque for £1,000, which you must accept."

Jean got up; she stood erect, stern, and sad. "Keep your money! I would rather starve than accept a farthing from a man I have learned to despise heartily; a weak, selfish nature, devoid of heart and conscience."

"You had better reconsider your verdict, Jean;" he said this with irritation in his voice: "The past cannot be undone."

"No, alas! it cannot, and I am outwardly punished; but though poor, delicate, troubled, I would far rather be what I am than you, with all your fame and wealth."

She opened the door for him.

"Is this really your last word, Jean?"

"My very last; I do not wish ever again to see or hear from you."

* * * * *

"The Old Love and the New," painted by Malcolm Mackenzie, was the sensation picture of the next Royal Academy. Almost all the art critics praised it, not only for the excellent coloring, but also for the composition, lighting, and expression. One of the most influential London papers said of this picture:

The painting of the young woman (the New Love) is of the highest order of merit; the daffodil satin standing resplendent in full gaslight is almost worthy of Veronese; the Old Love, in sober tones of grey and brown, is pathetically and learnedly rendered; the bewildered expression of the man, the mingling of terror, the self-control as he perceives who the poor woman and the lovely child are, is subtly portrayed; there is nothing theatrical or exaggerated in the situation, it is well felt. Altogether, as a work of art, and as a scathing moral pictorial lesson, it will rank amongst the highest achievements of modern art.

Mr. Mackenzie's picture was sold for £1,800 at the private view; the largest price he had ever received. "The Old Love and the New" was the success of that year at the Royal Academy.

His wife never knew the secret of the picture.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

A DIARY AT VALLADOLID IN THE TIME OF CERVANTES.

BY JOHN ORMSBY.

SOME time ago it was announced in the "Athenæum" that Don Pascual de Gayangos had discovered among the Spanish manuscripts in the British Museum a diary kept by a Portuguese gentleman resident at Valladolid in the spring and summer of 1605, in which there are references showing that the writer was personally acquainted with Cervantes. A more welcome literary treasure-trove could scarcely be imagined, for of the personality of Cervantes we know if possible less than we know of Shakespeare's. We do not even know what he was like, except by his own playful description. The Stratford bust, the Droeshout engraving, and the Chandos picture may not be altogether satisfactory; but they are unimpeachable presentments compared with the extant portraits of Cervantes. Besides, if there is any one period in his life of which we know less than we do of any other, it is that between the time he left Andalusia and finally took up his residence at Madrid. All we know, indeed, is, that during the latter part of it he lived at Valladolid, and published "Don Quixote."

In the intervals of his labors at the "Calendar of State Papers," Señor Gayangos was able to make a thorough examination of the MS., the results of which, together with a Spanish translation of the more interesting portions of the Diary, he gave in a series of articles in the "Revista de España;" and with the help of the distinguished dramatic critic, Señor Menéndez Pelayo, and of a Portuguese *savant*, Dr. García Peres, he succeeded at length in identifying the writer of the Diary. The first leaf or two of the British Museum MS. are missing, but fortunately Dr. García Peres had in his possession another, and also an abridgment, which furnished the desired clue. The diarist proves to have been Thomé Pinheiro da Veiga, Doctor and Professor of Civil Law in the University of Coimbra (born 1571, died 1656), a man of considerable mark in his day, who rose to the highest judicial posts in Portugal. He is men-

tioned in Barbosa Machado's "Bibliotheca Lusitana," as an uncompromising champion of the independence of the courts of justice, and it is to his zeal in that cause that we owe the Diary; for he was at the time *ouvidor* or local judge at Esgueira; and the object of his journey to Valladolid in 1605 was to appeal to the Crown against the encroachments upon his jurisdiction attempted by the Duke of Aveiro, the lord of the district. Nothing of this, however, is disclosed in the Diary. There is not a trace of the traditional gravity of the judge in its sprightly pages. To all appearance it is the production of a man who had no object in view but to see life and enjoy himself at the gayest capital in Europe, as Valladolid then was.

It is a severe test, no doubt, to compare it with books like Count de Grammont's *Memoirs* and the Countess d'Aulnoy's *Travels*; nevertheless, the comparison may fairly be made. It would be unreasonable, of course, to look for the same finish in a thing of this sort as is to be found in the polished workmanship of Anthony Hamilton; but Dr. Pinheiro had no small share of De Grammont's vivacity and wit, and could sketch a portrait or a scene with a light free touch not very inferior to the brilliant Frenchman's; and it will surprise no reader of the extracts quoted by Señor Gayangos that the writer has been suspected by good critics of being the author of the wittiest book in the Portuguese language, the "Arte de Furtar" (*Art of Stealing*), generally attributed, but on insufficient grounds, to the great Jesuit preacher, Antonio Vieira. Any comparison with Madame d'Aulnoy must be to the advantage of the diarist. As a Portuguese he could look at things from a foreigner's point of view, while at the same time he was perfectly at home among the Spaniards; and, of course, a man's opportunities for studying life were far better than any woman's, however keen her thirst for knowledge might be. And then, Valladolid under Philip III. was a very different place from Madrid under

Charles II. Society was disposed to indemnify itself for the gloom and austerity of the last reign, very much as society was at the Restoration in England. The young King loved pleasure and hated business. It seemed, the diarist says, as if he and his ministers were striving to get rid of the ascetic gravity and aversion to every kind of human pleasure that had distinguished the late King and his ministers. Valladolid, moreover, was especially gay at the time of Pinheiro's visit. Shortly after his arrival, the prince, afterwards Philip IV., was born and baptized amid great rejoicings, and at the same time the Earl of Nottingham, better known as Lord Howard of Effingham, came at the head of a splendid and numerous retinue—700 persons in all, we are told—to ratify the treaty of peace with England; and the Court, in its satisfaction at the event, resolved to spare nothing to give the foreigners a reception befitting the dignity of the Spanish Crown. The dullest of diarists could hardly help leaving a lively record behind him under such circumstances.

It may be as well to say here that the hopes held out by the original title in the "*Revista de España*" ("*Cervantes en Valladolid*"), and in the notice in the "*Athenæum*," are not realized. Of Cervantes personally we learn absolutely nothing from Thomé Pinheiro. The name occurs only once in the diary; and though Don Pascual still clings to the idea that the reference may possibly be to the author of "*Don Quixote*," this is somewhat more than doubtful. The reader shall judge for himself. The diarist says, in his abrupt way:—

"I will tell you a most charming story about Lope García de la Torre, whom you know. His wife, who is of high family and extremely handsome, sits up all night gambling and losing two or three hundred ducats in her own house, without troubling herself in the least about her husband. He goes to bed early, and if by any chance he calls her and tells her to come, she answers, 'Hold your tongue, and let me play, Lope García. You won't? Cervantes, give me here that taw' (*palmatoria*, an instrument made of leather thongs fixed to a wooden handle, used by schoolmasters), 'and we'll see if I can't make him hold his tongue. Señor Don Lope, so long as I play with what is my own, hold your tongue; when it is with what is yours, scold away.'"

From the use of the present tense, and

from the words "by any chance," *por casualidad*, it is clear that this refers, not to some solitary incident witnessed by the narrator, but to something of repeated occurrence in Don Lope's house, which had apparently come to be a standing joke. Now it is, to say the least, highly improbable that Cervantes could have been night after night dangleling in the *salon* of a gambling lady of fashion. He had something else to do of an evening. To judge by the depositions taken in the Ezpeleta affair, it is more likely that his occupation at such hours was balancing accounts or drawing up petitions or memorials. It by no means follows that the Cervantes called to by the lady must have been the novelist. The name was a common one enough in Spain at the time, though now it seems to be almost confined to Mexico and Columbia, and it is far more likely that in this instance it belonged to some page or attendant. At any rate, this is the only instance in which it seems to be mentioned; and it is going rather too far to found upon it the theory that Pinheiro numbered Cervantes among his acquaintances.

Per contra there is his silence with regard to the Ezpeleta affair, though he was in Valladolid at the time, and for a month afterwards. On the 27th of June 1605, one Don Gaspar de Ezpeleta received a wound in a street brawl near the door of the house in which Cervantes lodged. He was taken in, and died there shortly afterwards, in consequence of which Cervantes and his family were haled before the authorities, and he, his sister, his daughter, and his niece kept in custody for two days—the theory of the officers being that the quarrel in which the dead man had received the wound arose out of a love-affair in which one of the young women was involved. Surely if Pinheiro had known Cervantes personally, however slight his acquaintance might be, he would not have passed over in silence an incident so noteworthy as this, and in itself much more so than many he has recorded.

"Don Quixote" is referred to once or twice. Although only two or three months published, it had already taken the public fancy so much that Don Quixote and Sancho Panza figured in a kind of street harlequinade, just as to

this day Don Quixote and Dulcinea parade the streets of Saragossa at the October *fêtes*. It is true that some ladies near the diarist did not quite take the allusion, for he heard them asking, "Is this the Portuguese ambassador, or who is it?" As it so happened, the Don Quixote was a Portuguese gentleman, which leads Pinheiro to observe, "This is how we Portuguese come to be despised here." Considering how newly born the book was, it is very significant that he himself does not think any explanation called for, but always assumes that the friend for whose amusement the Diary was written knows all about the characters of the romance. It is one more proof of the rapidity and completeness with which "Don Quixote" established itself as a popular work. It is not, however, quite so marvellous as Don Pascual de Gayangos seems disposed to regard it. He calls attention more than once to the strange fact that the characters and incidents of "Don Quixote" were familiar to the people of Valladolid "perhaps before the book had been published at Madrid," and accounts for it by referring to the story of Cervantes reading his MS. at the Duke of Béjar's. There is, no doubt, ample evidence that "Don Quixote" was pretty well known before it had been sent to the press; but at the time the diarist is speaking of it must have been some months in print and in circulation. The list of errata is dated December 1, 1604, and the *tasa*, or assessment of the price, December 20, showing that it was then printed. The additional privilege for Portugal, prefixed to the second edition, bears date February 9, 1605, which proves that the Portuguese booksellers must have already received copies of the first, and were proceeding to pirate the book; and, in fact, two Lisbon editions were licensed by the Holy Office in February and in March. If, then, copies of the first edition reached Lisbon—as it is clear they did—by the beginning of February at the latest, *a fortiori*, they must have reached Valladolid, the capital, and not one-third of the distance, by March or April. The wonder, after all, is not that "Don Quixote" is mentioned; but that in the diary of a man of wit, culture, and reading, as Pinheiro undoubtedly was, there

are not more numerous and sympathetic references to a book that had already so distinctly proved its quality. The explanation probably is that, though not insensible to the merits of "Don Quixote," he was in the opposite camp. There are certain indications in his style suggesting a leaning to the "culto" school, which from the outset was hostile to "Don Quixote;" and he was evidently a reader and an admirer of the romances of chivalry, and perhaps not very favorably disposed to a book that turned them into merciless ridicule. The Diary, it may be observed, affords ample evidence that the taste for these romances was very far from being on the wane when Cervantes delivered his onslaught, as Bouterwek and others have said.

There is, however, abundant matter in the Diary to compensate for any disappointment as regards fresh facts bearing on "Don Quixote" and its author. To English readers, of course, the most interesting parts will be those that refer to the sojourn of the English Embassy. The northern heretics were evidently objects of curiosity, no less to the diarist himself than to the people of Valladolid; and at first, indeed, of something more than curiosity, for he confesses to certain misgivings as to the consequences of admitting such a number into Spain. "They are all," he says, "sacramentary heretics, and of various sects in rebellion to the Church of Rome. God grant that the preachers that accompany them may leave no evil seed behind them in our Spain." And he gives an awful example of the consequences of consorting with heretics. The ambassador in England (Count Villamediana) had written home to his wife to send him two chaplains of correct life and morals, because of the three he had brought with him from Spain, one was dead, and the other two had gone and married, so that for two months no Mass had been said at the Spanish Embassy. On the other hand, he says, when they landed at Corunna, great numbers of them went into the churches to hear Mass, which vexed the Admiral (Lord Nottingham) so much, that he shipped off thirty of them back to England. And at Valladolid, he himself has seen one or two at Mass; but this, he fears, was more out

of curiosity than devotion. After a little, however, his apprehensions gave way to a more hopeful feeling, as he observes the respectful bearing of the Englishmen to the ceremonies of the Church. He was rejoiced to see how the Admiral and the most distinguished of his retinue followed in the procession and entered the church on the occasion of the baptism of the prince, and how they all made a point of uncovering whenever the Host or images were passing; and he was the more pleased because he had been told that they had resolved not to do so. In short, he admits that "although of the proudest and most presumptuous nation in Europe, and moreover heretics, they on the whole behaved with the greatest modesty and moderation, and with as much respect for the images and Holy Sacrament as if they had been Catholics;" so much so, that he says, "there are hopes they will in time return like strayed sheep to the fold of the Church." The Spaniards, on their part, were equally careful to avoid offence. When after a splendid banquet, at which the Duke of Lerma entertained the Embassy, Lope de Vega's comedy of the "*Caballero de Illescas*" was performed, the Duke called Rios the actor aside and charged him to keep to love-making and fighting, and not to meddle with sacred subjects or miracles, for fear of offending the English. "You understand?" said he. "Perfectly," said the actor; "even if I sneeze I'll take care not to cross myself."

The Admiral evidently made a great impression on Pinheiro by his stately appearance, his dignity and his high-bred courtesy. The only fault he had to find with him was that he was so attached to his Church, with regard to which there is the curious and characteristic observation that in the time of Philip and Mary he was *muy católico*, but turned Lutheran afterwards in the reign of Elizabeth, and became head of the heretics of the kingdom. His "Lutheranism" displayed itself particularly when the Duke of Lerma and he came to settle where the treaty was to be signed, the Admiral insisting that it should not be in a church. "What a pity," the diarist exclaims, "that such a man should be damned!" He did

not know that this was one of the points on which the Earl had received special instructions before leaving London. Of the other members of the Embassy his approval is qualified. "They are all good-looking," he says, "but cold, melancholy, and sombre, and they seem all the more so, with their long cloaks and long hair; for they wear their hair after the fashion of the Nazarenes, reaching, with most of them, down to their shoulders. There is not one of them that has not most beautiful hands, of which they take the greatest possible care; and they are for the most part tall, much more so than our people." This he found out to his cost; for whenever there was anything particular to be seen they always put the English in the front rank, and if he happened to stand behind them, he could not make out what was going on, so big were they. We must not, however, flatter ourselves that any compliment to the stalwart proportions of the English was intended. Huarte, in the "*Examen de Ingenios*," had years before pointed out that the greater bulk of the Germans and English was, in fact, a proof of inferiority; it was the result, simply, of dilution, the consequence of living in a moister climate. One of the Embassy, Milord Willoughby (Willoughby), seems to have made something of a sensation at Court by a *gallarda* which he danced before the King, "with such bounds and capers, and in such good time and measure, that he was rated next to the King, who is the best and most accomplished dancer of the whole Court."

One day at church he overheard one of a group of ladies say to the others, "What do you say if by way of a frolic we go and see the Admiral and his Englishmen at dinner?" and he followed them and thus had an opportunity of observing the manners and customs of the English at table. They eat, he says, in a very cleanly and decorous fashion, like gentlemen: they eat little and drink less than is the custom with us at a banquet, but the fare is coarse, great quantities of boiled and roast meat; and he remarked they said no grace either before or after dining. A scene of lively *badinage* followed between the Admiral and the ladies, who were all veiled; he requesting them to uncover their faces,

that he might be assured no treachery was intended—they protesting that they were there as his guard of honor; until the Admiral checkmated them by calling for a cup of wine and drinking to them, which compelled the leader to pledge him in return, giving him an opportunity, while she did so, of lifting a corner of the veil and catching a glimpse of a very handsome face. A painter of historical *genre* might have a worse subject than this passage of arms between the fair Spaniards and their old enemy, the stately English Admiral who fought the Armada.

We know, as a matter of history, that the Earl of Nottingham defrayed most of the cost of the Embassy out of his own pocket, for the sum of £15,000 granted by the Treasury was wholly insufficient; but the Spanish Government was nevertheless at heavy charges. At the high table for the Admiral and the gentlemen of his retinue, sixty-two covers, we are told, were laid daily; and a thousand mules, six hundred of them for riding, were placed at their disposal, at a cost of a thousand ducats a-day. There were some grounds, therefore, for the sonnet beginning—

“The Queen was brought to bed, the Lutheran
came

With heretics and heresies six hundred,”

in which the Court is sharply attacked for its lavish expenditure on behalf of the enemies of the Faith. The sonnet is generally attributed to Gongora; but Señor Gayangos considers it doubtful that he was the author, as it is not to be found in the original printed collections of his poems, and is not included in the MS. list of pieces attributed to him made shortly after his death; and still more doubtful that the official ‘Relacion’ of the rejoicings at Valladolid on the occasion of the prince’s birth, which is sneered at in the last lines, was written by Cervantes, as the sonnet suggests, when it says that the commission to write the account of these doings was given to “Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and his ass.” There is no other reason for supposing that Cervantes had anything to do with it; there is not a trace of his hand perceptible in it; like the letter to Don Diego de Astudillo discovered in the Colombina library at Seville by Señor Fernandez-Guerra, it might

just as well have been written by any one as by Cervantes; and he was not in such favor with the Government that he would have been likely to have the task assigned to him. As for the sonnet, if it is not Gongora’s—and the style, sentiment, and workmanship are very like his—it unquestionably comes from his school, and shows the animus against Cervantes and ‘Don Quixote’ in that section of literary society.

The festivities, which, the poet hints, were more in honor of the heretics than of the heir to the throne, fill a considerable space in the Diary. The English, we are told, looked forward with great anxiety to the bull-fights, such things being unknown in their own country. English tourists in Spain, it may be observed, show much the same eagerness at the present day; the Diary, however, does not tell us whether, after they had seen the bull-fight, King James’s courtiers made it right with their consciences, and asserted their British virtue by inveighing against the brutality of the entertainment, and the barbarity of those who could enjoy it, as the English tourist is given to doing at *tables d’hôte* and in books at Mudie’s. To be sure the bull-fights they saw were not exactly the same thing as the tourist describes with so much gusto, and denounces with such vehemence. The modern *corrida de toros* is a purely democratic institution. Everybody who has any knowledge of Spain knows that among the cultured classes there is a strong feeling on the subject, and that a great many of those whose presence the foreigner regards as an anomaly are present only because they cannot afford to run counter to the popular will. It is “The People,” in the platform sense of the word, who will have the bull-fight, and will have it as it is now, a display of horse-slaughter and a performance by professionals of the Tom Sayers and Tipton Slasher type. In 1605, *los torcadores*, we learn from the Diary, were nobles and gentlemen of the Court, who encountered the bull lance in hand and mounted on high-mettled steeds. Horses were indeed sometimes killed. We read here of the Duke of Alva having one that had cost him 1000 ducats killed under him; but such accidents appear to have been exceptional, and

the bull seems to have been given a fair chance of his life—not as in these days, when, if the Espada cannot kill him, he is hamstrung with the *medialuna* and then dispatched with the dagger. If it was a cruel sport, at least it was a chivalrous one in 1605. The King did not figure as a *toreador*, but in the *juego de cañas*, the javelin games, that followed, he did, and by universal admission made the best figure among all who joined in them. From Pinheiro's account he seems to have had as good a seat on horseback as his son Philip IV. The arena was the Plaza Mayor of Valladolid, perhaps the most picturesque old *plaza* in Spain; and Pinheiro waxes eloquent over the spectacle it presented, with its windows and balconies packed with people and radiant with beauty. He estimates the number of the spectators at over 40,000, nearly four times as many as the present Plaza de Toros at Madrid holds. The landlords of the houses round the *plaza* always, in letting them, reserved the right to dispose of the balconies and windows on these occasions; and though they were obliged to find places gratis for the town council, municipal officers, and officials of the palace, nevertheless they made more in one day than the rent of the houses for a year. Each of these bull-fights, he says, cost at least 30,000 *cruzados* (about £3000, but representing, of course, a much larger sum now); but the Valladolid people seem to have thrown their money about pretty freely. "In a matter of pleasure," he remarks, "these devils never think about what it costs;" and in the Diary he gives repeated examples of the lavish expenditure he observed on all sides. In particular, he is severe on the absurd prices paid for bad pictures, and for horses that he himself would not have given 200 ducats for. He notes, by the way, the horses presented to the English, who, he says, took away with them a great number of choice horses and mares of the best breeds, and in exchange sold the "wretched hacks" (*ruines rocines*) they brought with them from their own country and think a great deal of. Apparently English horse-flesh had not yet made a reputation on the Continent in the reign of James I. It would be interesting if some one versed in its his-

tory could ascertain whether this infusion of Spanish blood in 1605 produced any effect upon the breed. *Apropos* of the extravagance of the nobles, he has a curious remark, which very possibly has a modicum at least of historical truth imbedded in it: "They say it was the late King, the father of this one, that encouraged the *grandees* to indulge in expenditure of this sort and to run in debt, no doubt in order that, being short of money, they might not recover their old spirit." Of course it was a matter of vital importance to Philip II. to maintain the policy of his father and great-grandfather, and keep the nobles from regaining any portion of their old power; and a device of this sort was not unlike the man. The State itself, however, was not much less reckless. It is clear that in Pinheiro's opinion the only thing that kept Spain from financial ruin was the silver poured into the country from the mines on the other side of the Atlantic. "But for this," he says, "you would very soon see the Spanish supremacy disappear; and it was this that supported the Emperor's armies, the wars of Flanders, and the other monstrous expenses of the last century." He quotes a current saying, to the effect that arms and letters ennobled and enriched kingdoms; but the arms of Flanders and the letters of exchange of Genoa had ruined the Spanish monarchy. If it was not for these two "mouths of hell," as he calls them, that swallow all, the roads of Castile, he says, might be paved with silver, so much comes into the country annually from the Indies.

The portrait he draws of the all-powerful Duke of Lerma is curious and not unfavorable. It bears out the character for good-nature which all historians give the Minister of Philip III. Nobody, we are told, ever quitted his presence dissatisfied, and had he not been so inaccessible he would have been idolised. His own reason for being difficult of access was, that he was unable to refuse when favors were begged of him. According to Pinheiro, he owed a portion of his vast wealth to a singular custom that obtained at the Spanish Court. When the doctors ordered any great man to be bled, it was the correct thing for every one who wished to stand well with him to send him a present "to comfort

his blood"; and as the Duke's good-will was desired throughout the length and breadth of the Spanish dominions, gifts poured in upon him from all quarters whenever bloodletting was prescribed for him by the faculty. "Last year," says the Diary, "a slight indisposition brought him 200,000 *crusados*." If so, his wealth, had he been a covetous man, need only have been limited by his blood-making powers, for by all accounts the Spanish doctors of the period were remarkably ready with their lancets.

There are portraits, too, of the Duke's lieutenants, his *braços*—"arms"—as the Diary calls them, Pedro Franqueza and Rodrigo Calderón, the two most powerful men in the kingdom after himself. Of the more famous of the two, Calderón, the sketch is slight; but the account of Franqueza is very interesting, and has a value for any future historian of the reign of Philip III. For one thing, it fully justifies Lerma's choice of the man for his secretary, and the confidence he reposed in him. According to Pinheiro, Franqueza was a man of rare capacity and attitude for business, an indefatigable worker, and a zealous and faithful servant. With dignity he combined great courtesy and admirable temper, and remained wholly unspoiled by the Duke's favor and the height of power to which he had been raised. "He is, in a word," says the Diary, "the best and ablest minister of King Philip III., and the one most deserving of the high office he discharges." A little more than a year from the time when this was written Franqueza was in prison, where he died shortly afterwards raving mad; and but a few years later the other arm, Calderón, paid the penalty of Lerma's favor on the scaffold. Thomé Pinheiro was a shrewd man of the world, and no doubt knew well how unstable was the position of a favorite's favorite; but what would he have said to such a forecast as this when he was making his notes?

Of the King personally there is not much in the Diary; but what little there is said of him conveys somehow the idea of an amiable, well-meaning man, who, in a more bracing political atmosphere, might have been a good king, if not a very great or wise one. A pleasant little picture is given of the King and Queen

away from Valladolid, strolling about the streets of a country town in the full enjoyment of trusting themselves to the affection of their people, without their usual following of attendants or Flemish guard; and for a man who is commonly represented as the embodiment of bigotry and superstition, what it says of Philip in another place is remarkable. Mentioning the King's departure for Burgos on a Tuesday, an unlucky day according to the ideas of the ignorant and superstitious, it adds that he and the royal family made a point of setting out on their journeys on that day, in order to uproot and do away with the idea. It is hardly worth observing that Pinheiro had no motive for flattering portraiture of potent personages in a diary which, it is clear, was originally intended only for the eye of some friend who was interested in Spain, and who appears to have accompanied him on the occasion of his first visit.

He was greatly struck by the general affability and condescension of the grandees, but at the same time he was amused by the childish lengths to which punctilio was carried in Castile, more especially in the matter of titles; one of the minor consequences, very likely, of the diminished power and political importance of the nobility since the time of Charles V. Dukes and grandees considered themselves aggrieved if the title of *Excelencia* was withheld from them; not to address a Conde as *Señoría* was in the highest degree offensive; while the *Vuestra merced*, the universal *usted*—"your worship"—of the present day, almost amounted to a downright insult. Things had even come to such a pass that damages for non-observance of these points were recoverable in the law courts. He cites a case which is in its way an illustration of feminine pertinacity. An old lady who strongly objected to these niceties, and called every one indiscriminately *Merced*, visiting the Dowager Condesa de Lemus, addressed her in that form. The Condesa, urged by her relatives, took her remedy at law, and obtained a decree. When they came to enforce payment, the old lady called out to her major-domo, "Go, pay this servant of her worship the Condesa at once; and tell him that if her worship wants to find out a way

of making herself rich and me poor, all she has to do is to meet me very often."

He reports an encounter of the same sort between two famous men in the preceding reign—the great Duke of Alva and Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, the soldier, statesman, diplomatist, poet, historian, and, greatest distinction of all, author of "Lazarillo de Tormes." Meeting Mendoza by chance, the Duke, fancying that he might take a liberty with a man who had formerly served under him, threw his arms round his neck and hailed him with, "Welcome, Caballero!" A Mendoza, and least of all Don Diego, was not likely to stand this familiarity, even from a Toledo and a descendant of the Emperors of the East; so the poet capped the salutation by returning the embrace with, "Very welcome, my tulip!"—if it be allowable so to translate the Spanish familiar term of endearment, "mi cara de Pascua."

The British Museum MS. of the Diary has no title-page or description prefixed to it; but these are supplied by the other, a more recent one, Señor Gayangos thinks, which was sent to him from Portugal by its owner, Dr. Peres. In imitation of the pompous pedantry of the then dominant "culto" school, Pinheiro calls his notes "Fastigenia" or "Fastos Geniaes," and says they were found in Merlin's tomb, along with the "Quest of the Holy Grail," by the Archbishop Turpin. He divided them into two sections—the Philipistrea, dealing with the festivities on the occasion of the birth of the Prince Philip; and the Pratilogia, which treats of the humors, manners, and conversation of the Prado, more especially of the ladies frequenting it. To these he added afterwards a third, with the title of Pincigrafía, an account, historical and descriptive, of Valladolid (*olim* Pincia), which Don Pascual considers to be the fullest and most accurate description extant of Valladolid as it was in the seventeenth century, and of which he has given a translation *in extenso*, as he has also of a sort of appendix, possibly not the work of Thomé Pinheiro, describing a not over-credible adventure of that brilliant scamp Juan de Tassis, second Count Villamediana, whose tragic end early in the next reign is still one of the mysteries of Spanish history.

From the Pratilogia he gives no extracts, as it is, he says, merely a record of the diarist's gallantries and amatory adventures, which, moreover, seem to be told in a style formed on that of the romances of chivalry, and stuffed with whole passages taken from the Palmerins, Primaleón, Florisel de Niquea, and Amadis of Greece; and very likely Thomé Pinheiro is not, in this division of his diary, a particularly edifying writer. It is clear, indeed, from divers of the extracted passages, that he was not, any more than his successors, De Grammont, Pepys, or D'Aulnoy, one who wrote *virginibus puerisque*; and he himself confesses as much with great candor and sprightliness in some preliminary observations addressed to the friend for whose benefit he recorded his experiences. "To prevent any misunderstanding," he says, "I must warn you not to be shocked if you find any objectionable expressions in my book, for I never learned theology, and very likely have said hundreds of indecorous things in this diary of life at Court. If I seem to you rather too free-spoken in the stories and anecdotes I repeat, remember that it is only in the house of a man that has been hanged that we must not on any account mention a rope; the virtuous and pure like myself have more freedom of speech." As has been already said, the worthy judge never for an instant betrays his calling, or drops a hint of the business that brought him to Valladolid. So far as the reader of the Diary can perceive, his only serious occupation there was, in point of fact, gallivanting. His mornings may have been taken up with arguing the case of his jurisdiction with Franqueza, and poring over dry precedents; but if so, he amply indemnified himself afterwards. Whenever he caught sight of a mantilla that seemed to hold out a promise of a pretty face, or got a glimpse of a pair of bright eyes in a passing coach, he was off at once in pursuit, and never slackened sail until he had overhauled the chase and poured in a broadside of blandishment and *badinage*. On his own showing, he was by no means victorious in these encounters; but this, of course, may possibly be only the magnanimity of a conqueror. Don Pascual de Gayangos, however, says that in the

Pratilogia, which specially treats of this kind of skirmishing, the fair Vallesolitanas seem always to have held their own, and given him at least as good as he brought. Be that as it may, he always acknowledges their wit and readiness of repartee handsomely, and even more than handsomely. "With the Valladolid girls," he says, quoting one of Sancho Panza's proverbs, "there's no good in trying to play with false dice;" and the numerous instances he gives of their "quick answers" prove them to have been mistresses of what would be called in the vulgar tongue "chaff"—though, as he himself admits, these things transferred to paper lose a great deal of their point and sparkle, and to us, of course, they are necessarily flatter than yesterday's champagne.

Now and then, it is true, we get a droll story, as in the explanation of "Talk as you go, as the wife of the man that was hanged said,"—referring to the case of the man on his way to execution, who stopped every instant to give his wife some fresh instructions as to what she was to do after his death, until at length the good woman, losing patience, exclaimed, "Talk as you go, husband, for it's getting late." But for the most part, though we must admit the promptitude of the replies, we have to take their point on trust, and make allowance for that occasional flavor of *double entendre* that gave them piquancy for Thomé Pinheiro. But free-spoken and free in their manners, as the Valladolid ladies undoubtedly were, it would be a mistake, he asserts again and again, to impute any further laxity to them as a body; and he contrasts them with his own countrywomen, who, with all their prudery, he hints, were too often no better than they should be. He was evidently a staunch advocate of the enfranchisement of women. He attributes the greater charm of the Castilians, and their superiority in wit, gaiety, and ease of manner, to the liberty they enjoyed. "I should very much like to know," he says, "what harm there is in it, compared with the hypocrisy and seclusion of Portugal, where, as if the women of our country were not our own sisters, and the daughters of our fathers, we treat them like irrational beings, shutting them up and not allowing them to see or

speak to anybody." At the same time, it is clear that he could not quite understand the husbands of these very free-and-easy Castilian ladies, or make up his mind whether to regard them as fools or philosophers. The unconcern with which they looked on at the flirtations of their wives, and listened to the things their admirers said to them, filled him with amazement.

But the fathers of Valladolid seem to have been equally philosophical. At least he tells a story to the point,—and of no less a personage than Gondomar, afterwards ambassador to England, who, when one of his daughter's admirers was about to treat her to a serenade, and the musicians he had brought were beginning to tune their instruments, appeared at a window, and called out to them, "For God's sake, gentlemen, take my daughter away with you at once, and don't deafen me with all that guitar-strumming at my own door!" Bacon, who seems to have relished the dry Spanish humor, and Gondomar's sayings in particular, would, no doubt, have included this in his collection if it had reached him.

According to Pinheiro, it was a very butterfly existence that of the Valladolid ladies. With them, he says, there were 365 *fête-days* in the ordinary year, and 366 in leap-year. Dressing for the Prado was the chief business of their life, and to be admired its main object. "See, my dear, how we have wasted our time this morning," he overheard one say to another one day; "we have been two hours at the dressing-table, and those gentlemen pass by and don't say a word to us." He did not think very much of their piety, but he admits that they were very steady church-goers; and, indeed, next to the Prado, the church seems to have been his own favorite cruising-ground. It enabled him to kill two birds with one stone, so to speak. Thus, on one occasion, seeing some very attractive ladies leaving the church, he says, "As we had already heard Mass, we made after them and followed them." "As we had already heard Mass" is delicious: a whole essay on Pinheiro and his diary would fail to give as complete an idea of the man and the book as we get from this half-dozen words.

His *naïveté*, indeed, is perhaps his most charming characteristic, and all the more charming for being a rare quality in a diarist. Keeping a diary seems to be a somewhat self-conscious occupation; and diary-keepers, as a rule, give one an idea of writing before a looking-glass, with a careful consideration of their own features and expression. There is, to be sure, a certain Cockney *naïveté* about Pepys; but Pinheiro's is of the exuberant Southern sort, which is incomparably more delightful. It is a thousand pities that this record of his flirtations, as he calls it himself, cannot well be made available for general amusement; but it is to be feared the difficulties in the way are insuperable. A diary is not a sort of composition that lends itself readily to translation. Even translating into a language so closely allied to the original as the Spanish, Señor Gayangos finds it necessary repeatedly to give the Portuguese in a footnote in order to preserve the full flavor. From what he says, too, as well as from sundry quoted passages, it is clear that no editor, be he ever so little of a Bowdler, could possibly give Master Thomé Pinheiro's very frank statements and meditations *in extenso*; and another objection, apparently, in Don Pascual's eyes is that the diarist deals a great deal too freely with the names of personages about the Court; though one would fancy that the lapse of nearly three centuries would have made the lively judge's gossip quite harmless by this time.

But if it is vain to look for an edition that would put Pinheiro within the reach of the readers that enjoy Count de Grammont and Madame d'Aulnoy, it is not unreasonable to hope, at least, that such a lucky "find" will not be allowed to remain in manuscript, but that it will be sooner or later made accessible in print to scholars and students. "Works of this sort," says Don Pascual, "diaries, memoirs, letters, in which the writer puts into shape his impressions of the society in which he lives, and unbosoms himself to a friend, without any fears of Inquisition or other danger, are, in my opinion, a valuable addition to

history;" and this accurately describes Pinheiro's diary, and indicates its peculiar value to the historical student. The society that furnished him with materials for his notes was a curious and in many ways an interesting one, and one, besides, of which we have very few trustworthy pictures. And, moreover, in this case the diarist was clearly a reporter of exceptional qualifications. He was a shrewd, clever man of the world, who knew life and men and women well. He was an acute observer, and shows signs of a political sagacity that does not seem to have been very common among his contemporaries. His opportunities, too, were excellent; he did not live inside the magic circle of the Court, but he could come close enough to observe all that went on within it. It is plain that he was on familiar terms with many of the leading men of the day, and no doubt his business at Valladolid and his professional status gave him an insight into affairs such as no mere outsider or passing traveller could hope to obtain; and if to these advantages are added wit, humor, unfailing animal spirits, and a lively pen, it is not easy to see what more can be desired to make a good diary.

In the meantime, the two pamphlets in which Don Pascual de Gayangos has reprinted the articles contributed by him to the "Revista de España" will be welcome as a substitute, and all the more so for being illustrated by notes such as he only could have supplied. It was, indeed, a lucky chance that put Pinheiro's manuscript into his hands. Of necessity it deals largely with personages and events that have dropped out of history, or never had a place in it, and he alone, perhaps, could have explained its allusions, and furnished the key to the references. He is as intimately acquainted with the Court of Philip III., and the family histories, intermarriages, and connections of the Spanish nobility of 1605, as the editor of a "Society Journal" pretends, or is believed by his readers, to be with the private affairs of the English aristocracy of 1886—and more than that need not be said for the extent of his knowledge.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE RELATIONS OF HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY.*

BY JAMES BRYCE, M.P.

THE subject of which I have to treat—a subject so large that I shall not be expected to do more than touch on a few of its salient features—is the relation which ought to exist between the study and the teaching of history and the study of geography. What are the points in which chiefly these two subjects touch one another. What is the kind of geographical knowledge which the teacher of history ought to possess in order to make his historical teaching as exact and complete, as philosophical and suggestive, as possible. I will attempt to indicate some of the points where geography and history touch one another, and to show from what sort of treatment of geography it is that light may be thrown on the progress and life of nations and of States.

Geography is as a meeting-point between the sciences of Nature and the sciences of man. I do not say it is the only meeting-point, for there are others; but it is one of the most conspicuous and important, for geography has to look upon man as being a natural growth—that is to say, a part of Nature, a part of the physical world—who is conditioned in his development and progress by the forces which Nature brings to bear upon him. In other words, he is in history the creature of his environment, not altogether its creature, but working out also those inner forces which he possesses as a rational and moral being; but on one side, at all events, he is largely determined and influenced by the environment of Nature. Now, this environment is not everywhere in Nature the same. There are certain elements of environment which belong to the whole world, and affect all its inhabitants, but there are others in which different countries and different parts of a country differ; and it is in discovering the varying effects produced on the growth of man as a social and political, a wealth-acquiring and State-forming

creature, by the geographical surroundings in which he is placed, that we find the meeting-point of geography and history. If we were studying zoology and investigating the history and peculiarities of any species of animal, we could not do so apart from a knowledge of the country which it inhabits and the kind of life which the character of that country compels it to lead. In the same way, if we look at man as a part of animate Nature, we must have the same regard to the forces Nature brings to bear upon him, and the opportunities Nature holds out to him. Of course, in the case of man, the problem is far more complex and interesting than in the case of any other creature, because man is a more varied and intricate being, with his activities more multiform, and because these activities have been continually expanding themselves and establishing fresh relations between himself and the rest of the world. Therefore the study of man in Nature is far more vast and difficult than the study of other types of life. Yet even man, although he may lift himself above his environment, cannot altogether escape from its power. He must obey, suiting himself to the conditions and to the influences in and through which the environment plays upon him.

We may divide these influences of the Environment under three heads or groups. The first will include those due to the configuration of the earth's surface; that is to say, to the distribution of land and sea, the arrangement of mountain chains, table-lands and valleys, the existence of rivers and the basins which they drain. These features of the configuration of the earth's surface act upon man in a great variety of ways. I will endeavor presently to illustrate some of them, but for the moment it may be enough to say that in early times it is they which determine the directions in which races move,* the

* An address delivered to the Royal Geographical Society on January 19th, 1886, in the rooms of their Geographical Exhibition.

* Sir J. D. Hooker made *à propos* of this the interesting remark that some of the lowest and apparently oldest of the races of man are found

spots in which civilization first develops itself, the barriers which separate races and States from one another. Upon them depend, in more advanced periods, the frequency and ease with which communication takes place between two races or political communities. The configurations of land and sea are, of course, the dominant factors in fixing the lines which commerce takes. Even if we come down to such a minor point as the character which the structure of the land gives to the coast, we remark that it depends on this structure whether there are many ports and harbors or not. In Norway, for instance, one perceives that a mountainous land, raised at a very remote geological epoch, has caused the coast to assume its present highly indented form, and has fringed it with a line of sheltering islands. Hence an abundance of safe ports and inlets giving opportunities for the growth of a seafaring people, who at one time became famous for piracy, at another wealthy by their mercantile marine. Compare such conditions with those of countries where the want of harbors makes it difficult for the people to turn to account the advantages which the sea offers them.

A second class of Environment influences would be those belonging to meteorology and climate, meaning thereby the conditions of heat and cold under which a race of men develops itself, with the amount of rain and frequency of drought. Such influences tell upon the strength and stature, as well as upon the health, of a race. There are also the winds, whose importance is not confined to commerce, but powerfully affects climate also. Heat and cold make all the difference to the kind of life which primitive man leads. Rain and drought are prime factors as regards the fertility of a country, its products and the habits of life of the people who dwell in it; for instance, a race will become settled and agricultural in a well-watered country, while remaining nomads

at the extremities of the continents, to which they would seem to have been pressed down by more vigorous tribes. Thus the Bushmen are at the southern end of Africa, the Fuegians of South America, the Tasmanians of the Asiatic-Australian group of lands, the Veddahs of Ceylon at the southern extremity of Asia.

in one subject to extreme droughts; and all the influences that bear on the healthiness of the people of a particular country have an immense deal to do with the degree of civilization which the population attains, and the capacity of the territory to become the home of immigrants from other regions. I may, perhaps, tell you of a remark I once heard on the subject from the most illustrious patriarch of modern science. The last time I saw Mr. Darwin, shortly before his death, but when he was apparently in good health, the conversation happened to turn on the parts of the earth which still remain available for occupation by civilized man; and it was remarked that as North America was now nearly filled up, it was not to be expected that there would be in any other region an equally great development of civilized nations, since such comparatively thinly peopled regions as exist in Central Africa and South America suffer from the prevalence of malarial fever and other maladies incident to hot and moist climates. Mr. Darwin observed that this might depend on the progress of medical science, that it was quite possible discoveries might be made in medical science which would render tropical countries less dangerous to the white races, referring to the researches of M. Pasteur, and the probability that that line of medical research might be worked out much further by discovering methods of inoculation which would preserve the human body against the attacks of intermittent fevers. Any one can see how important a factor in the future of the human race is the circumstance that nearly all the regions which can be inhabited by civilized European man, with our present knowledge of medicine, are fast being occupied, and that some further discovery in medical science or change in modes of life will be necessary if the Equatorial regions are to become available for European immigration.

We may, I think, put into the third class of influences of Environment the products which a country offers to human industry. There are its mineral products, which become valuable by mining, or digging for sulphur and gypsum, or quarrying building-stone. It is worth observing that you may classify countries and parts of countries according as they

are stone-building or brick-building regions, and you will be surprised to find the difference in architecture between the two. If you travel across Italy from east to west, for instance, you constantly get out of brick and into stone regions as you enter the mountains, and you find the character of the cities alters immediately. In civilized States, the products of a country obtain their chief importance as determining the extent and nature of its commerce. But in primitive times they affect the type of the race itself through the primary necessities of life, such as food, clothing, fuel. A race, however naturally vigorous, which finds itself in a country where the severity of the climate or sterility of the soil limits production, will find its progress in the arts and refinements of life fatally restricted. This has happened in Iceland, where the race is of admirable quality, but the country produces nothing save a few sheep and horses, and some sulphur; it has not even fuel, except such driftwood as is cast on the shores. And if you take such a part of the world as Central or Northern Asia, you will see that the highest European races would, if placed there, find it almost impossible to develop a high type of civilization for want as well of fuel as of the sources of commercial wealth. The same considerations apply to the animals the country produces. The animals affect man in his early state in respect to the enemies he has to face, in respect to his power of living by the chase, in respect to the clothing which their furs and skins offer to him, and in respect to the use he is enabled to make of them as beasts of burden or for food. Therefore, zoology comes to form a very important part of the environment out of which historical man springs.

The consideration of these various kinds of influence will suggest a number of heads or branches of geography which may be worked out, each of which may be found to have an important bearing on history. I will suggest a few.

There is ethnological geography, which will be concerned with the races of men, their distribution and mutual relations to one another. There is sanitary geography, in which we shall examine the extent to which different parts of the earth's surface are fit for the main-

tenance of man with a prospect of long and vigorous life, what kinds of diseases dangerous to man each region gives rise to, what influence these health conditions will exert on the capability of the region to receive or permit the increase of a race accustomed to a different climate. Then there is commercial geography, which is concerned with the interchange of products. There is linguistic geography, showing the distribution of languages and examining the causes which diffuse some tongues and extinguish others. The constant diminution in the number of languages spoken in the world is among the most striking facts of history, and proceeds faster now than in earlier times. There is political geography, which shows what are the relations of the artificial boundaries of States to the natural boundaries which Nature has tried to draw, and which have become of later years more important by the consolidation of small States into large ones. It is a subject with several subdivisions, such as military geography, legal geography, the geography of religions. Military geography will show how mountain chains and passes and the courses of rivers determine the lines followed by national immigrations, by invasions, and by the march of armies, and will indicate particular parts of the world, such as the plains of Lombardy, Belgium, the north-east of France, or, to take a familiar instance from our own island, that part of Scotland on the middle course of the river Forth, as the places where we must look for the theatre of military history. With regard to the military study of the geography of the Alps, I do not know any more interesting work for a member of the Geographical Society or of the Alpine Club to devote himself to than a history of the Alps, showing what during the Dark and Middle Ages were the means of transit across this great mountain barrier, and the routes followed by the armies which so frequently marched from Germany or France into Italy.

There is also legal geography, which is concerned with the relations which law bears to geography in respect to the special provisions that have been made regarding those particular parts of the world where different States are concerned in securing free transit through

arms of the sea. Legal geography has had a great deal to do with regulating the navigation of the Sound between Denmark and Sweden, and of the Great and Little Belts, as also with the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, as being sea channels in which several States are interested, and which therefore cannot be surrendered to the absolute control of one State. And I need not say that in respect of that half-artificial, half-natural passage, the Suez Canal, one finds geography intimately connected with a subject apparently so remote from it as law. Then there is Commercial Geography. The science of commerce depends so directly upon the configuration of the earth and the productive aptitudes of its countries, and in its turn affects so potently the course of economic and political history, that I shall be content with one illustration—that drawn from the Suez Canal, which has just been referred to in its legal aspect. The line of the Red Sea, and the passage from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, through Egyptian territory, was a very important trade route in ancient times, and it was with a view to the trade coming from the East that Alexander the Great did one of the most considerable acts of his life when he founded Alexandria. That continued to be an important route during the later Roman Empire and through the Dark Ages, so far as those troublous times permitted, and the products of India and Equatorial Africa came up the Red Sea and across the Isthmus, and were shipped at Alexandria to the Western world. There was also an important trade route through Central Asia, which coming down through Persia and Mesopotamia to the Levant, reached the sea in Northern Syria, and another through Northern Persia and Armenia to the easternmost ports of the Black Sea. These trade routes assumed enormous importance in the earlier Middle Ages, and upon them great political issues turned. Venice, Genoa, Pisa, and the other commercial cities of Italy, depended on this Eastern trade. The Genoese had for a time a monopoly of that in the Black Sea, and founded settlements and built forts of which the ruins may still be seen on the north coast of Asia Minor. So things went on till the Portuguese discoveries of the

fifteenth century. After the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, these trade routes into the Mediterranean fell into disuse. Thus withered the commercial greatness of Venice. She ceased to be a great trading power, and had to live on her Italian territories and such fragments of dominion as she was able to pick up out of the wreck of the Eastern Roman Empire. Venice was in most intimate relations with the other States of Italy—with Germany, with the Pope, and with France—and all these political relations were affected by the discovery of the route round the Cape. In the course of the last century the sea traffic with the East, which had been divided between Portugal, England, and Holland, for the share of Spain had become small, passed chiefly into the hands of English merchants. England has become the great maritime power, for the purposes of commerce as well as of war, and it is her commercial interests that led her to acquire dominions on the Asiatic continent, and made her at last the imperial power of the East. Then comes M. Ferdinand De Lesseps. When the Suez Canal is opened the trade route round the Cape suddenly stops, as the passenger route had ceased some time previously, and trade again begins to flow through the Red Sea and by the new canal into the Mediterranean, and the products which came round the Cape now come to Southern Europe direct, and the Russians get their tea straight from Canton or Shanghai by steamers which run from those ports to Odessa, and Southern France gets her cotton and silk through the Suez Canal to Marseilles; whereas formerly the great bulk of Eastern imports were shipped to England and the other ports of North-Western Europe, and were thence distributed over the Continent. Thus the result of the making of the Suez Canal is that we are no longer the great centre of European distribution. We are still a financial centre, where the financial part of the business is mainly transacted; but we are no longer a country which receives and distributes the products, as we were before the Suez Canal was opened. This change is obviously fraught with results which may be of great importance in the future. We know what a large part the Suez Canal

has played in the politics of Europe during the last ten or fifteen years, and herein we see how much may be due to one single change in the relations of land and sea.

So, also, it would be easy to show how the opening of the Panama Canal (if it ever is opened, and its prospects are for the moment not encouraging) will affect trade, and through trade, political history. It would powerfully tell upon the commerce of Europe with Australasia, a great part of which would be diverted from the Suez to the Panama route. A great development would be given to Oregon, British Columbia, and the western coast of South America. The Californians would be able to defy that great trans-continental railroad company which now controls them in so many ways. Chili, Peru, and Ecuador would be brought within the closer touch of the great European Powers and of the United States. In fact, the history of all the countries bordering on the Pacific would be absolutely changed if this cut were made between the Caribbean Sea and the Pacific.

Perhaps no two illustrations could be more to the point than these of the two inter-oceanic canals. But a simple method of endeavoring to apply such general considerations as have been put forward is to run through some of the leading countries of the world, and show how we can bring the light of geography to bear on their political, social, and economical history. Such illustrations will explain how the possession of geographical knowledge and a full grasp of the geographical conditions under which nations and States grow up will enable a person studying their history to comprehend it more adequately and realize it more vividly.

Let us begin with the largest of the continents and the one where the curtain first rises on civilized man. What light on the historical growth and progress of Asia will be thrown by a knowledge of her natural conditions? We perceive that the whole centre of Asia is a mass of high land, of dry land, and of land not pierced by any inlet from the sea. This is the dominant fact of Asiatic geography. Consequently, we shall not expect to find in this central area wealth, or the commerce which

grows out of wealth, or any large population, because the conditions for the growth of wealth and population do not exist in a lofty and arid table-land. We shall rather be led to look for such growth of population in the river valleys which fall in different directions from the great central plateau of Asia; but we shall find it in the east and south, not in the north, because the rigorous climate of the north will not permit the production of wealth by agriculture, or of the existence of a large population. The north of Asia is cold, not only in respect to its latitude, which is, after all, a secondary condition in these matters, but because it is cut off by the great intervening mass of high land from the kindly influences of the south and exposed to blasts from the Frozen Ocean. We shall find, therefore, that the inhabitants of the centre of Asia will not be in very close commercial or political relation with the north, because the north is poor and thinly peopled; nor in active relation with the west, because the west is mainly desert down to the Sea of Aral and the Caspian. Neither will there be a great deal of intercourse with the south, because Tibet and Eastern Turkestan are cut off by the great snowy barrier of the Himalaya from the plains of India. This barrier is indeed pierced by passes, but owing to the very heavy rainfall on its southern face, forms a belt of country which the masses of snow and glacier above, the deep and densely wooded valleys below, make more difficult to traverse than are the dreary plateaux of Tibet.

These things being so, the historical relations of Central Asia must obviously be rather with the east than with the west, but more with both east and west than with the north and the south. Such has been the case. Central Asia has come comparatively little into the history of the world. When she has done so by sending out swarms of invaders, as in the days of Attila, or again in those of Zinghis Khan and Timour, these invading tribes have seldom maintained their connection with the centre. Sometimes they have shrunk back, their empires being broken up after one or two generations. Sometimes they have become absorbed in the population of the conquered country, and lost their hold on

their old home. This has been the case with the Ottoman Turks, who are to a comparatively small extent of pure Tartar or Turcoman blood. A Central Asiatic race may form an empire—a vast one like that of Zinghis, or a smaller one like that of the Ephthalites; but such an empire either swiftly dissolves, owing to its wanting a nucleus of settled and civilized population, or else the race which creates it becomes practically merged in the inhabitants of the conquered districts. It is thus that the Turkish Empire lives on now after two centuries of steady decay. The Mogul Empire in India lasted to our own day, for it was not absolutely put an end to till the Queen of Great Britain assumed the direct sovereignty of British territories in that country after the Mutiny of 1857, although it had practically ceased to exist a good while before. Here you have the fact that wherever the Central Asiatic races come down to the west or south, they get severed from the original stock. Whether they found empires or are absorbed and so disappear, in neither case is the connection a lasting one. But in the east they have more than once conquered China, and their connection with China is maintained because there is no such marked barrier between the great central plateau of Asia and the valleys of China, as is constituted by the deserts of the west, or the mountains in the south. To this day China rules as far west as the Thian Shan, her own present dynasty being sprung from the sons of the desert. The tie between Central Asia and China has thus been maintained, whereas that between Central Asia and the rich southern and south-western countries of Asia was soon broken.

One may apply what has been said about Asia to Asia Minor. The inner part is a high, dry, bare plateau, not so inhospitable as the great central plateau of Asia, but presenting, in miniature, similar features; and you will find here, also, that civilization has sprung up round the coast, but has attained less high development in the interior, that the influence and importance of the interior has therefore been comparatively slight, and that some of its mountainous regions have been but little affected by the great changes which passed upon

Asia Minor as a whole. It was the nature of his territories that enabled Mithridates to give so much trouble to the Romans. Later on, we observe that the Isaurians were but little affected by the Roman Empire down to the seventh or eighth century; as similarly the people of the hill country of Cilicia remained scarcely touched by the tides of invasion and conquest which swept past them. Thus a body of Armenian Christians has in its mountain fastnesses north of the Gulf of Scanderoon maintained a freedom almost amounting to legal independence from the fourteenth century down to our own days. This was due to the fact that there was little in these countries to attract invaders, and that they were difficult of access owing to the mountain structure.

I pass to Greece. You all know how much the circumstance that the territory of Greece is cut up by the sea and mountains into small plains and valleys, into peninsulas and islands, has had to do with all the salient features of Greek history. Some minor points deserve notice. I mention one as an example of the new light to be got by actually seeing a thing, because I do not recollect it as referred to in any book, and yet it is the very first thing that impresses itself on you when you travel in Greece. From most parts of Greece you can see Mount Parnassus. I suppose no one ever realizes how small Greece and Palestine are unless he goes there. One is misled by the atlas, because in the same atlas we see Greece, Russia, France, and Palestine all as maps of the same size, each occupying a quarto or double-quarto page. It is hardly going too far to say you can see Parnassus from all the higher ground of eastern and central Greece. You can see it from all Bœotia, from the long valley of which it stands up as the church of St. Mary does when you look along the Strand. You can see it from many parts of Attica, from the Acropolis of Athens, for instance; you see it from Ægina, in the Saronic Gulf; you see it from most parts of Argolis; you see it from the northern coast of Achaia. Of course you do not see it in the middle of Arcadia or in Laconia; but when you go west to Ithaca to visit Ulysses in his home, you see Parnassus again stand up grand and gray

on the eastern horizon. Think what an importance that fact has had. The central point of Greek history for many purposes is Delphi, and a great deal of Greek history centres round the god who has there his sanctuary. How much this visible presence of Apollo must have affected his worship, and all the associations which the Ionic race had with him. What a difference it must have made when you were actually able from your own home, or when you went to the top of your own Acropolis, or sailed to the neighboring port, to see this Parnassus, to know that hard by the cleft beneath the two peaks there was this oracle and this sacred home of the lord of light and song. That gives you an idea of the extent to which Apollo and his dwelling-place came to be a living factor in Greek history, which is not possible before you know the fact that Parnassus is in sight from almost any part of Greece.

To the north-west of Greece we find the people of the Skipetar or Albanians. They are one of the earliest races in Europe. Their language and the language of the Basques are the only two still surviving European languages whose relations with other languages it has been found very difficult to determine, although I believe that philologists are now disposed to hold that Albanian belongs to the Indo-European (or, as it is now commonly but somewhat incorrectly called, Aryan) family of tongues. Northern Albania is a country of wild and savage mountains, exceedingly bold and precipitous, and forming a sort of knot at the head of the upper valleys of the Drin and Vardar. When you sail across the Lake of Skodra (Scutari), and see this splendid mass of rocky mountains towering above the smooth lake bosom on the east, deep gorges below, and patches of snow on the summits even in midsummer, you begin to understand why the Albanians should have remained a distinct people, preserving their ancient tongue and their primitive usages, many of them singularly like those recorded in Homer. It is a remarkable fact that to the south and south-east of the city of Skodra, for seventy or eighty miles, scarcely any remains of buildings, roads, or bridges have been found that point to Roman occupation; and yet this country was for many centuries an integral part

of the Roman Empire. The conclusion is that the Romans did not trouble themselves to civilize it; they left the tribes to their own independence. That independence they have in substance retained ever since. Even in the less difficult regions of Southern Albania Ali Pasha ruled as a sovereign at Janina, and the tribes of the northern mountains are the most troublesome of all the nominal subjects of the Sultan in Europe, a standing menace to the peace of those countries.

Montenegro is an extremely curious instance of the way in which favorable geographical conditions may aid a small people to achieve a fame and a place in the world quite out of proportion to their numbers. The Black Mountain is the one place where a South Slavonic community maintained themselves in independence, sometimes seeing their territory overrun by the Turks, but never acknowledging Turkish authority *de jure* from the time of the Turkish Conquest of the fifteenth century down to the Treaty of Berlin. Montenegro could not have done that but for her geographical structure. She is a high mass of limestone: you cannot call it a plateau, because it is seamed by many valleys, and rises into many sharp mountain-peaks. Still, it is a mountain mass, the average height of which is rather more than 2000 feet above the sea with summits reaching 5000. It is bare limestone, so that there is hardly anything grown on it, only grass—and very good grass—in spots, with little patches of corn and potatoes, and it has scarcely any water. Its upland is covered with snow in winter, while in summer the invaders have to carry their water with them, a serious difficulty when there were no roads, and active mountaineers fired from behind every rock, a difficulty which becomes more serious the larger the invading force. Consequently it is one of the most impracticable regions imaginable for an invading army. It is owing to those circumstances that this handful of people—because the Montenegrins of the seventeenth century did not number more than 40,000 or 50,000—have maintained their independence. That they did maintain it is a fact most important in the history of the Balkan Peninsula, and may have great consequences yet to come.

The Illyric Archipelago suggests another illustration of the influence of geography on the life and character of a people. The coast of Illyria or Dalmatia is a mass of promontories and islands, all rocky, unfit for tillage, but usually well wooded, separated by narrow arms of the sea. It is just the sort of place where a fierce maritime people would spring up. It was *par excellence* the pirate country of the ancient world; its rovers were the scourge of the Adriatic and Ionian seas until Rome, not without great trouble, suppressed them. For some centuries it supplied light and nimble galleys and skilful sailors for the Roman fleets; and when in the disorders of the fifth and following centuries these fleets disappeared, the Illyrian pirates were again the terror of the Adriatic and the seas opening into it during the earlier Middle Ages. Now the Dalmatians feed the navy of Austria, and send out bold sailors over the world. In fact, you have very much the same conditions which made Norway the home of the pirates of the Atlantic. Just as the Norse and Danish Vikings undertook the whole of the piracy for the Western world between the eighth and thirteenth centuries, so in the same way the Illyrians did in the ancient world, a parallel which adds interest to the history of both those countries as well as to their geography as soon as it is made clear. It is easy for any one studying the geography of Norway, as of Illyria, to understand why the Norwegians should have been, in ages of disorder a piratical people, in ages of peace the owners of a great mercantile marine.

We pass to Italy. The dominant feature of the Italian Peninsula is the fact that the Apennines are nearer the east coast than the west; consequently civilization and empire begin and grow on the southern and western side of the Apennines rather than on the northern and eastern side, and you have the ruling powers of Italy, the Etruscans, the Samnites, and lastly the Romans, on the Arno and Tiber side of the Apennines. Hence also the history of Rome brings her into early relations with Carthage as the mistress of the western seas, whereas she had comparatively little intercourse with the States of continental Greece. She comes into relation with

Greek civilization, but it is through the Greek colonies in Southern Italy and Sicily. And when we come to the Middle Ages, we find that the first conspicuous development of wealth and the arts in Italy took place in the great Lombard plain, with its immense fertility, and in Tuscany. And here we come upon an ethnological influence, because the admixture of the northern races with the Italic population had been chiefly in Lombardy and in Northern and Central Italy, whereas Teutonic conquest and settlement had scarcely affected the countries of Southern Italy. Hence it is chiefly in the north and centre that we find the new republics springing up, filled with an active and industrious population, soon displaying a wonderful creative power in art and literature. Thus the brilliant and eventful annals of mediæval Italy are conditioned partly by the circumstances of soil and climate, which are more generally favorable in Lombardy and Tuscany than in Southern Italy, since in the plains of Apulia and Lucania the richness of the soil is balanced by its unhealthiness; partly by an ethnological influence, that of the Teutonic invaders, who coming from the north settled in the northern parts of the peninsula, and reinvigorated its decaying population; partly by the hold which the East Roman Empire maintains on South Eastern Italy, because that region lies near the coast of Epirus, which still obeyed the Emperors.

France offers herself for a few remarks, which show the connection of her geographical structure with her history. The salient facts in French geography are the sharp lines of demarcation between France and Spain, created by the Pyrenees, and between France and Italy, created by the Alps. It has been found extremely difficult to maintain any political connection across these. Among the Romans there was a marked distinction between Cis-Alpine Gaul and Trans-Alpine Gaul, though the population of both sides was Gallic; and you find that when the French kings, at the end of the Middle Ages, endeavored to keep a hold on Northern Italy, the existence of the Alps was a fatal obstacle. They could carry an army across the Alps, but they found the greatest possible difficulty in keeping a country

in subjection divided by that great mountain barrier. The same remark applies to the Pyrenees. No opposition in Europe is sharper than that between the French and the Spaniards, and yet you are struck by the fact that along the Eastern Pyrenees the language is almost the same in Catalonia on the south, and in Foix and Roussillon on the north, while at the western end of the chain the Basque race and tongue occupy both slopes of the mountains. The antagonism of Frenchmen and Spaniards lies not so much in a difference of race as in the fact that history has impressed so deep and diverse a stamp of nationality on each people. The political history of the two countries has been so much severed by the existence of this mountain chain, that the Pyrenees always became a political boundary, even when territories belonging to Spain were added to France. Charles the Great, for instance, held the north-east corner of Spain, but it was soon lost. Some one said after a famous Franco-Spanish marriage, "The Pyrenees have ceased to exist." They soon reappeared, and Spain was again the enemy of France. The debatable ground in France is in the north-east. That is the region through which the immigrations come. It was the open gate whereby the Burgundian and Frankish tribes entered Gaul. So far as there is a natural boundary on this side, it is constituted, not as geographers used to allege, by the Rhine, but by the mountains, the principal part of which we know under the name of the Vosges, which are really the dividing line between the Latinized Celtic population on the one side and the Germanic population on the other. It is also a remarkable fact that you have got no division of mountains or high land running across France from east to west; consequently, although ethnological or linguistic differences have at various times existed between Northern and Southern France, these have tended to disappear. There have been many times in the history of France when, if there had been a chain of mountains from the mouth of the Loire, or the neighborhood of La Rochelle, across to Lyons and Geneva, there might have befallen a permanent separation of France into northern and southern; but such a

separation has never taken place. There was a time when the *langue d'oc* was more different from the *langue d'oïl* than from the speech of Northern Italy; and even now, in the lower valley of the Rhone, the passing traveller is struck by the difference between the dialects there and those of Northern France; but the fact that there is nothing that constitutes a natural boundary has prevented a sharp separation of north and south in France, and has made France what it is, an eminently unified country, in spite of the original diversity of its races.* On the other hand, the Burgundian kingdom, which was an important political factor at one time, found itself cut in two by the Jura Mountains. Its northern part included both Western Switzerland and Franche Comté; but these regions, because severed by the Jura, fell asunder, and while Eastern Burgundy became the western part of modern Switzerland, Western Burgundy dropped into the hands of the French kings, and is now as French as any other part of France.

The British Isles do not offer us quite as much opportunity for observing the influences of physical geography as those other countries that I have mentioned. The scale of physical phenomena in our isles is comparatively small, and the features of our history so peculiar as to require a long examination in order to trace their relation to our physical geography. But one may attempt to indicate a few points. It is remarkable that the balance of population and political influence should have, within the last hundred years, shifted from the south to the north of England. This is mainly due to the mineral wealth of the north of England; perhaps also to the larger immixture in the north-eastern counties of Scandinavian blood. The discovery of the coal-fields and deposits of ironstone has given an immense impetus to wealth, to manufactures, and to population there, and has correspondingly shifted the balance of power. In the days of the early Plantagenet kings the north was of no account whatever. Eng-

* It is worth remarking that there are considerable differences between the population, as also between the architecture, of the parts of France to the east and west respectively of the Cevennes and mountains of the Ardèche.

lish history, except in connection with the wars with the Scots, lay south of the Trent, but it now lies quite as much to the north as to the south. The same remark may be made with regard to Scotland. There you have the Highlands dividing the northern part from the southern, and until a century ago the inhabitants of the Highlands were almost foreigners to the inhabitants of the south; and it was not until after 1745, when roads were introduced into the Highlands, and the country was reduced to peace and order, that the population began to become assimilated to that of the Lowlands. The battle-fields of Scotland lie either between Edinburgh and the English border, or about the frontier line of the Lowlands and the Highlands. Within a radius of ten miles from Stirling Castle there are four famous battle-fields (Bannockburn, Abbey Craig, Falkirk, Sheriffmuir); and the history of Scotland, in the romantic times of the Stuart kings, centres itself in the piece of country from Edinburgh to Perth and Stirling, including the so-called kingdom of Fife.

In our most recent political history it is worth while to notice how the results of the late general election have been affected by the physical geography of the country. Some people have been astonished to find that Eastern and Western Lancashire have returned members of a different political complexion, as have also Western and Eastern Yorkshire; but the reason is very obvious if you look at the geology and mineral-bearing character of the district. Eastern Yorkshire is mainly agricultural, and all the influences which the upper class and the farmers can bring to bear on the agricultural population have full scope there; while South-Western Yorkshire is manufacturing and mining, with a population inclined to Radical opinions. In the same way Eastern Lancashire is manufacturing and mining; while Western Lancashire is agricultural, and disposed to follow the lead of the old land-owning families. Those who examine Lancashire schools are struck by the difference between the sharpness of the boys in the East Lancashire hill country and the sluggishness of those who dwell on the flats along the coast between Liverpool and Morecambe.

Another illustration is found in the case of Ulster. The Scotch colony which entered Ulster in the seventeenth century penetrated almost an equal distance in every direction from the point where it crossed the North Channel from Southern Scotland to the Bay of Belfast; and if you put one end of a compass on that bay and describe a semicircle, you find the Scotch Protestant population goes to almost an equal distance all round, from the Atlantic coast near Londonderry until you strike the Irish Sea in the neighborhood of Newry. But there is one exception to this. It is found in the south-western division of Down. The north and east of that county are mainly occupied by the descendants of the Scotch settlers. But in the south-west there is a group of lofty mountains, the mountains of Mourne. Into those mountains the aboriginal Irish retired, and therefore South-West Down returns a Catholic and Nationalist member to Parliament, while the other parts of Down and Antrim return Protestant and Conservative members.

Time fails me to show with proper detail the relations between the geography and the history of North America, a continent where we see many of the features of Europe repeated on a larger scale, but with some striking differences. I may, however, observe how much the economical conditions of North America are affected by the fact that the great valley plain of the Mississippi River lies open towards the north, permitting the cold influences to be felt down to the Gulf of Mexico, while there does not exist to the south any great reservoir of hot air similar to the Sahara. From these and other causes we find much colder temperature in the same latitude in North America than in the Old World. New York is in about the same latitude as Madrid and Naples, but has a more severe climate. New Orleans is in about the same latitude as Cairo; but, as you know, Cairo is practically tropical, whereas New Orleans is not. It is hot in summer, but has a totally different kind of climate from Cairo. That is a fact of the utmost importance with regard to the political and economical history of America. The white race maintains itself and is capable of labor in the Gulf States, al-

though, to be sure, the black race works more easily and increases more rapidly. All America east of the Rocky Mountains seems likely to cohere in one political body, because the West is firmly linked to the East and the South through which its commerce reaches the sea; and because there is nothing resembling a natural boundary to sever any one part of the country from any other. It is only in a few places that the Alleghanies are a barrier interrupting communication. On the other hand, huge mountains and wide deserts part California from the Mississippi States, and although economic and political forces will probably continue to bind the Pacific States to their older sisters, there is to some extent already a Californian type of manners and character different from that which prevails through other parts of the West.

Before I close, I will make two general observations as to the different relations that exist between man and Nature as time runs on and history works herself into new forms. The first of these is that man in his early stages is at the mercy of Nature. Nature does with him practically whatever she likes. He is obliged to adapt himself entirely to her. But, in process of time, he learns to raise himself above her. It is true he does so by humoring her, so to speak, by submitting to her forces. In the famous phrase of Bacon, *Natura non nisi parendo vincitur*. Nature is not conquered except by obeying her; but the skill which man acquires is such as to make him in his higher stages of development always more and more independent of Nature, and able to bend her to his will in a way that aboriginal man could not do. He becomes independent of climate, because he has houses and clothes; he becomes independent of winds, because he propels his vessels by steam; to a large extent he becomes independent of daylight, because he can produce artificial light. Think what a difference it makes to the industries carried on in our manufactories that we can carry them on by night as well as by day, because we have gas and electricity; whereas six centuries ago the workman in the south of Europe was able to get many more working hours than a workman in

Northern Europe. You may say that the Northern workman was recompensed for his winter darkness by longer summer days; but there must be a certain regularity about labor, and in the case of great industrial establishments it is essential that work should proceed during a certain number of hours all the year round. Therefore, the discovery of artificial light has been a most important factor in changing the industrial and economical conditions of Northern countries. In the same way, the early races of man were only able to migrate as Nature made it easy for them, by giving smooth or narrow seas and favoring winds; but in a more advanced state, man is able to migrate where and how he pleases, and finds conveyance so cheap that he can carry labor from one continent to another. Think of the great migration of the Irish to America, of the great migration of the Chinese to Western America and the isles of the Pacific. In Hawaii the Chinese now begin to form the bulk of the laboring population; and they are kept with difficulty from occupying Australia. The enormous negro population of North and South America is due to the slave trade. We have in our own times begun to import Indian coolies into the West India islands, whose staple products are now due to their labor. Such transfers of population would be impossible but for the extreme cheapness of transport due to recent scientific discovery. In considering how geography and natural conditions affect the development of man we must therefore bear in mind that the longer he lives on this planet and becomes master of the secrets of science, the more he is able to make the forces of Nature his servants.

Another observation is, that as the relations of remote parts of the world to one another have become a great deal closer and more intimate than formerly; so that the whole system of politics and commerce is now more complex than it was in the ancient or in the mediæval world. In fact, one of the greatest achievements of science has been in making the world small, and the result of its smallness is that the fortunes of every race and state are now, or may at any moment become, involved with those of any other. This is due partly

to the swiftness of steam communication, partly to the invention of the telegraph, partly to cheapness of transit, which makes such progress that an invention like the compound steam engine reduced the charge for marine transportation something like 20 or 30 per cent, and one hears that during the last two or three years improvements in machinery and in the economizing of fuel have reduced it 25 per cent more. I will give two instances of how this works. One is the enormous development of pilgrimages, particularly in the Mohammedan world. Hosts of pilgrims from Turkestan, from Morocco, from India and the farthest East, now find their way to Mecca by steamships, and thereby the intensity of Mussulman feeling, the sense of solidarity in the Mohammedan world, has been powerfully quickened. Another is the cheapening of the conveyance of food products. See how that works. Our English agriculturists have been ruined, not merely by the greater richness of virgin American soils, but also by cheap transportation from the North-Western States; and now the farmers of these States are feeling the competition of Indian wheat coming through the Suez Canal; and every railway that is made in India, cheapening the conveyance of wheat from the inland towns to Bombay, and every improvement in marine engines, tells on the farmers in Minnesota, and by inflaming their animosity against the railroad and elevator companies, affects the internal politics of these new democratic communities. In the same way, the relations of the different States of Europe to one another are altered, because the wealth and trade of each depend on various articles of exchange; and so the political measures to which each ruling

statesman resorts are largely suggested by the commercial problems he has to face. The protective system of Prince Bismarck has been mainly due to the cheaper importation from abroad into Germany of the staple articles of food; and the attempts to foster the sugar industries in the States of Central Europe by bounties, all tell upon the commercial relations of those States with one another and with ourselves. It is not too much to say that this whole planet of ours, as we now know it, is for practical purposes very much smaller than the world was in the time of Herodotus. To him it extended from Gades and the Pillars of Hercules to the farther end of the Black Sea at the river Phasis and the Caucasus Mountains. He just knew of the Danube on the north, and of Ethiopia on the south, and that was all. Yet that world of his, 2,500 miles long by 1,500 wide, was a far larger world, with more human variety in it, more difficult to explore, with fewer and fainter relations between its different parts, than the whole planet is to us now, when nearly all its habitable parts have been surveyed, when the great races, the great languages, the great religions, spreading swiftly over its surface, are swallowing up the lesser. Yet, though the earth has become so much smaller, it is not either less interesting or less difficult to interpret, and the problems with which a philosophical geographer has now to deal in making his science available for the purposes of practical economics and politics, are as complex and difficult as they ever were before, and indeed grow more complex and more difficult as the relations of peoples and countries grow closer and more delicate.—*Contemporary Review*.

FRANCE UNDER RICHELIEU.

BY EMILIA F. S. DILKE.

THE life of France in the seventeenth century wears, throughout all its phases, a political aspect. The explanation of changes in the social system, in letters, in the arts, in fashions even, has to be sought for in the necessities of the political position; and the seeming caprices

of taste take their rise from the same causes which went to determine the making of a treaty or the promulgation of an edict. This seems all the stranger because, in times preceding, letters and the arts at least appeared to flourish in conditions as far removed from the

action of statecraft as if they had been a growth of fairyland. In the Middle Ages they were devoted to the embodiment of a virgin image of virtue; they framed in the shades of the sanctuary an ideal shining with the beauty born of self-renunciation, of resignation to self-imposed conditions of moral and physical suffering. By the queenly Venus of the Renaissance they were consecrated to the joys of life, and the world saw that through their perfect use men might renew their strength, and behold virtue and beauty with clear eyes. It was, however, reserved for a ruler of France, as late as the seventeenth century, fully to realise the political function of letters and the arts in the modern state, and their importance in connection with the prosperity of a commercial nation.

When the reign of Henri IV. came to its fatal close, men weary of combat were ready to barter liberty for law. The ideal to which the sixteenth century had aspired—the ideal which had involved the liberation of human life from all the restraints which prevented its harmonious development—was replaced by the vision of order. This love of order was the passion of the day, and in the name of order all tyranny was justified. To this attitude of mind, innovations, political or religious, were alike odious, and power awaited those alone who either divined or shared it. Step by step, every aspiration after freedom—freedom of thought, freedom of expression, freedom of life—was suppressed, and the desire for individual liberty which the sixteenth century had fostered encountered everywhere a royal tyranny, the very existence of which depended on its destruction.

The work of establishing this tyranny and of destroying the liberties of France fell to the lot of Richelieu. Trained both as a soldier and a priest, equally ready with measures of red-handed repression or secret police, Richelieu was doubly fitted for the task. All that the Renaissance prized most highly had no value for him, and if he had little love for liberty, for letters he had still less. It must not, however, be supposed that the system on which he worked—the system which ultimately gave France that leading place in Europe which she has ever since maintained—was the out-

come of mere personal and arbitrary caprice. Every great political and social system which has given a new aspect to history, and constituted itself a power among men, has necessarily had for the very principle of its existence the consent of some great moral truth. In the affirmation of this truth has lain the source of strength, but also of weakness, for in pushing it to extreme conclusions the negation has been reached of other truths, opposite in character, but equal in value, which have in their turn asserted their existence and put to confusion those who had ignored their force.

Richelieu was deeply imbued with the importance of truths diametrically opposite to those which were embodied in the movement of the Renaissance. For the Renaissance had proclaimed that the most noble fruits of life are produced only when complete scope is allowed to the development of the individual, but Richelieu remembered that the individual counts for very little in the development of a people. The affirmation of the supreme rights of the individual, having been carried to its extreme, had ended in reaction, and the whole tendency of Richelieu's policy was necessarily governed by the consequences which this reaction had imposed. The day had not yet come for the asking in what way individual liberty might be secured, whilst at the same time there should be created in the mass that unity of purpose which alone ensures collective action and leads to national greatness. The task of the moment was only the simple task of creating this unity of purpose and of realising this ideal of collective action; to this task Richelieu devoted the most splendid energies which ever inspired a suffering human body, and he accomplished that which he set himself to do.

The Renaissance in its devotion to a noble moral ideal which had for its object the making of a great man had overlooked the value of the social and political ideal which inspires to the making of a great nation; but if the Renaissance paid dear for its neglect of the claims of citizenship, the reaction by which it was followed was destined to pay no less dear for its neglect of individual claims. The principles of absolutism have now, in spite of slight

vicissitudes, dominated in one shape or another the social and political world of Europe for two centuries; and just as in the sixteenth century we see the individual upraising himself against moral and religious oppression, even so we see to-day the revolt of those who have suffered from the social and political tyranny inherent to that ideal of the State which was inaugurated by Richelieu and Colbert. That they did so inaugurate it was a necessity of their position, a necessity of the reaction of which they were the exponents. It is easy to represent Richelieu as an ambitious priest who, making himself the tool of absolute monarchy, seized on wealth and power, crushing out popular liberties and destroying alike free cities and free thought. In truth Richelieu cared for none of these things; the royal power was not to him an object for reverence, but for use, and if Protestantism were to be put down and the power of the great nobles broken, it was not in the interest of the throne or the church but to clear the way for the welding of all the forces of the nation into one giant whole. The welfare of the people, the glory of letters and the arts, the development of trade, and industrial resources, were matters for consideration, not in and for themselves, but only inasmuch as they contributed to the building up of that fabric of national grandeur which was the supreme object of Richelieu's policy. It was not a selfish policy; his ambition was not for himself, but for the nation to which he belonged; it was not a servile policy, he cared nought for Louis and much for France; but he was utterly indifferent as to whether the people he was called to govern were happy, or enlightened, or prosperous, so long as by their united forces the State grew strong. To bring about this result Richelieu labored, taking no rest, and as he worked he ruthlessly destroyed all life and liberty the existence of which was incompatible with regular growth. No cruelty was too pitiless, no treachery too base, if required to maintain the pressure necessary to force into even channels all the springs of national energy. The pride of the great nobles was brought to the scaffold; the pride of the magistracy broken to the task of registering decrees to order; stiffnecked

members of Huguenot consistories stooped to accept civilities accorded to them solely as men of learning, whilst learning and letters themselves were forced to put on a royal livery as the price of bare existence.

The pressure of things without coincided with the necessities of the internal situation. On every frontier of France the deadly presence of Austria-Spain made itself felt, and helped to impose on Richelieu those conditions which he in his turn imposed on France. All internal dissensions, all seeds of domestic opposition had to be utterly destroyed, so that he might use the whole resources of the nation in the struggle to maintain her place in Europe. The Huguenots challenged their own ruin by striving to take him at a disadvantage during his first campaign in the Valtelline. The Cardinal turned and temporised with them at Montpellier (1626), but having gained time he deliberately negotiated the Peace of Monzon with the enemy in order that he might be free to crush Protestant France. Until the walls of La Rochelle had fallen (1628) Richelieu scrupulously avoided all foreign complications; when that terrible hour of reckoning had struck, when fire and famine and the sword had carried ruin, with every circumstance of anguish inconceivable to the most heroic source of energy in France, then he felt free once more to take the field. But again, the Italian campaign had scarcely opened when a second desperate rebellion, under the Duke de Montmorency, compelled Richelieu to abandon his footing. He drew back but for a moment, and the execution of the Duke at Toulouse gave the signal for the third renewal of the never-ending struggle with Austria-Spain. For five long years it now continued with varying fortunes, till in 1635 all seemed lost and Paris herself was actually threatened by the Spaniard; but the tide turned at its worst, Savoy was mastered, Alsace was secured, and Richelieu, before his death, had the good fortune to see his highest hopes on the verge of fulfilment and to hear the news of victory for once ringing louder than the echoes of defeat. If ever during his long tenure of power the fight with dangers without seemed to slacken for a moment, then indeed be sure that

the fiercest internal effort was being made in preparation for its renewal; only once, and that when he employed the prestige of his brilliant successes in Italy (1629) to overawe Languedoc, had the Cardinal felt himself sufficiently strong to face, at the same time, his foes both foreign and domestic. The national existence was at stake throughout these long years of unequal struggle, during which the treachery of those within her borders was an even greater menace to the life of France than all the forces of her foes without. To secure victory, to prevent defeat abroad, lives and liberties were freely sacrificed at home, and any act however oppressive or illegal became just.

It was thus that the Cardinal was forced to have recourse to the most bloody and unlawful measures in order to crush the power of the great nobles of the realm. He had founded his rule, curiously enough, on a mock appeal to the popular will. The Assembly of Notables which he called together in 1626 was, like the plébiscite of 1852, a farce intended to preface the exercise of arbitrary power. The country gentlemen and tradesmen who had been invited to join the magistracy at Paris* were flattered by the prospect of a direct influence on public affairs, and Richelieu desired them to counsel him "sans crainte ni désir de déplaire ou complaire à personne."† But the line they were expected to take on each point submitted to them was distinctly indicated from the outset, and on assembling in the great hall of the Tuileries, the notables heard, from the lips of the Cardinal's mouthpiece, Marillac, the Keeper of the Seals, that it was necessary, in order to check the lightness with which men engaged in seditious practices, that new laws should be enacted against political offenders, so that justice might be done without awaiting the results of legal procedure.‡

It is clear that to obtain these laws was the chief if not the sole object for which Richelieu had called the assem-

bly together. On its dispersal there instantly followed, one after another, the judicial murders of the greatest nobles of France. The temper of these men was an undoubted danger which threatened not only the unity but even the very existence of the power which Richelieu sought to establish. Corneille, in the opening scene of the *Cid*, records the arrogance of their tone and pretensions. The speeches of Don Gomez are evidently inspired by memories of the rebel Duke de Montmorency, who had perished on the scaffold in 1632, just four years previous to the appearance of this famous play.

The death of the Duke de Montmorency—a man who by marriage stood very near the king, for his wife was a cousin of the queen-mother, in whose interest he had taken up arms—was preceded and followed by the fall of other victims hardly less illustrious. In all these cases, judgment was procured by wholly illegal expedients. It is, however, certain that it was in each instance absolutely necessary, not only to Richelieu's safety, but necessary in the interests of France, that a conviction should be obtained at any price. It was impossible to deal effectively with dangers abroad whilst domestic plots and conspiracies required to be strictly watched. Foreign complications were actually made the signal for home intrigues; every threat of disaster to the national arms was welcomed as giving fresh opening for an endeavor to compass the downfall of the Cardinal. To achieve this result the nobles of France intrigued with England or Spain abroad, and stirred up the Huguenots to revolt at home. Thus Soubise, at a critical moment of the Italian campaign in 1625, embarrassed Richelieu by rousing the country at his back, obliging him to sacrifice the prospects of the war and the interests of his allies by the hasty conclusion of peace. To accomplish the like end princes of the blood crossed the frontier, and negotiated with the deadliest enemies of France. Nor negotiated only; secret treaties were actually signed by them with Austria-Spain. Things went so far that in 1632 the French saw their territory invaded by the heir to the crown; they saw Gaston, Duke of Orleans, the son

* *Procès-Verbal de ce qui s'est passé à l'Assemblée des Notables, tenue au Palais des Tuileries en l'année 1626.* Extrait du *Mercure François* de la même année. Paris, 1787.

† *Procès-Verbal*, &c., p. 39

‡ *Idem*, p. 20.

of Henri IV., in arms, and accompanied by the very dregs of the Spanish forces.

As it was impossible to inflict on Gaston himself the punishment which his crimes and his cowardice deserved, the chastisement of his accomplices—whom he always unscrupulously betrayed—had to be obtained by fair means or foul. On this, the first occasion of a serious plot against Richelieu's policy and life, there was no evidence of the guilt of one of the chief culprits, the young Count de Chalais, which could have been laid before Parliament. The Cardinal, therefore, had recourse to a commission, irregular both in its constitution and in its forms of procedure. At the arbitrary decree of this chamber of justice, the young Count and Marshal de Marillac died by the hand of the executioner in 1632. In 1638, in spite of repeated appeals to the Parliament of Paris, by whom alone he could have been legally tried, the Duke de Montmorency was brought before a similar tribunal. The deliberations of the Parliament of Toulouse were openly directed, in virtue of a royal warrant, by an officer of the crown specially despatched for the purpose of obtaining a verdict. In justification of these high-handed severities, Richelieu pleaded that it would be unjust to try to set an example "*par la soumission des petits*;" but he did not suffer "*les petits*" to escape, for on this occasion the minor culprits received their full share of penalties, some being condemned to be torn by four horses, whilst others were to be broken on the wheel.

Having once entered on this course, Richelieu was unable to draw back; he was forced to take the same steps over and over again—steps which, theoretically at least, he did not approve. Not only were the proceedings of these irregular commissions directed by crown officers, but the creatures nominated to sit were bought, and bound to return a verdict in accordance with the exigencies of the political situation. Thus, whilst the Cardinal was announcing his desire to reform the magistracy and to put an end to the sale of officers of trust, his practice was in direct opposition to his principles.

A year after the execution of the Duke de Montmorency, the lengths to

which Richelieu found himself forced to go are even more plainly illustrated by the steps taken in reference to the trial of the Duke de la Valette. The duke, who was reckoned the best match in France, had been forced, in 1633, to marry a niece of Richelieu's in order to make terms for his father, the Duke d'Epemon, who had, as Governor of Guienne, been involved in a desperate quarrel with the Archbishop de Sourdis, apparently sent to Bordeaux by the Cardinal for the express purpose of provoking it. De la Valette revenged himself for being forced into a connection which he regarded as a disgrace, by ironical jests which are said to have wounded Richelieu so deeply that, in 1639, he declared that should the duke, his niece's husband, be put upon his trial for his alleged incompetence or treachery at the siege of Fontarabia, he himself was ready to play the part of *procureur-général*. Warned by the fate of others, de la Valette fled to England; and as England refused to give him up, the trial was proceeded with in his absence.

The officers of the Parliament of Paris were summoned to St. Germain, where a curious mixture of cajolery and coercion was employed to bring them to compliance. No explanation was given of the object for which they had been convoked until they had eaten a splendid dinner, to which they had been set down on their arrival. Not until they had well dined were they informed that the king had required their attendance in their capacity of Councillors of State. In the council-chamber, the king himself curtly informed them that they had been sent for to try the Duke de la Valette. Though thus taken at a disadvantage, Le Fay, the *premier président*, had the courage to represent that the proposed course was illegal, and humbly to entreat his Majesty to act according to law. "*Je ne le veux pas*," was the answer; "*vous faites les difficiles, et il semble que vous voulez me tenir en tutelle; mais je suis le maître, et je saurai me faire obéir*." The report was then read to them, and the king himself solicited the votes, challenging those present, one by one, and returning to their abject protestations the same answer: "*That's not a vote. Vote.*"

The Cardinal looked on without speaking, but the fear which he inspired was so great that only one man dared stand firm. De Bellelièvre courageously declared that the course adopted was incompatible with the royal dignity, and refused, in answer to the king's repeated demands, to swerve from his original statement. He alone, too, when the second sitting of this arbitrarily-constituted commission took place, on the 14th May, 1640, coolly discussed the evidence, and protested that it was absolutely insufficient to sustain the charge of high treason. The others, to a man, gave their vote for death, justly alarmed at what might be the consequences of any exercise of independent judgment; for Louis, in dismissing them on the first occasion of their meeting, had made use of these significant words:—"Ceux qui disent que je ne puis pas donner les juges qu'il me plait à mes sujets quand il m'ont offensé sont des ignorants qui sont indignes de posséder leurs charges."

On this wise Richelieu intimidated the magistracy, strained, and even violated, the laws. To make head against the foreign enemies of France he had to crush all opposition at home; to crush all opposition at home he forced the guardians of justice to become the mere tools of Government. The Parliament of Paris went on protesting, but in vain, against his illegalities. It has, indeed, been contended that the spirit displayed by this body, its resistance to the high-handed exercise of absolute power, was never inspired by the love of civic liberties, but was prompted only by professional jealousy, zealous in the tenacious observance of the letter of the law, eager to defend details of effete procedure and all vested interests, however obnoxious to the light of reason or the common good. If, however, the Parliament had confined its action to matters such as these, it would not have become the object of extreme measures of coercion on the part of the crown; if it contained many who were mere lawyers, it also numbered among its members those who believed in their responsibilities as magistrates, as citizens, as men, and occasionally the whole body would be thus inspired to active protest in the cause of liberty and justice.

In their dealings with Richelieu the Parliament were always forced in the end to bow to his will, but they seized on every opportunity of marking their disapproval, and the infinite annoyance with which he regarded their attitude of irreconcilable opposition is illustrated by many maxims laid down in the *Testament Politique*. It is not safe, of course, to take a work of doubtful authenticity as an authority for what the Cardinal wished to do, but it is an instructive commentary on what he really did. Perhaps, too, in this lies the best evidence against Richelieu's having had any direct concern in its composition, otherwise he would afford an unique example of public performance in perfect harmony with private intentions, of success attained, not only in the very direction, but by the precise measures by which it was intended to be compassed. According to the *Testament*, that very suppression of venality which Richelieu is elsewhere represented as having had at heart was a reform wholly inexpedient, for the sale of public posts acted as a bar to men of low birth, and men of low birth ought to be kept out of high office, for "les esprits de telles gens sont d'ordinaire difficiles à manier." Richelieu—governing always with one great object in view, determined to enforce that union within, which alone could make France externally powerful, having need at every turn of facile tools—found himself forced to break the neck of theory in practice, and thus as late as 1639, just before proceeding to try the Duke de la Valette, he refreshed his supply of persons easy to handle by creating and selling no less than four hundred places of "procureur au Parlement de Paris."

Whilst he crushed the great nobles, and forced the magistracy to become the tools of authority, Richelieu was not slack to follow up the same lines of policy in other directions. The benefices of the Church, as well as the offices of State, were reserved for the poor in spirit; a little learning was no drawback, but the recognised qualifications for a bishop were humility, good birth, and general respectability unblemished by any touch of prickly austerity. Of these humility alone was indispensable, and throughout the days of Richelieu

the humble "petit collet" invariably received preferment. Now and then a high post was attained by a great militant ecclesiastic, like de Sourdis, who was, as we have seen, sent to Bordeaux to worry the Duke d'Epemon; but Godeau, bishop of Grasse, is a better representative of Richelieu's bishops. As the Abbé Antoine, Godeau was renowned as a scribbling *pique-assiette*, a hanger-on at the Hôtel Rambouillet, who played lacquey to Julie, and afforded a daily butt for the witticisms of Voiture. He had just enough pride left to feel uneasy in his position, and to show it, whereupon his successful rival in the good graces of the *précieuses* counselled him in rhyme:—

"Quittez l'amour, ce n'est votre métier :
Faites des vers, traduisez le psautier."

Godeau took the hint, bethought himself of the Cardinal, and fell at his feet with a translation of the *Benedicite*, done into French verse. "Monsieur l'Abbé," graciously replied Richelieu, "vous me donnez *Benedicite*, et moi je vous donnerai Grasse." The "nain de Julie," as he called himself, accordingly became a bishop, and in that position admirably fulfilled his benefactor's ideal of respectable mediocrity, unblemished by any touch of "austérité épineuse."

This same prickly austerity would alone have sufficed to make the Huguenots hateful in Richelieu's eyes, even if he had not seen in them "des âmes rebelles à la légitime autorité;" but in the hands of the Dukes de Rohan and de Soubise the organisation of the party assumed an aggressive character, so that in the interests of legitimate authority its destruction became necessary. Nor could a man of Richelieu's peculiar genius ever regard with toleration those who had once thwarted his plans and resisted his power. Although the edict of 1629, which deprived the Huguenots of their right of public meeting, expressly maintained their freedom of worship, Richelieu always refused to recognise, even by implication, their ecclesiastical constitution. When the Consistory of Montauban came to do homage to the great Cardinal—who, with the ruins of La Rochelle at his back, had carried fire and sword throughout the province of Languedoc and deprived the Protes-

tants of their last city of refuge—they were at once informed that as men of letters they would be always welcome, though as an ecclesiastical corporation they could not be received.

Nor was it possible, under this general and arbitrary pressure, that even letters and learning should be free. Having established his power, and obtained a firm hold upon all civil and ecclesiastical organisations, it would seem as if Richelieu had been in full possession of the means of government, but he saw his way to a further and more complete security by the vigilant direction and control of all the opinions as well as of all the acts of men. Those of independent spirit soon became sensible of the weight of his intentions in this direction. In the very year of that same "pacification" of Languedoc, Descartes quitted France for Holland, foreseeing that in his native country he would be neither "assez seul ni assez libre." Balzac retired to Angoulême; Corneille, after a moment of revolt, humbly gave in his submission, and so obtained the protection of the tutelary god of letters,— "une protection," said Sarrazin, "qu'on serait plus que sacrilège de violer."* Nor did minor men escape watchful observation. The Cardinal, having strained the quality of justice and of mercy in the service of a power to which he was himself a slave, came to live on the breath of spies, came to fear not only the influence of the great with his weakly master, but the influence of the infinitely little with the great. He would take note of the social relations of even quite obscure persons: when the name of Jacques Hillerin, *conseiller au parlement*, came up on one occasion when arbitrary measures were in contemplation against some of the body to which he belonged, "Let him alone," said the Cardinal, "aussi n'y a-t-il rien à gagner avec lui qui vit de telle sorte qu'il ne voit princes n'y grands, n'y se trouve en compagnie."† The less fortunate Scarron, *conseiller de grand chambre*, whose life was more worldly, and whose tongue had something of the bitter wit which distinguished his more

* *Discours sur la Tragédie*. See *L'Amour tyrannique de Scudéri*.

† *Lettres Chron.*, p. 116.

celebrated son, not only lost his place, but was finally exiled from France.

The true reason for the extreme measures taken against Scarron is doubtful, but it was known that when the letters patent creating the Académie Française came before Parliament for verification (1635), he sarcastically remarked, "This reminds one of the emperor who, having forbidden the senate to deal with public affairs, consulted it as to what sauce should be eaten with a large turbot, which had been sent to him from a distance."* Scarron, it would seem, did not realise that the Academy itself was called into existence to render definite political services, and that its members were destined to discharge at the will of the Cardinal, in a very practical fashion, the functions of a literary police.

The list of the original members does not contain a single name of note. Its nucleus was indeed formed by a small society styling itself Académie des Beaux Esprits, which, in 1630, had begun to meet at the house of Valentin Conrart to read the rhymes of his gallant relative, the Abbé Godeau. Conrart himself was a Calvinist, who had retouched Marot's version of the Psalms, but was better known by his rhymes in reply to the popular ballad of "Le Goutteux sans pareil." At a later date his name figured on Colbert's list of literary pensioners,† "au sieur Conrart, lequel sans connoissance d'aucune autre langue que sa maternelle est admirable pour juger toutes les productions de l'esprit—1500 liv." Those who met at Conrart's house were mostly rhymesters like himself; one only—Gombault—was a man of quality who had contributed to the "Guirlande de Julie," and therefore reckoned as a poet at the Hôtel de Rambouillet. With two exceptions—Malleville, a hanger-on of Basompierre's (then confined to the Bastille) and Serizay, who owed his fortunes to the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, whom the Cardinal had practically exiled to Poitou—all were devoted to Richelieu: the negotiations for the official organisa-

tion of their body were carried on by the Abbé Boisrobert, who had been brought to their meetings by Nicolas Faret, whose name, rhyming with *cabaret*, now lives only in a satire of Boileau's. Boisrobert, who describes himself as *un grand dupeur l'oreilles*, occupied in the Cardinal's court the post that fifty years earlier would have been conferred on an official fool, and his jests were so necessary to his master's digestion that on one occasion Richelieu, having fallen ill, whilst the Abbé happened to be in disgrace, his doctor would give no other prescription than "Recipe Boisrobert."

Throughout the whole transaction Boisrobert was actively supported by two other members of the society who lived, like himself, in dependence on the Cardinal. Chapelain, the whipper-in of Richelieu's private pack of poets, and Sirmond, a paid political pamphleteer, who had replaced Mathieu de Mergues in the Minister's service. It is then no matter for surprise that we find the newly constituted body bound by their prefatory article to absolute submission to the Cardinal's wishes: "And firstly," the statutes begin, "personne ne sera reçu dans l'Académie qui ne soit agréable à Monseigneur le Protecteur."‡ The members were not, indeed, long left in doubt as to the precise nature of the duties which they were expected to perform in return for official recognition and protection, for the appearance of Corneille's famous play the *Cid* gave their protector an early opportunity of testing the docility of his creatures.

The disgust with which Richelieu viewed the popular success of this play has been usually explained by the fact of a previous quarrel with Corneille, who had been one of the paid poets attached to the Cardinal's court for the purpose of putting into shape dramas of which he himself suggested the subject. The freedom with which on one occasion Corneille had departed from his instructions brought on him an angry reproof, to which he replied by instantly quitting the Cardinal's service, boasting publicly as he did so of his independence. But all this does not fully explain the persistence with which Richelieu fought

* Pellisson, vol. i. p. 45. Note by d'Ormesson.

† Clement, *Hist. de Colbert*, p. 187, et Bourgoïn, *Un bourgeois lettré de Paris*.

* Pellisson, vol. i. p. 489.

against the success of the *Cid*. He is represented as having spitefully set himself to injure the man who had vexed his vanity, but another reason is evident to any attentive reader of the play, a reason which explains both its extraordinary vogue and Richelieu's obstinate ill-will. The heroes of the *Cid* are the "grands de la cour," the very class with which Richelieu was engaged in perpetual and deadly warfare; these are the men to whom the king is represented as owing his kingdom and his crown, it is they whose quarrels shake the empire, but it is the force of their arms which repels the foreign invader and gives safety and splendor to the throne. There are many passages which may well have been publicly applauded by the enemies of the Cardinal with special intention, and the whole tendency of the situation was such as must have inspired him with disgust and anger. Instead, however, of taking up the point really at issue, Richelieu probably thought it wiser to dispute the public enthusiasm on literary grounds. He, therefore, requested the Academy to pronounce judgment, and the Academy, after months of negotiation, published their "*Sentiments on the Cid*" (1638).

The character of their official utterances had not been calculated to give weight to the literary decisions of the new Academy. Gombault, the man of quality, had lectured on the "*Je ne sçais quoi*;" Racan had followed suit with a diatribe, *Contre les Sciences*.^{*} Habert, a young artillery officer, had published three hundred lines on the *Temple de la Mort*, whilst his brother, the Abbé Cérisy, was pronounced to have dethroned Ovid by his masterpiece, *La Métamorphose des yeux de Philis en Astres*. The public, it must be confessed, who compared Corneille's work with these productions, was likely rather to find justification for its enthusiasm than reasons for damning the too-successful play.

The embarrassment of the unfortunate Academicians was indescribable. They were indeed in a position of great difficulty; such a measure of criticism as would have fully satisfied their Protector would not only have alienated the pub-

lic, but have caused divisions in their own councils. One of the four representatives deputed by the Academy to review the expression of their "*sentiments*" before submitting them to the Protector himself, was Serizay, a man who, as we have seen, shared to the full both the popular feeling for Corneille's play and the popular hostility to the Cardinal Minister. The *Sentiments*, as handled by him, did not, as might have been expected, meet the Cardinal's approbation. Serizay was summoned to come to him at once in order that he might "better explain his intentions."^{*} Serizay, however, promptly escaped to Poitou, pleading engagements to his master, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, and the Cardinal's "*intentions*" were carried out by more docile instruments.

The publication of the *Sentiments* thus reformed sufficed to bring Corneille on his knees. Coupled with the violent attacks of a host of scribblers eager, like Scudéri, to pay court to the sole dispenser of patronage, the action of the Academy was an evident manifestation of a displeasure which at any moment might visit him with serious consequences. He, therefore, who had once bravely boasted that his work should secure an audience *sans appui*, hastened to appease the offended Cardinal by the submissive dedication prefixed to *Horace*.

These details of Richelieu's proceedings against Corneille plainly show that the lines of policy which he pursued in his dealings with letters were precisely the same as those followed by him in all other directions. He put Corneille on his trial, just as he had put the Duke de la Valette on his trial, and when the verdict of the Academy did not fulfil his requirements, just as in the case of the duke he had said to the Parliament by his mouthpiece the king, "That's not a vote. Vote," until he got the reply he wanted—even so he sent back their *Sentiments* to the united body of Academicians until they had been brought into strict conformity with his own.

There is, however, another aspect under which the operations of the Academy, as influenced by Richelieu, must be considered; for the character of the whole brilliant future of French

^{*} Pellisson, vol. i. p. 76.

^{*} Pellisson, vol. i. pp. 118-19.

literature was so much the very flower and outcome of the general conditions created in France by the great Cardinal's rule, that no review of the salient features of his policy can pass over in silence those secret workings by which the world of letters was brought into harmony with the new political and social system. It was with his express approval, if not at his instigation, that the great work of the *Dictionary* was undertaken and pushed forward by the French Academy. The two Academicians who specially devoted themselves to the task, Chapelain and Sirmond, were both in the Cardinal's paid service. Sirmond, on joining the first meeting at Conrart's house, had proposed that all the members of the Académie des Beaux Esprits should bind themselves by an oath to employ only words which had been approved by a majority of votes, so that, as Pellisson observes, he who failed to keep his engagement would have been guilty "not of a fault only, but of a crime." This was the proposal which, rejected in its original form, actually gave birth to the great project of the *Dictionary*. The work, from first to last, progressed but slowly, and in one of his epistles the Abbé Boisrobert tells us :—

" Depuis six mois dessus l'F on travaille,
Et le destin m'aurait fort obligé
S'il m'avait dit tu vivras jusqu'au G."

But the effect which it had on French literature was none the less certain and immediate. An overwhelming importance came to be attached to the use only of such words as had been approved by the official judges of taste ; many in the highest degree valuable as means of expression were irrevocably ostracised on grounds of euphony. The use of such as were old-fashioned, or any approach to what Voltaire has termed " la malheureuse facilité du langage marotique," was strictly forbidden, for this might have led to obscurity of style, and " ce qui n'est pas clair n'est pas Français " had already become a ruling precept. The compass of the French tongue was thus greatly reduced ; but within given limits, it was rendered an instrument of remarkable perfection. All that it was permitted to say it could soon say perfectly. It was, however, no more free than the Parliament or the Academicians

themselves to say all that was to be said about anything. The mechanical pressure applied destroyed the flexibility of the language, destroyed its powers of suggestion, and thus acted even as a restraint upon thought. There could be no shadowing forth of those imaginative states of feeling, of those vague emotions under whose inspiration language becomes something other than a tool of the intellect. For the very essence of such states of feeling and emotion is indefinite and refuses to submit itself to the most delicate analysis ; they could find therefore no adequate form of expression in a language to every particle of which had been assigned a precise meaning distinctly recognised and exactly defined.

A literature fostered under these influences was characterised as might have been expected, by the lustre of intelligence rather than by warmth of feeling. The very consciousness of the determination to produce that which was pronounced admirable prevented spontaneity of purpose. The intention to work up to a fixed pattern of excellence called forth splendid qualities of mind, of judgment, of taste, but shackled the movement of the passions, and thus the most magnificent effects of the noble literature born under the auspices of the Academy seem to have been conceived with preoccupations which barred the action of great enthusiasm. These very conditions were, however, specially favorable to the production of work which, in its commonest forms, would receive an exquisite finish. Words having all been prepared for use, like highly cut gems, the whole skill of a writer could be solely devoted to employing them in such wise as should bring out their full, recognised and legitimate value. Narrative, whether historical or familiar, the exposition of critical or scientific analysis, and rhetoric, in all its branches, profited by the purity which the French tongue thus acquired. The art of oratory, of dramatic declamation especially, obtained a splendid brilliance and polish, whilst the French stage was carried to a point of regularity which made it the model and admiration of Europe.

When Richelieu constituted the French Academy the political organisation of France was accomplished. The fears

and interests of the great nobles were combining to bring them to the foot of the throne; law and civil order lay within the grasp of the rulers of the State. By the formation of the Académie Française he began the work of bringing under the direction and control of the central authority those social forces which had never before been made the servants of direct political purpose. Swiftly and surely the action which he had taken in respect of literature was destined to be extended to the sciences and the arts. All the forces of thought, all the energies of labor, were now ready to be held by similar ties to the administration, to accept popular tasks, and to conform to an officially recognised standard of excellence. This part of his task the Cardinal was not, indeed, destined to complete, nor could he even attempt those large measures, connected with the various branches of the public service and the general economy of the State, which were necessary in order to bring the whole conditions of the national life into perfect harmony with the principles of his rule. The vast administrative reforms required in order to place the financial system on a satisfactory footing and in order to relieve industry, commerce, and agriculture, from the obsolete trammels of another age, were left to be dealt with by Richelieu's successors. But the solution of all these problems had to be sought by them in the direction and by the methods which his rule had imposed.

"Ce qui est libre dans son commencement devient quelquefois nécessaire dans la suite." The rising passion for order which had seconded the Cardinal in every direction, had aided the rapid absorption into the national system of the principles on which he governed, so that although death came (1642) before he had filled in the outlines of his great system, its completion in future days had become a necessity. For the Cardinal had struck at the root of every force capable of offering any resistance to the central authority. As he lay in his dying agony, his enemies rejoiced, and believed that as he passed away their own strength would return. Never did men more gravely miscalculate their own weakness and the might of the

forces arrayed against them. The Cardinal dead, the great nobles who had disputed his power found themselves face to face with France; the new France, unknown to them, which he had created; a France in which every organisation, civil and ecclesiastical, had begun to fear the central authority, in which every corporation was looking to the crown for protection and countenance; a France in which they themselves, the proudest princes in Europe, should count but as the ornaments of a court. For it was no phantom greatness that Richelieu had given to his country, and although the royal power, which had been but an instrument in his hands, became a scourge to those who followed him, yet its utmost excesses could not destroy the bond into which he had knitted the very nerves and sinews of France. That strange duality of mind which characterises the whole nation, and gives a practical strain to all their speculation, leads them, also, to idealise their practical life; and the large lines of Richelieu's policy with its equally ordered hierarchy of labor and service to the State, with its contingent and rising scale of reward and consideration maintained in harmonious action by supreme authority duly invested with the splendid symbols as well as with the grave reality of power, appealed not only to the national vanity and love of show, but to that profound passion for symmetrical unity and completeness which is the leading, and perhaps the noblest, trait of the French genius.

Richelieu himself had been the first to set the example of that self-abnegation in the service of the State which he rigorously exacted of others. He has been reproached with the fortune which he amassed, with the number of his more than royal residences, with the splendor of his more than princely household, with the pomp and circumstance with which he surrounded every act of his life. But these were the incidents, not the objects of Richelieu's career; ambitious schemes for self-aggrandisement waited on the uses of power. To him everything had a political significance, and everything was therefore a matter for the care of government; so letters and the arts, for which he had no natural interest, could not be overlooked in

this connection. They were sitting attendants in the train of the great, and as such it was necessary to give them due protection and acknowledgment.

Union, direction, and protection, in these lay the future greatness of France as conceived by Richelieu—a greatness which should be over and above all a political greatness dominating the rest of Europe. To lay the foundations of this political greatness, oppression and cruelty labored hand in hand with statecraft. But, to rate Richelieu and his policy, foreign and domestic, by the prejudices of a liberal and the principles of a Freetrader, would be equally futile and inartistic. His political ideal, if contrasted with that of others who have controlled the destinies of France, attains a lofty standard. His conception of the State, embracing in its logical perfection the minutest details of life as well as the vast interests of the nation, justifies itself as perhaps the only political Utopia which has ever had a practical value.

After the wasteful husbandry of the Renaissance, after its one-sided reclamation of individual liberty, France had need to be recalled, even harshly, to opposite considerations; France had need to be reminded that the life of the State, like the life of the family, is founded on much renouncement of personal liberty, on much self-restraint, and self-abnegation. Her great ruler had no free field to work in; the nation was bound to learn, with him, at the cost of blood and tears, the value of unity in great things and small, to be lessened in self-sacrifice, moral and physical, and to count all sacrifice but a part of the just debt due from the citizen to the Republic. The teaching of the Renaissance was thus set at nought, for the fatal condition of learning one thing well seems to be that, for the moment, everything else shall be forgotten, and France was now destined to forget—but too completely—the sacredness of liberty and of life.—*Fortnightly Review*.

SOME FRENCH POETS.

BY J. P. M.

CHANSON.

"Un doux trait de vos yeux, O ma fière Déesse!"

—DES PORTES.

ONE soft glance from your eyes, proud Goddess-love!—

Bright eyes, my only joy,—

Can bring me back existence, and remove

Death's dreary-dark annoy.

Bend on me those bright suns; and in their flame

Let me my death forego.

One look will serve for me: will you, fair Dame?

No. You will not. Ah, no!

From your lips, one word, whispered to my grief,

(But full of peace, and true,)

Can to sad lover's fate bring blest relief,

Who worships only you.

One "Yes," were all it needs; with gentle smile

Wherein all graces flow:

Good Heavens, why this delay? How long the while!

No. You will not. Ah, no!

O ice-girt rock, deaf while I cry in vain!

Soul with no trace of friend!

While I was colder, you were more humane,

And did more pity lend.

Then, let me cease to love her : and forget :
 And turn, elsewhere to go.
 But, can it be, that I can quit her yet ?—
 No. I cannot. Ah, no !

VILLANELLE.—ROZETTE.

“ Rozette, pour un peu d'absence,”
 —DES PORTES.

Rozette, though my absence was brief,
 You've shifted your heart from my love :
 Inconstant !—And I, in my grief,
 My heart to another remove.
 No more of one breezy as air
 Will I to the thralldom consent :
 We'll see, fickle Shepherdess fair,
 Which first of us twain will repent !

In weeping, my life I consume ;
 Of this cruel parting complain ;
 You, love like your fashions assume,
 Caressing a newly-found swain.
 Light weathercock by the breeze ne'er
 So swiftly would flying be sent :
 We'll see, Rozette, Shepherdess fair,
 Which first of us twain will repent !

Your sacred vows,—whither now flown ?
 Your tears, shed at sorrow to part ?
 Did ever so anguished a moan
 Come forth from a volatile heart ?
 Good Heavens ! What falseness is there !
 What treachery snared my content !
 We'll see, fickle Shepherdess fair,
 Which first of us twain will repent !

Your new suitor never like me
 Can love you :—you know that is true :
 And she whom I now love, I see,
 In beauty, love, troth, passes you.
 Hold fast your new friendship :—I swear,
 That mine shall no longer relent :
 We'll see by the trial, my fair,
 Which first of us twain will repent !

BON JOUR, BON SOIR.

“ Je peindrai sans détour.”

I'll tell, in simple way,
 How I employ my life :
 Alternately, *Good Day !*
 And then, *Good Eve !* I say.
Good Day ! to buxom wife,
 When she doth me receive ;
 To fool, with boredom rife,—
Good Eve !

Frank Troubadour, *Good Day!*
 Right joyously prepare
 Of peace, and seasons gay,
 And wine, and loves, thy lay :
 But if mad rhymester dare
 With long romance to cleave
 My ear,—to him declare
Good Eve!

Good Day, good neighbor mine !
 Thirst draws me unto thee :
Good Day!—If that thy wine
 Be Beaune, or of the Rhine,
 My throat shall funnel be
 That nectar to receive :
 But, if Surène,—dost see ?—
Good Eve!

If my verse pleasure bring,
 Sweet guerdon I receive ;
 And, happy as a king,
Good Day! for me shall ring.
 If my muse, wandering,
 Betray my hopes, I grieve ;
 And then, can only sing,—
Good Eve!

LE PAPILLON.

"Naitre avec le printemps, mourir avec les roses."

—DE LAMARTINE.

Born with the Spring, and with the rose to die ;
 In ether pure to float on Zephyr's wing ;
 Or, on the bosom of new-budding flowers,
 In azure, light, and perfumes revelling,
 To shake the dust, in youth's untroubled hours,
 Off from its wings, and seek th' eternal sky,—
 Behold the Butterfly's charmed destiny !

So doth Desire, which never is at rest,
 Tasting, unquenched, of every earthly thing,
 To Heaven return, that there it may be blest.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

"Qu'entends je ? Autour de moi l'airain sacré resonance ?"

—DE LAMARTINE.

I.

What sounds are these ? Why tolls that solemn bell ?
 What sobs, what prayers of mourners do I hear ?
 What mean those tapers pale, that chanted knell ?
 Dost thou, O Death, thus whisper in mine ear
 For the last time ? On the grave's brink I break
 My earthly slumbers ;—and to Life awake !

2.

Soul, spark most precious of a flame divine,
 Immortal dweller in a frame that dies,
 Hush these alarms : for freedom shall be thine.
 Break from thy fetters : on thy wings arise !
 To quit the load of mortal misery,—
 Is that, O timid soul ! is that—to die ?

3.

Yes, Time hath ceased my hours and days to tell.
 Ye sun-orbed heralds, in what mansions bright
 Will your high guidance usher me to dwell ?
 E'en now, e'en now, I bathe in floods of light,—
 The earth beneath me flees,—before my face
 Unfolds the infinite expanse of space.

4.

But hark ! what vain laments, what choking sighs,
 At this last moment agitate my sense ?
 Comrades in exile, why should dirges rise
 For him who homeward now is passing hence ?
 You weep ! While I, by Heaven absolved and blest,
 Enter with joy the port of halcyon rest !

“ ON THE DAUGHTER OF MY FRIEND,

AT WHOSE FUNERAL I WAS YESTERDAY PRESENT, IN THE CEMETERY OF
 PASSY, 16TH JUNE, 1832.”

“ Il descend ce cercueil ! et les roses sans taches.”—CHATEAUBRIAND.

The bier descends, strewn with the snow-white rose,
 A Father's tribute in this tearful hour.
 Earth, thou didst bear them : now in thee repose
 — Young maiden and young flower !

Ne'er to this world profane let them return,
 Where mourning, anguish, and misfortune lower ;
 The storm doth crush, the sun doth fade and burn
 — Young maiden and young flower !

Thou slumberest, poor Elise ! Thy years how few !
 No more thou fear'st the day's scorching power :
 Their morn hath closed, still fresh with heavenly dew,—
 — Young maiden and young flower !

FROM “ L'ANNÉE TERRIBLE.”

“ Moi-même, un jour, après la mort, je connaîtraî.”
 —VICTOR HUGO.

Myself shall one day, after death, be taught
 My unknown destiny ;
 And bend o'er you from realms celestial, fraught
 With dawn and mystery.

Shall learn, why exiled ; why a shroud was thrown
 Over your childhood's sense ;
 And why my justice and my love alone
 To all seem an offence.

Shall learn why, as you gaily carolled songs,
 O'er my funereal head,—
 Mine, to whom pity for all woe belongs,—
 Such gloomy darkness spread.

Why upon me the ruthless shadows lie ;
 Why all these hecatombs ;
 Why endless winter wraps me round ; and why
 I flourish over tombs.

Why such wars, tears, and misery should be ;
 Why things with grief replete ;—
 Why God willed me to be a cypress-tree,
 While you were roses sweet !

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

AUTOGRAPHS.

"Il y a tout dans les lettres autographes ; elles promettent autre chose que la satisfaction d'une stérile curiosité ; une riche moisson de révélations inespérées y dort en attente. Quelle belle occasion de ne pas laisser périr sur pied les sottises instructives de l'homme ! Et puis, à côté des défaillances de la raison et des consciences, que de saintes larmes ! quels nobles secrets d'abnégation et de vertu !"

So wrote Feuillet des Conches, one of the most learned, enthusiastic, and indefatigable of modern collectors ; whose treasures, now broken up and scattered in Boston, London, Paris, and Chicago, enrich the cabinets of two hemispheres. For the splendid harvest of chance and unlooked-for revelations, no one who has lingered long—as we have lately done—over the folios and the cases where lie the letters and the papers of so many great, so many infamous, so many noteworthy in so many different ways, no one who has done this can fail to echo the truth of the judgment which the author of the "Causeries d'un Curieux" delivers. Before, then, we consider, however lightly, anything of the history or antiquity of the taste, let us—opening the pages at random—examine the nature of the harvest they will yield ; truly, as it seems to us also, something more than the satisfaction of a barren curiosity.

"More last words," writes Byron to his wife, his last letter before leaving

England, as it proved forever, in April 1816, "more last words—not many—but such as you will attend to." There it lies before us, the large sheet of post, creased and folded and directed to the house in Piccadilly, written on both sides, and signed *your truly, Byron*. Every line speaks to-day to us of the poet's pain and grief ; every line of it seems to throb with wounded pride and resentment. He writes of the sister to whom he was so tenderly attached ; gradually robbed, he cries in bitterness, of all of whom she was ever fond and now finally of himself ; he writes of his child, but scarcely in tones of affection, more indeed in tones of business, of future settlement ; and towards the close refers to their travelling carriage, which, as they took but one short journey in it together, maybe she will have no objection to keep. The letter lies among many others, many of his sister's and his wife's, and next to one from Fletcher, his valet, dated from Missolonghi, April 20, 1824, the day after his death, that touchingly describes the last hours of *the best and kindest of masters to Turk or Christian*, the incoherence, the painful efforts to speak and be understood—"I told my lord I was very sorry, but I had not understood one word of what he'd been saying"—the long night of watching and delirium, the morning's gradual

silence, and the peaceful dissolution without a sigh or groan.

Turn a few pages and the stately hand of Charles I. lies before us in all its royal shape and dignity. It is a letter, dated May 29, 1630, to Marie de Medicis, the mother of his wife Henrietta Maria, announcing the birth of the future Charles II., and at the foot of the sheet, in a trembling scrawl, evidently written in bed, runs the signature, "votre très humble et très obéissante fille et serviteuse, Henriette Marie." Later, when the Civil War had well begun and troubles were thick, the noble formation of the unfortunate king's hand seems to dwarf and dwindle under the stress of misfortune and disappointment. What a difference between the proud and splendid *Madame* of 1630, the hand of the Stuart strong enough then to rule without his parliament, what a difference between the conscious magnificence of Whitehall and an heir to an unshaken throne that seems to breathe through all that letter to Marie de Medicis, and the nervous and shrunken *4 a cloke this Sunday morning*, on the eve of Edge Hill, when the king writes in haste to Rupert—"Nepveu, I have given order as you have desyred, so that I doubt not but all the foot and cannon will be at Egge Hill betymes this Morning, where you will also find your loving oncle and faithfull frend, Charles R."

And three years later, in July 1645, after Naseby's disaster, are there not humility and almost despair plainly visible in the broken lines wherein he appeals so pathetically to the Irish governor, the faithful James Butler? He calls for arms and help to be despatched at once, at whatever cost to the tranquillity of the country. "Ormond," he writes, "it hath pleased God by many successive misfortunes to reduce my affaires of late from a very prosperous condition to so low an eb as to be a perfect tryal of all men's integrities to me, and you being a person whom I consider as most entyrelly and generously resolved to stand and fall with your king, I doe principally rely upon you for your utmost assistance in my present hazards."

The spirit which in those three letters, from Whitehall, from Oxford, and

from Cardiff, gradually failed the king—if we may judge from his handwriting—is not wanting in the last letter written by his grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots, dated from Fotheringay, *à deux heures après minuit*, six hours before her execution in the hall of the castle. Here there is no sign of faltering, no haste, no carelessness. Dignity and resignation seem to exhale from the paper whereon the unhappy Mary's hand rested for the last time so steadily, whereof the ink is scarcely faded and the two broad pages scarcely embrowned by time. If you close your eyes you can almost hear her read aloud what she has written. Simply and affectionately she commends her servants to her *beau-frère*, Charles IX. of France, hardly murmurs at or reflects on the sentence that day announced to her by the governor after dinner in the hall as though she were a common felon; merely mentions, and without complaint, that she has not been allowed to make a will; again commends her servants and their wages to him, and sends two precious stones for his health's sake, to be worn round the neck. The letter is well-nigh three hundred years old, and still across that spacious gulf of time seems to touch some of those *saintes larmes* of which the French collector writes so eloquently.

And for *saintes larmes*, what tears more sacred than those that blister old love-letters, than those that have fallen over the trembling signature of the dying? In tender reproach Déjazet cries to one for whom alone she acts, for whom alone she lives; *je ne puis ni lire ni écrire*, sighs Balzac heavily, the day before his death, at the foot of a letter of his wife's; and Eugénie, fond record "of the old glad days and the old glad life of Spain," murmurs her happy thanks to a dear friend for his beautiful present, and assures him of her unalterable devotion. What a tragedy here suggested!—*quel noble secret d'abnégation et de vertu* lies behind that thin scrawl, sunk into the flimsy paper, which of us now can know? Family pride or her own ambition, force from without or free-will from within, who can tell which it was that made her put aside the quiet days in the white country-house with its green blinds and long cool corridors, among the olive groves and cork trees,

for the uneasy splendor of the Tuileries and the glitter of Trouville—choose, instead of the peace of the Spanish mountains, the yelling rabble of Paris, the disguise, the hurried flight, the exile?

Turn the pages were you will, anyhow, anywhere—there is always something to make you laugh, to make you sigh, to make you think. "As to the k—," scribbles the Princess Charlotte, "I understand he is as mad as puss, and no chance, I believe, whatever of his recovery." Over that, can you not both laugh and sigh?

Hear giddy Kitty Clive to her dear Garrick, from Twickenham, in the frost and snow of January 1776. "I schreemed at your parish business. I think I see you in your church wardenship quariling with the baker for not making their Brown loaves big enough; but for God sake never think of being a justice of peice, for the people will quarill on purpos to be brought before you to hear you talk, so that you may have as much business upon the lawn as you had upon the boards; if I should live to be thaw'd I will come to town on purpos to *kiss* you, and go the summer as you say. I hope we will see each other ten times as often, when we will talk and dance and sing, and send our hearers Laughing to their Beds." *Il y a tout dans les lettres autographes*—one must be surprised at nothing on which one lights. Not even at a letter from the arch-rogué Cagliostro, written to his wife in terms of the deepest affection, during his detention in the Bastille for the "affaire du Collier," and assuring his "amata sposa e cara Sarafina" of his complete innocence. The innocence was a lie, but the affection was true; one has only to read through the letter to be sure of that.

And not far from Cagliostro lies the passport of "la citoyenne Marie Corday," dated from Caen, April 8. 1793, the passport that gave her authority and assistance to go to Paris and assassinate Marat. From it we learn that Charlotte Marie Corday was "agé de 24 ans; taille de 5 pieds 1 pou.; cheveux et sourcils châains; yeux gris; front élevé; nez longue; bouche moyenne; menton rond, fourchu; visage oval." Friends of the Republic are bidden to give her every help *en route* to make her

journey plain: the same friends, we imagine—*aux Français, amis de loix et de la paix*—to whom the address found in her pocket after the murder was directed; an address rambling, incoherent, breaking into an occasional irregular chant of verse; that declares, moreover, her conviction how the well-being of France depends alone on the death of the tyrant.

Here, too, on grey paper in villainous blunt type, lowers the condemnation of the infamous Carrier for his participation in, nay, instigation of, the *noyades* at Nantes; if, indeed, that condemnation were still wanting to the minds of any. It is dated the 4 frimaire, An. 2 (November 24, 1793), and orders the naval authorities to compel boatmen on the Loire between Nantes and Saumur to keep the left bank—"sous peine d'être regardés et punis comme traitres à la patrie." Jacques Carrier, it is clear, was fearful of the rescue of his victims.

Here is the original despatch of Monk and Blake, announcing the victory over the Dutch under Van Tromp, in June 1653; here, a humorous letter of Beethoven's, with the usual illegible signature; here, on April 13, 1564, Cellini excuses himself from attending the obsequies of Michael Angelo on the ground of ill-health; and here, in 1593, Cervantes acknowledges a sum of money, probably from a bookseller, for the sum is small.

So much in brief support of the quotation from Feullet des Conches with which we head this paper. Let us now consider rapidly, with what lightness of touch the lumber of the many centuries we have searched will permit, the antecedents and historical position of the collector of autographs.

First, for antiquity. Down the long corridor of time, dim in the distance is descried one Atossa, of whom no more is known than the somewhat negative term—that she was *not* the mother of Darius. But if not the mother of Darius, she was, maybe, the grand *parent à tous* of the autograph collector, for—*πρώτην ἐπιστολὰς συντάξει Ἀτῶσσαν τὴν Περσῶν βασιλεῦσάν φησιν Ἑλλά-νικος*; unless, indeed, *συντάσσω* is here equivalent to *συγγράφω*—which to us appears more than probable—and then must Atossa step from her proud pedes-

tal of the first of amateurs to become the first of lady-correspondents; a class held, be it said, somewhat at a distance by the collector, almost his bane, from their vice of rarely dating their letters. From the uncertain Atossa down to Cicero is a breathless, but a necessary, leap; and there the flight is worth it, for with Cicero we are on solid ground and not on cloud shapes, as with Atossa. Cicero, as every schoolboy will expect, draws a just distinction between the judicious and the injudicious amateur, between the monomaniac and him who intelligently follows a sequence of interest and history. "Ista studia," he writes, "si ad imitandos summos viros spectant, ingeniosorum sunt; sin tantummodo ad indicia veteris memoriæ cognoscenda, curiosorum." Is there not there plainly visible, or audible, what is vulgarly called a *slap* at those absurdities of collections, or collections of absurdities, we all have met with or heard of? A *slap* at the imbecile who collects only love-letters, or only mad letters, or only letters written by those of one and the same name, or of criminals, or even stray papers of any kind, the *papiers abandonnés* of the French amateur? The fact is, men can be found to collect anything; they have been found to collect only ropes that have, as one may delicately put it, passed through the hands of Calcraft and his successors; nay, in the old days, to collect the very bodies themselves, and inscribe the cabinet with the terrible legend in letters of gold:—

A case of skeletons well done,
And malefactors every one!

Istud studium, then, Cicero was of opinion might well claim the attention of the educated and accomplished, so long only as it afforded some example, fit and proper for imitation, of the most distinguished of the day or of the past. Of his collection, beyond that he had a very fine one, we know next to nothing; scarcely anything, indeed, of any of the collections of antiquity beyond the fact that they once existed. Quintilian speaks of seeing manuscripts of Cicero, Virgil, Augustus, and Cato the Censor, but believed that when once copied they were not kept; Aulus Gellius had seen a manuscript of the "Georgics;" Suetonius, letters and memoirs of Cæsar.

Pliny the Elder mentions as a great collector one Pompeius Secundus, eminent citizen and poet, and writes he had seen at his house papers by Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, and autographs of Cicero, Augustus, and Virgil. Pliny himself had a collection valued during his lifetime at over 3,000*l.*, chiefly formed as it appears from that of Mucianus, thrice consul, who is quoted by Tacitus as having published of his treasures fourteen volumes, eleven of letters, and three of *causes célèbres*. This collection of Pliny the Elder was kept by Pliny the Younger, and has gone now who can tell where, unless it be into the maw of the northern barbarians. Or, perhaps, *lent and lost*, as pathetic a title it seems to us as *loved and lost*; *lent and lost*, that accounts for the disappearance of so much; that unhappily accounts for the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," contemporary with Homer, seen at Athens by Libanius, sophist of Antioch, and gone to the sausage-maker or the pie-seller; that accounts for the papers of Burnet the historian, original documents and letters lent to him and by him sent in their integrity to the printer to save the trouble of copying, and so lost; that accounts for the correspondence between Maitland and Mary Queen of Scots, lent to a Lauderdale, and by him, judiciously, lost.

Egypt is the only country in the world where, thanks to the manners—for you cannot very well *lend* out of a relative's hermetically sealed tomb—and thanks to the climate, papyri have come down to us older than Moses. Two more references to the antique and we have done with it, for the antique is out of fashion. We have quoted from modern letters, the actual documents, to give some idea of what may be the interest of their contents; let us quote now from ancient tablets, or rather from their transcripts as they appear in the annals of Suetonius. In his Life of Cæsar Augustus, in the seventy-first chapter, referring to Augustus' gaming propensities, Suetonius quotes from a letter under the emperor's own hand, in which he says, "I supped, my dear Tiberius, with the same company. We had, besides, Vinicius and Silviu the father. We gamed at supper like old fellows, both yesterday and to-day. And as any one threw

upon the *tali* [dice with four oblong sides] aces or sixes, he put down for every *talus* a denarius; all which was gained by him who threw a Venus [the highest cast]." In another letter he writes, "We had, my dear Tiberius, a pleasant time of it during the festival of Minerva: for we played every day and kept the gaming-board warm. Your brother uttered many exclamations at a desperate run of ill-fortune: but, recovering by degrees and unexpectedly, he in the end lost not much. I lost twenty thousand sesterces for my part; but then I was profusely generous in my play, as I commonly am; for had I insisted upon the stakes which I declined, or kept what I gave away, I should have won about fifty thousand. But this I like better; for it will raise my character for generosity to the skies." In a letter to his daughter: "I have sent you two hundred and fifty denarii, which I gave to every one of my guests; in case they were inclined at supper to divert themselves with the *tali*, or at the game of even-or-odd." And in the eighty-seventh chapter, in commenting upon the peculiarities and affectations of Augustus in ordinary conversation—how, for instance, he would substitute one word for another, and the accusative plural for the genitive singular, and, in a word, have all the tricks of fashionable talk—Suetonius concludes by saying, "I have likewise remarked this singularity in his handwriting; he never divides his words, so as to carry his letters which cannot be inserted at the end of a line to the next, but puts them below the other, inclosed by a bracket."

Our second reference is to the Life of Nero, where in the fifty-second chapter we hear of the emperor's turn for poetry, which he composed both with pleasure and ease; nor did he, says Suetonius, as some think, publish those of other writers as his own. In fact, writes his biographer, "several little pocket-books and loose sheets have come into my possession, which contain some well-known verses in his own hand, and written in such a manner that it was very evident, from the blotting and interlining, that they had not been transcribed from a copy, nor dictated by another, but were written by the composer of them."

So much for the handwriting of Cæsar Augustus and the poetry of Nero. From them both must we now turn to a Bohemian country gentleman (there being nothing between), who, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, in a book that contained his exploits of the chase, first collected the signatures of his friends; in testimony, we imagine, either to the truth of what he wrote or of some similar adventures of their own. Between Cæsar Augustus and the Bohemian squire lie the dark ages of the autograph collector, the good times for the mediæval pastry cook, when ignorance and the barbarian did their worst on the treasures of the past. Documents so carefully kept were in those days as carelessly destroyed, either from the popular suspicion that they treated of magic—for instance, the manuscripts of Pythagoras at Athens—or were accounted for by the ravaging Northmen, or consumed by a more inexcusable process even still—by which some of the most interesting records of this country met their fate about forty years ago—and to which we shall presently revert. From whatever cause, autographs follow much the same upward and downward career as *belles lettres*, and, owing to wholesale destruction, until the renaissance of learning, when copies of important manuscripts began to be kept by the monks and to pass to the libraries, there is scarcely a writing handed down to to-day on which the gravest suspicion of its genuineness has not been cast by the expert.

The Bohemian squire of 1507, with his *Album Amicorum*, the signatures and the marks of his great hunter friends, is the first of modern collectors, and he it noted that he collected only the signatures of his *friends*, for friendship's sake and not for curiosity. The custom became fashionable and almost universal in Germany, not only with the hunter but with the traveller; young fellows on the grand tour, who on returning would produce their *alba* in proof of the good company they kept while on the road; and of these little books there are five or six hundred to be seen in the manuscript department of the British Museum, the earliest dated 1554, in the Egerton collection, and one containing the almost priceless signature of Milton.

By that time, the time of Milton, the friendly habit of the Bohemian squire had grown and altered, and at the close of the century the *alba* contained the names and sentiments of mere acquaintances and strangers, written often under their coats-of-arms, splendidly illuminated with their legends and mottoes; and often were mere registers of genealogy, proofs of gentility for tourneys, *Stammbücher* as they were called, whereby a gentleman could give evidence of his breeding and the right to match his quarterings against another's. From the nobility the *Stammbücher* descended to the gentry and the *bourgeoisie*—there is one extant, peculiarly magnificent, the property once of a Nüremberg-master-flautist—nor was it long before the usage became entirely general, nor long before every student possessed one to identify his origin, his faith, his university, his titles, and his patrons. The wandering seeker after knowledge who passed through the different universities, or the Leipsic *freshman* newly arrived, would present himself before the world-renowned professor or college tutor for advice and guidance in general or particular, and at the same time produce his album for some scrap of learning to be inserted in it. "I shall not leave you," says the scholar in Goethe's tragedy to Mephistopheles, dressed in the robe and bonnet of the learned doctor Faust, "I shall not leave you without presenting my album: deign to honor it with a souvenir from your hand." "Very gladly," replies Mephistopheles, and writing in it returns it to him; and the scholar reads, "Thou shalt be like unto God, knowing the good and the evil!" Whereupon, having got his advice and now his sentiment, the scholar salutes the fiend respectfully and withdraws.

There is a story told in Izaak Walton's "Life of Sir Henry Wotton" that very clearly illustrates the mode of writing in these *alba*, at any rate in the seventeenth century. Sir Henry was at the time our ambassador at Venice, and passing thence through Germany stayed at Augusta, a town we take to be now better recognized as Dresden. There, being well known from his former travels, he spent many evenings in decorous merriment, and one in particular at

the house of a certain Christopher Flecamore, where there was presented to him an album for some sentiment, opinion, or apothegm, to be graciously written in it above his signature. Sir Henry might, indeed, have followed the practice of that archbishop who to such an application is wont to reply, "Sir, I never gave my autograph and I never will. Yours truly, Ebor"—or Cantuar, as the case may be; or, at least, of the politic bishop who invariably inscribes his at the top of the sheet, leaving no room above it for an I O U; but unfortunately he did neither, for not being then so industriously watchful over tongue and pen as he claims the incident later made him, he in thoughtlessness placed over his indisputable signature this pleasant and light-hearted definition of an ambassador: "Legatus est vir bonus peregre missus ad mentiendum reipublicæ causâ"—an ambassador is a worthy soul sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country—a pun, no doubt, of one kind or another in English, but none in Latin. There, in the album, slept the pleasant definition of an ambassador for eight long years, slept there unregarded except by mirth, until one Jasper Scioppius, a Romanist, of a restless spirit and a malicious pen, who had vented much gall on the royal James himself, the principles of his religion, and his representative at Venice, there discovered, unearthed, and published it, with the observation that this was ever the practice of the English in general and Sir Henry Wotton in particular—*mentiri reipublicæ causâ*. The pleasant definition was even scrawled on many windows of Venetian glass, and declared by countersign to be Sir Henry's. Then did Sir Henry, startled and hurt, write two *apologia*, or explanations, one in Latin to Velsenus, literary chief of Augusta, by him printed and scattered over Germany and Italy; and one to King James, in *genius clear*, says Walton, and *choicely eloquent*; and thereupon did the royal scholar, a *pure judge* in such matters, publicly declare before the court that Sir Henry Wotton had commuted publicly for a far greater offence; and as broken bones well set will become the stronger, so for this slight fracture did Sir Henry's friends become trebly dear, for the incident taught him which were

the friends of fair and which of foul weather, who would stand by him in storm and who were only for the sunshine. And, further, it taught him that industrious guard over tongue and pen which never after slumbered or grew weary.

Later, each chose his book, whatever it might be, and interleaved and illustrated it; and as sects and parties flourished, with their various literature and various chiefs, so flourished these *alba*, and presented with quotations and signatures an epitome of the matters in dispute and the men disputing.

It was in the seventeenth century that the collector of documents and autographs for curiosity's sake, and not for friendship's, first appears in the person of Lom  nie de Brienne, ambassador of Henry IV., who died in 1638, and whose collection, arranged by Dupuy, was acquired by Louis XIV. and placed by him in the royal library. This Dupuy, with his brother Paul, were about the same time for forty years engaged in forming a collection of crown treaties and letters, ultimately left by them to Louis XIII. These were the first collections, for curiosity's sake, of documents and letters of eminent officials, accumulating in the hands of the ambassadors and other public men, and by them exchanged and sold. And as in France so in England, where Evelyn and Ralph Thoresby the antiquary, and a little later Harley and Sir R. Cotton, began to arrange the letters of their eminent friends and to see the future historical value of the papers of the day. Until the year 1822 all transactions connected with collections, all sales and transfers, were effected privately; in that year, for the first time, autographs were disposed of publicly and singly.

We have written at some length of the main and legitimate treasures of a great collection: it will not, then, perhaps be altogether out of place if we refer briefly to some of the lighter pieces, the clipt coins, the make-weights as it were, of which most portfolios, unless ruthlessly purged, have their share. Sometimes it is an array of the signatures of forgers, the receipts of Fauntleroy, the letters of Roupell, Paul, and Sadleir, sometimes the scrawl of Calcraft, or of Oxford the would-be regicide; sometimes the early

efforts of those afterwards destined to greatness, the copy-book of "William Pitt, July 19, 1770," in which in a great round pothook hand is to be seen: "True glory is scarcely known: *Virtus parvo pretio licet omnibus*." Such seem to us, as we have said in echo of Cicero, scarcely worthy of the *ingeniosus*, and better fitted for the *curiosus*; though to which the following should be relegated;—Falconer's log-book, his marine observations of flying fish and sharks, interspersed with snatches of verse; a letter of Charles Lamb's, recommending a nurse for any one requiring restraint; a poem of Cotton's, the friend of Walton, "Against old men taking physic;" a strange up-and-down performance of John O'Keefe's, the blind dramatist; fragments bearing the bold *Jacques R.* of the Old Pretender; a scrawl of Morland's, declaring how "damned drunk" he had been the night before; receipts for Jamaica negroes and negresses in 1800, from which we find they averaged, both sexes alike, from a hundred to a hundred and ten pounds;—whether those are best suited to the *curiosus* or the *ingeniosus*, we leave others to decide.

It can readily be guessed that to so many records of so many great, so many notorious, there must be strange stories attached; that there must be thefts, concealments, abstractions, substitutions, and many of them, before Henry VIII. can rest at last in a private portfolio, or Shakespeare lie even in the sanctuary of the British Museum. Some of the most interesting of the Byron correspondence was purloined by a housemaid of his sister's, and by that housemaid's admirer pawned, of which illegal pledge in a fit of remorse and impecuniosity he delivered the tickets. How strange must have been the career of that last letter of Mary Queen of Scots, to get into the archives of the Irish college at Paris, and thence into the private hands it did at the Revolution! The Revolution goes for much in autographs, for much change, for much displacement, and, above all, for much destruction. Those days, when the archives of the Vatican and the libraries of the conquered towns were brought to Paris, were great days for pastrycooks and, through them, for amateurs; but they were days that had their dark hours as

well, for in 1789 some of the most precious of the public documents of France were used as "*propres à faire des gargousses*"—just the thing for cartridge-cases!—and, in 1793, numbers of invaluable letters, among them the whole correspondence of Turenne and Louis XIV., were burnt amid cries of "*Plus de nobles, plus de titres de noblesse, plus de savans, plus d'écrits d'eux, plus de livres!*"

We, too, here in England have had our Vandalism, not of passion and ignorance, but of carelessness and indifference. It was to that we referred above when we wrote of an inexcusable destruction of records of forty years ago, of public documents that contained much of the history of the country from Henry VII. to George IV. To expose it dramatically, in action, the story is briefly this.

On a day in the year 1840, there calls at a fishmonger's shop in Old Hungerford Market, kept by a Yarmouth man named Jay, a friend, himself from Yarmouth, no fishmonger, but a connoisseur and collector of autographs—with, moreover, a sick son, for whom he desired to buy soles. He buys his soles, and they are wrapped for him in a large stiff sheet of paper, torn from a folio volume that stands at Jay's elbow on the dresser, and with that the connoisseur goes home, and, unwrapping the soles, delivers them to the cook; when, there on the large stiff sheet of paper his well-trained eye catches the signatures of Godolphin, Sunderland, Ashley, Lauderdale. The wrapping of the soles is a sheet of the victualling charges for prisoners in the Tower, in the reign of James II., and the signatures are those of his ministers.

Any other man must have given some sign, have gone off to tell somebody; not so the connoisseur, but he takes his hat and stick, and, whistling a bit, walks back straight into Jay's shop, the shop of his fellow-townsmen, and he buys a whiting, and he says, "That's pretty good paper of yours, Jay," says he; and Jay says, "Yes, it is, but plaguy stiff," wrapping the whiting in another great sheet of the folio, and adds, "I've got a good bit of it, too; I got it from Somerset House."

The connoisseur's heart gives a great

leap, but, the hero of a hundred bargains, he remains cool and asks the price of cod. "Fivepence," returns Jay: "they advertised ten ton of waste paper, and I offered seven pound a ton, which they took, d'ye see? And I've got three ton of it in the stables, and the other seven they keep till I want it." "All like this?" asks the connoisseur, faint with expectancy. "Pretty much," replies Jay, "all odds and ends."

The connoisseur goes home, with whiting, with cod, with mackerel, with skate, with parcels of every kind of fish for his poor fanciful sick son, and moreover with a great bundle of these precious papers from Somerset House, handed over to him carelessly by his fellow-townsmen Jay, who knows his friend's little weakness for rubbish and fragments, and obligingly sends round to the stables for an armful for him. And, safe at home, the connoisseur casts the fish on the floor, and uncreases the papers, and his head swims as he looks on accounts of the Exchequer Office signed by Henry VII. and Henry VIII., wardrobe accounts of Queen Anne, and dividend receipts signed by Pope, Newton, Dryden, and Wren. He is obliged to throw up the window for air, as in his armful he discovers secret service accounts marked with the E. G. of Nell Gwynne, a treatise on the Eucharist in the boyish hand of Edward VI., and a disquisition on the Order of the Garter in the scholarly writing of Elizabeth. The Government, in disposing by tender of their old papers to Jay, the fishmonger, have disposed of memorials of those whom, if the country has not most reason to be proud of, she has at least most reason to remember.

During the next week or so the connoisseur is scarcely ever out of Jay's shop, and shows so lively a regard for Jay's conversation and old rubbishy papers that Jay scarcely knows whether to admire or pity him. On one pretext or another he constantly carries off little bundles and wrappers, and so might have continued till the supply was exhausted had he not, like a true connoisseur, begun to exhibit his treasures, and with many pokes and winks detail his own astonishing astuteness and Jay's credulity. First, cautiously enough, to his own immediate relatives, to an uncle

whose tastes are similar, and who raids on Jay with a spring cart ; but soon the news spreads, and there are so many of these fishy visits paid to Jay that he begins to suspect their purport, and, overhauling what is left of his three tons, forthwith and henceforth wraps his turbot in the "Morning Star" and gives the wardrobe accounts of Queen Anne a rest. And now the Government are roused to a sense of their loss. Are there thieves at Somerset House ? Whence, otherwise, comes it that letters of Cardinal Wolsey to his king are in the market ? Whence, that the correspondence between Clement VII. and Henry VIII. on the subject of his divorce are in the possession of a dealer willing to part with them again for gold ? These precious papers are, and ever have been, Government property : what rat has gnawed his way into the ancient chests and let the winds of heaven so wantonly scatter them ?

Then the whole affair is blown, and the public clamor for a committee of inquiry ; and, while the committee sits, hirelings descend into the vaults of Somerset House, and by the official order so mutilate poor Jay's remaining seven tons (with which he had flattered himself he would much more advantageously deal than with the first three), that except for sprat-wrapping and the veriest herring purposes, for which, after all, they were sold, they are useless ; and, to complete the tale of his misfortunes, the devouring element makes short work of his stables and all that was left of the early delivery of these priceless records ; so that at the end Jay, of Hungerford Market, finds himself pretty much where he began, except for the reputation so hardly won of having for some three weeks wrapped soles in official folio documents which the British Museum would have been only too proud to place under their best ground glass. In the words of the old law reports, Jay takes scarcely anything by his motion.

Finally, your committee exonerate and acquit every one blamed or accused, with the exception of the thoughtless Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Monteagle ; though, be it said, they are wound somewhat to frenzy pitch on learning from the mouth of an expert

that this 70*l.* tender of old paper was at the lowest worth some 3,000*l.*

One little incident that, like a mountain daisy, turns up among these rather arid questions and answers, may be culled and preserved with care. Among all these papers there were some hundreds and thousands of parchment strips, the meaning and use of which has never been quite clear, unless, as occurs to us, they are the writs delivered to the burgesses and knights of the shire, and by the sheriffs redelivered on the members' attendance. Whatever their object and explanation, many sacks full of them were bought from Jay by one Isinglass, a noted confectioner of the year 1840. But what Isinglass could want with strips of parchment in which he could not possibly wrap anything—except, perhaps, ladies' fingers, which he didn't manufacture—was a puzzle to your committee, who, objecting to being puzzled, pressed the unhappy confectioner on the point, and he, driven into a corner, admitted that, when reduced by boiling, they made the most admirable jelly.

If the above experience of the connoisseur will not entirely account for many strange documents in many strange hands, there are a hundred other ways by which Oliver Cromwell may descend to a scrap-album and Catherine of Aragon find herself at last in a portfolio in incongruous companionship with Almagro, Alfieri, and Ariosto. There are old houses, are there not, and old chests that remain spring-locked for almost as many centuries as the years during which the bride of the "Mistletoe Bough" lay cramped and caught in one of them ? There are niches and vases—elsewhere than at Batheaston—that still contain their verses and love letters, as the Flora holds hers in the play, while the places where they lie hid pass through hands as unsuspecting as those through which the *secrétaire* with guineas in the secret-drawer passes, till some odd accident brings them both to light, a housemaid more conscientious than any these hundred and fifty years, or a chance touch of the secret spring. For 1,700 years, love messages slumbered on the walls of Pompeii—*Sylvanus is my heart's darling !—Julia I burn for only !—Evander is my dear !* scratched with

a *stylus*, as the baker's boy scratched his impudences on Mr. Briggs' front gate. For a hundred years a packet of love letters was tucked away in a niche in Westminster Abbey: a correspondence between whom; intercepted who can tell how? For four hundred years letters of Warwick the king-maker have lain at Belvoir, and have only just been unearthed in a trunk over the stables; and for two hundred, and more, all the correspondence between Cromwell and *Dear Dick*, his son, relative to the choice of the lady he subsequently married, remained unsuspected in an old house in Hampshire.

As when a family breaks and flies asunder like a fractured wheel, and each lays hands for himself on the fragments he most covets, as they steal at a fire and the thief makes off unnoticed, so, are there not servants sufficiently composed in the disorder to pass over watches and snuff-boxes and buckles, and carry off the correspondence of the founder of the house with William of Orange, or the love letters of Pope to the charming woman whose portrait once smiled in the eating-parlor, and smiles now, alas! in King Street, St. James's? For a watch is ever a watch, consider, and in the march of fashion, crabb'd though it often is, still will lose its value and fall to be worth only its mere metal weight; but time that steals is ever elsewhere adding, as the sea adds and steals, and each day that passes, to thin the dial-plate and rob the buckle of its elegance, slips an infinitesimal doir of gold-dust into the scale, wherein, in the other balance, there hangs the original of "Auld Lang Syne," or the actual copy of "When We Two Parted."

In the story-telling vein, and as a pendant to Mr. Jay, let us give a melancholy instance of this, how it comes to pass that Queen Anne, with her *Monsieur mon frère* to Louis XIV., has the thumb-mark of a potboy immediately under her royal sign-manual, and is for sale at Shepherd's Bush. In the frost and the snow of the Crimean winter, there was to be seen, shuffling with broken boots through Wild Street, Drury Lane, one of those melancholy figures the observant Londoner will usually associate with the wheeze of a clarionet and the glare of a public-house door. Under Miser-

rimus' arm, almost the only dry part of him, was tightly held a little brown paper parcel, which, presently, entering a small bookseller's shop, was unfastened and the contents spread on the counter for sale. There happened to be present at the time a well-known dealer, who with half a glance detected the value of the store exposed. He had heard of the crumpled and sodden figure, hanging about with his mysterious parcel and timidly trying unfrequented shops to see if they would buy, and had long been on the look-out for him, and now the wash of a London backwater had thrown him at his feet. He waited about outside till Miserrimus had driven his bargain, and then, getting along side of him shuffling off in the slush, remarked that if ever he saw a man whom brandy-and-water would in that weather do no harm to, Miserrimus was he. It was the work of a moment—as the elder novelists say—to get Miserrimus into a neighboring bar parlor, and, once there, to induce him to open his parcel and let the dealer see what it still contained.

Most strange! Why, one would fancy the poor wretch had had the ransacking of Longwood after great Cæsar's death; one would fancy him let loose in the little room with military furniture, diving and groping among the papers and stuffing his pockets with them, while the little corporal, scarcely cold, lay still and with his terrible brow and eye at rest now, prevented him not! For there, in the bar parlor on the stained table, Miserrimus turned out half the secrets of St. Helena! Under the reeking paraffine lamp lay letters to the ministry on the conduct of the exile and prisoner; complaints of the illustrious prisoner himself as to his brutal *espionage*; letters of Bertrand, Montholon, Las Casas, O'Meara; reports even of the sentries under the sitting-room window, returned from hour to hour, almost from minute to minute: 5.40: *N. rises from the table and crosses the room*—5.45: *returns and seats himself*—6.10: *comes to the window*—6.20: *lamp brought and blind drawn*—6.40: *shadow on blind in conversation—Who?—Not O'M.*

Miserrimus gulps his brandy-and-water, and the dealer purchases, asking no senseless questions. What does it matter to him who his client may be?

A St. Helenist, with a soft corner for the girl who did the great man's room ; a drunken, discharged footman ; a son of Bertrand's who has quarrelled with his father ; a fortunate speculator in old papers when Longwood was cleared ; nay, even if it were Sir Hudson himself, disclaimed by the ministry, down on his luck and dogged by imperialist avengers, what does it matter to him, so long as he gets the pick of the basket and gives a fair price ? And that is just what he does, and so entirely to Miserrimus' satisfaction, that he eschews the gentleman in Wild Street, Drury Lane, and henceforth restricts himself to his new friend, to whom during the next ten or eleven months he constantly shuffles, with his little brown paper parcel under his arm, ever containing something astonishing, interesting, and, above all, genuine. They are his only means of livelihood now, he explains, these papers, however they came into his possession ; and for the next ten or eleven months he spins for himself a resting-place out of them, like the spider out of his bowels ; keeps a roof over his head, as it appeared later, at the cost of his very entrails.

At length the end comes, and Miserrimus trudges his last journey down to Fleet Street, throws the last of them down on the counter. "That's all !" says he, blinking his creasy eyelids and rubbing his trembling knuckles—"that's all, the rest's rubbish !" The dealer, who knows the different views of rubbish taken by different authorities, persuades his friend to allow him to go home with him, and see this rubbish for himself ; and there, at the crazy top of a crazy Clare Market house, dives among the residue at the bottom of a huge trunk, and, among other strange fragments, turns up a cross of the Order of St. Catherine of Jerusalem, an order instituted by the unfortunate Brunswick with the precious Bergamo as Grand Master. "Mine !" chuckles Miserrimus, and, with a yell of laughter, pins the flimsy over a stain on his coat and struts up and down the attic in it.

And who was Miserrimus, who had shuffled backwards and forwards for well-nigh a year between Clare Market and Fleet Street, with the materials for secret history under his tattered arm and

the cross of St. Catherine of Jerusalem at the bottom of his trunk ; who had purveyed and parted with in that time more than eleven hundred documents of the deepest interest—who was he to have in his custody these so-precious papers, that were afterwards eagerly bought by the French Emperor and the representatives of the families to whom they related ? Miserrimus, who then straightway disappeared and was no more seen in Fleet Street, went elsewhere, either to earn a livelihood some other way, or to go the road of all who will not work and so shall not eat—who, indeed, was he ? *Truly*, as the song says, *truly we know, but may not say*. Sufficient, surely, that whatever way you regard him, whether from above or below, he was, indeed, as we have named him—Miserrimus !

And now it will be expected that we write something on the subject of forgeries, which are, after all, more or less closely connected with autographs ; though, as our space narrows, we will not treat, as at length we might, of the shameless rogue who, after a long and successful career among the inexperienced, overleaps himself at last by the production of Julius Cæsar's despatches in the original French, or the correspondence between Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot in the original German ! Nor of him, a little higher in the scale of cheats, who in the guise of Dr. Goldsmith writes to Reynolds as *My dear Sir Joshua*, two years before he was made a knight, or indites an elegant epistle of Dr. Doddridge on paper that, when held up to the light, discovers a watermark of 1824. These are trifles of accuracy that may well escape a mind full of other more important detail, and must not detain us now. Turn we instead to the ingenious manufacturer of letters of Henry VIII., Rabelais, and Dunois, the Bastard of Orleans ; masterpieces which, long the gem of many a well-known collection, first saw the light in an obscure garret *au sixième* in Paris ; masterpieces which, once the pride and glory of the *virtuoso*, unhappily reached their *αἰσιμον ἦμαρ* when Dunois was knocked down amid derision for a pound, the fair price of ingenuity ; and Rabelais, discovered to be a *pasticcio* of phrases picked from other correspond-

ence, went for five-and-twenty shillings.

The true artist in antique letters has two main difficulties to contend with—paper and ink ; for he must be supplied with paper of the time, that is indispensable to his craft. No doubt our friend Jay, though not of course intentionally, would have been able to drive a fine trade in this commodity, but for misadventure and interference. Next he takes an ink which, as far as chemical ingredients can help him, will assume quickly the decomposed appearance true ink acquires with age, and therein lies the forger's weak point. No chemical knowledge has yet enabled him to obtain the peculiar look of old ink which has decomposed gradually, and which shows the thinner and thicker flow as the pen is laid on. The false ink decomposes equally, the letters being of the same regular tone of color, but often varying in depth, from pale and thin to dark and thick in places. As for his models for working from, they are to be found and are easily accessible in any of the great national libraries, and an abundant source is also available in all works of facsimile, notably the famous "Isographie des Hommes Célèbres." The close imitation of these is a study of a life, and leads to such perfection that it demands the highest skill to enable an expert to detect the falsity where the forger has not ventured so boldly upon his work as to produce an original letter.

Then it is he makes his mistake, the inevitable mistake of the rogue—then comes the *αίσυρον ήμαρ*. "One can be sharper than the individual," says La Rochefoucauld, "but not sharper than all the individuals."

As for instance. In the year of the Great Exhibition of 1851 there flashed on London a brilliant young man, of distinguished appearance and manner, who announced himself, though not loudly or obtrusively, as Byron's son ; with a quantity of his father's correspondence and Shelley's, which he was anxious to edit ; and further anxious to rearrange and collate many of the poet's letters which had already appeared, and some which had not. With an engaging air, then, and, be it said, the strongest personal resemblance to

his supposititious father, he set about borrowing from the best known collectors such of Byron's letters as he thought would best suit his purpose. These he laboriously copied, sent back the copies, and disposed of the originals for what he could get. Then with the halo of a preface from Mr. Browning he published the Shelley letters from the respectable firm of Moxon, and they by the literary world were accepted as genuine ; until—and here was the mistake of the ardent Guiccioli—they fell into the hands of Crofton Croker, who, much struck with a passage they contained, believed he recognized it, and, turning to an old volume of the "Quarterly Review," found that there sure enough was the passage, and that he sure enough—Crofton Croker, and not Shelley—was the author of it. The hue and cry was set to work, assisted by the collectors, astonished to find copies of their own Byron letters figuring at sales, but young Childe Harold had flown and was over the blue wave. He came, it is believed, to an end one can scarcely call untimely, as a petty officer in the American Civil War.

To resume. The forger is again, as we have shown, besides the dangers of his paper and ink, sometimes condemned by the watermark ; though it is only just to him to say that in this respect as a rule he takes care to be safe. Sometimes he is so rash as to run a date rather fine, as in the case of the Rabelais letter, when it was observed that the paper bore a mark which very closely corresponded, if it were not identical, with that on a letter of Michael Angelo in the British Museum, dated Rome, 1555, while the Rabelais letter bore date more than twenty years earlier. But it was not so much the watermark—that might have been suffered to pass—as the R of the signature, with too long a tail to it and a general air of *gêne* and the complete want of freedom about the *paraphe*, coupled with the misfortune that he was made to write from Italy when he was known to be at Montpellier, that raised the scoff at the last sale at which it figured, and cut short its career by a solitary and an insulting bid of five-and-twenty shillings.

In conclusion, we offer a few general remarks, observations which have pre-

sented themselves to notice during the course of our study of this interesting subject. As to the rarity of famous signatures, Shakespeare's is of course the rarest. There are but six of them known: three to the will, two to conveyances of property, and one in Giovanni Florio's translation of Montaigne of 1603, in the British Museum; of which six, two out of the three on the will are, by some experts, supposed to be written by an amanuensis. To these there may possibly be added one other, of which the Americans claim the discovery, found in a folio edition of the plays, formerly owned by Dr. Ward, vicar of Stratford-on-Avon in 1662. It is, of course, extremely likely that Dr. Ward, who was settled in Stratford within fifty years of Shakespeare's death, should have known several who knew the poet intimately, and from any one of whom he might easily have obtained the signature pasted in his folio. Signatures of Shakespeare are not to us of extreme interest, so long as we have "Hamlet" and "King Lear;" but for many they are so, no doubt, and for all they have a financial value; this is a matter for the expert to whom the American discovery is, we believe, to be submitted. The book itself was found out west of the Rocky Mountains, in the Mormon country, and is supposed to have been brought over by the Mormon immigrants of forty years ago. But from 1662 to 1835, we hear nothing of it; is it believed in that interval the signature lay there unregarded, or covered over; to have been considered of no value or interest, to a century too which produced young Master Ireland? Whatever the explanation, it has been secured by Mr. Gunther of Chicago, the best known of American collectors, of mark over here as the purchaser of the original of "Auld Lang Syne." That there is no other signature of Shakespeare's to be hoped for, in this country at any rate, has been made tolerably clear by Mr. Halliwell Phillips, who for the last thirty years has been searching the archives of the kingdom, and has not found even a suggestion of one.

Next to Shakespeare in rarity comes Molière, perhaps before him if numbers are reckoned; for of Molière we believe the only signatures known are, at the

most, five; of which one was the other day presented by Dumas to the *Comédie Française*. Of his plays, no more than of Shakespeare's, no fragment is known to exist. There is, it is true, a legend that somewhere in the heart of France, in an ancient château that escaped the storms of 1793, there is treasured the whole of one of the comedies in manuscript, one that has lain there restfully since its first possessor carried it off from Versailles in 1665. He was, the legend declares, the original of one of Molière's silly marquises, who, retiring from the Court in dudgeon, took with him the play, to wreak his vengeance on it, like a bull on an empty coat. But, on examination, it all appears to be only what is very likely rather than what is true. At least, if it *be* true, the present owner can prove in no better way that he has not inherited the qualities of his ancestor than by coming forward and letting us have a sight of his heirloom:

To confine ourselves to the celebrities of our own country, the signatures of General Wolfe, of Lord Clive, of Algernon Sidney, of Defoe (whose papers were destroyed while he was standing in the pillory), of George Eliot, of Charlotte Brontë, are among the rarest. Milton's is the rarest of all English literary signatures after Shakespeare. Letters of the queens of Henry VIII. are very scarce; one from Catherine of Arragon has quite recently realized 75*l*. Possibly the king unconsciously followed the advice of Sganarelle in "*L'Ecole des Femmes*," who in the seventh maxim makes Agnes recite: "Amongst her furniture, however she dislike it, there must be neither writing-desk, ink, paper, nor pens. According to all good rules, everything written in the house should be written by the husband."

The earliest signatures known are those of laymen of rank in the reign of Richard II., whose sign-manual is itself regarded as the rarest of the English sovereigns. Letters, as we understand them, do not appear till Henry V., and among the first specimens are those well-known of the Paston family, in which is given almost as complete a picture of the condition of the country gentry and aristocracy during the troubles of the Roses as you would gather of the pro-

vincial matters of to-day from the correspondence of the rector's or the squire's wife with her relatives in town. Of sovereigns since Henry VII., Edward VI. and Mary are those most uncommonly met with; indeed, none of our royal signatures are at all, in the autographic sense, common; not half so common, for instance, as those of France, where Louis le Grand signed so freely that his autograph is now scarcely worth the paper it is written on. Later, in the early fighting days of the Republic, there were so many *sabres d'honneur* decreed by a grateful country, that Buonaparte, Berthier, and Bassano (who mostly signed them) go for next to nothing. It is curious to note the rarity of comparatively small names and the often abundant stock of those of greater moment. Somerville, for instance, the poet of "The Chase," commands a far higher price than Dickens, simply because he wrote fewer letters; William Blake is valuable not so much for his own sake as because he did not often bring his large and vague mind down to the level of ordinary correspondence; Leech is scarce, whereas the market has been swamped, since Nugent's sale, with Edmund Kean; and Cowper has been wholly spoilt, from the dealer's point of view, by the publication of his voluminous correspondence with Hayley. Judges, who are only of contemporary interest (*pace* the Lord Chief Justice), go down, while Keats and Mendelssohn go up. In short, in autographs, as in other matters where human reputations are concerned, there goes forward that ceaseless and general *bouleversement* that time so often chuckles to effect.

Sometimes there are of the same letter two copies in existence, and no man can tell which is genuine of the three; sometimes there are copies which, though copies, still have an interest of their own; as, for example, spurious despatches of Parliament and king, sent from headquarters for deception's sake; imitations of Charles' hand, containing false news and purporting to fall into Cromwell's, and *vice versa*. There are, moreover, whole copies of correspondence which have been prepared merely for the printer—as in the case of the letters of the author of "Clarissa"—destined later in their career to cause acute

disappointment to the collector who had for years imagined he possessed the Simon Pure. Only a few years back a careful tracing of the famous receipt for "Paradise Lost" sold for 43*l.* to America—of course, by accident.

Fish in the shallows will make a great splash to regain the river-flow, and humanity in low water will fight desperately to feel once more the tide and current of their former comforts and existence; financial low-water has a balance almost even of great crimes and great virtues—can show well-nigh as long a record of continued effort and continued self-denial as of instant failure and dishonesty. The following does not clearly seem to us to illustrate either one or the other extreme, and so is, perhaps, "doubly dear." There was, thirty years ago, a young Frenchman who in pathetic terms addressed himself to almost every great name in Europe, humbly requesting the favor of a reply—*bien entendu*. He was, he cried, *un homme fini, décapé!* his life was at its lowest ebb, and before him there lay no prospect but that of mud flats and sterile marshes, mouldering timbers and rotting wickerwork; in a word, such was his position, and such his misery, that he proposed at once to commit suicide. Could the recipient of the letter give him any reason why he should stay his hand, any reason why he should drag out a life so utterly barren, hopeless, useless?

The great names of Europe responded like men—and women; some brief, some long, some persuasive, eloquent, tearful even; some curt, scornful, jesting; but they all answered—that was the point. Espartero wrote: "Sir, I do not advise you to kill yourself. Death is a bullet which we must all encounter sooner or later in the battle of life; and it is our part to wait for it patiently." Lacordaire wrote at great length, eight or ten pages in his best style, and there were admirable specimens (both for moral and saleable purposes) forthcoming from Montalembert, Antonelli, Fenimore Cooper, Xavier de Maistre, Sophie Gay, Abd-el-Kader, Alexander Humboldt, Taglioni, Heine, Alfred de Vigny, Rachel, Sontag, Dickens, Georges Sand, Emile Souvestre, Jules Lacroix, and many, many others.

Then, like the Casino Gardens suicides of Monaco, who walk off with their pockets full of notes while the gendarmes go for a stretcher—*solvitur ambulando!*—so did the suicide of thirty years ago walk off, with his pockets also full of notes, and they being disposed of for the highest price they would fetch, took a new lease of life, forswore sack, and looked about him for a way to live cleanly. And it was not until an ardent collector discovered that a large portion of his treasures, newly acquired, consisted of arguments against the folly and criminality of suicide, that the ingenuity of the scheme was as fully appreciated as it deserved.

There are other *saintes larmes* of which we find traces in turning over these portfolios, tears which though not perhaps so sacred are not for that the less bitter; tears of humiliation, almost of despair; tears wrung from proud natures by indifference, by neglect, by want. Often the money such appeals fetch now is far more than the sum appealed for in the letter itself.

Here, for instance, is nine guineas for a letter from Swift, who groans in it over the poverty that follows him. "If I

come to Moor Park," he writes, "it must be on foot." Here is Fielding's complaint of money disappointments, worth 6*l.* 10*s.*; here is Sterne trying to borrow 50*l.*, and poor Goldy writing of his doleful travels and his want of pence, fetching 40*l.* Forty pounds? Why, the very poem sold for only twenty guineas, and here a letter in which he speaks of how much suffering those travels cost him, the auctioneer knocks down for twice the sum! For a few sheets of Burns there is more given to-day than he drew in three years from the excise; and a page of Defoe, on which he writes bitterly of the treatment he had received, goes cheap at eleven guineas.

Is it not pitiful that, to quote the fine image of Swift, Fame so commonly selects the eminence of the tomb, the funeral mound, as a vantage spot to sound her trump from?

Ut clavis portam, sic pandit epistola pectus—these proud hearts speaking after death, these sombre voices from their ashes, how much might not have been spared them if the blast had only sounded on the plain, or called to them in the hollows and depressions of their lives?—*Cornhill Magazine.*

EDUCATION AND DISCONTENT.

THE old idea that education would of itself extirpate crime has gradually been dissipated by experience. It was a foolish idea *à priori*, for there is nothing in the mere development of intelligence to remove the original causes of crime or to cure either malice, or lust, or greed; and it died away before the evidence which shows that education rather changes the form of some kinds of criminality, than extinguishes criminality itself. The educated man swindles when the boor would steal, but the instinct of thievishness is the same in both, while greed is slightly increased by education. The man who can read knows better than the illiterate man what money can do for him, and, therefore, desires it a little more. While, however, instruction will not make men good, one would have thought it would make them intelligent; but in some departments of life it does not appear even to do that.

The new Anarchist faction, which rejects all the teaching not only of history, but of the commonest facts of experience, and even the conclusions of arithmetic, is led by educated men, sometimes of high intellectual attainments. There is no reason to doubt that M. Élisée Reclus is in opinion an Anarchist; and his geographical works are the delight of students, not only for the stores of knowledge contained in them, but for their broad and highly intellectual generalizations. Prince Krapotkine, who, in his final lecture in Paris, as reported in the *Daily News*, counselled the destruction of society by force, is a man of unusual cultivation. Mr. Hyndman, who, though he condemns Anarchism as individualism gone mad, still admits, in his recent conversation with a reporter from the *New York Herald*, that he desires to seize all capital, to equalize all men, and to compel all to

labor, took a fair degree in the London University; and many of the cosmopolitan revolutionists are men familiar with many literatures. Even a man like this Gallo, just arrested in Paris for an attempted massacre of stockbrokers, though widely separated from those we have named by having been convicted of ordinary crime (coining), speaks five languages, and defends himself with the coherent firmness possible only to the educated. He says quite coolly that when he threw a bottle of chemicals on the floor of the Bourse, he hoped the asphyxiating vapor would kill forty brokers, and that when he fired five shots from his revolver, he intended to kill five men. He wanted, he said, to give a shock to the *bourgeoisie* and their system in its central home. That men so trained should not see the moral evil of their purposes is nothing new, for we have had educated criminals by the thousand, and most of the leading Terrorists were educated; but that they should not see the folly of their ideas is, we confess, perplexing, and the more so because in many cases it must be the intellect rather than the heart that is going wrong. Many of the most dangerous Anarchists who profess to despise the old moral law, sacrifice themselves to their cause as readily as the innocent, and live lives of privation and pain for, as they think, the benefit of other people. Even this man Gallo, who avows a design of murder against men he never saw, cannot have hoped to escape, or have looked for any reward from success except the guillotine; while we presume, like every other Anarchist, he would treat the notion of reward in another existence as an idle figment of priests. It is often suggested that Anarchists are insane; but there is no evidence of the fact, which is constantly contradicted by the evidence of their lives. What, in fact, does sanity mean, if men like M. Delescluze or M. Reclus are to be held insane? They differ from other men only in their ideas being self-generated and self-sustained, without help from facts, or any liability to be overthrown by experience. Knowledge leaves their minds unaffected, to work as if knowledge were not; that is all we can say, and that does not in the least explain one of the most perplexing as

well as most disheartening phenomena of modern society.

Connected with this is another symptom, which, if it continues, will kill hope even more, though it is perhaps not so inexplicable. Up to a very recent period, all advocates for popular education were firmly convinced that it would be in itself a strong guarantee for social order. They spoke of Ignorance as a blind giant, who one day would pull down the columns of the social fabric, and never tired of denouncing those who said that education, though good in itself, would increase, and not decrease, social discontent. The American educationists were unanimous upon this point, and used to repeat everywhere a story about the people of Rhode Island being frightened into an education law by an attack on property. It seemed to be so true, too. The people of the educated Eastern States, the people of Prussia, the people of our own Scotland, all seemed to be among the most orderly of mankind, and much more intent than other men on remedying the evils of poverty by industry, thrift, and simplicity of living. The educating process has continued a few more years, and now in Germany there are five hundred thousand Socialists; and all over the Western world, discontent with the order of society, especially upon points which cannot be altered, appears to grow deeper and more violent. So far from the "patience of the poor" growing deeper, it decreases day by day. Look at the new generation in Ireland! Compared with their fathers, they are educated; yet they are distinctly less content, more inclined to a violence which involves rapine, more eager to seek unattainable relief from suffering through courses forbidden by conscience as well as creed. Can the wide spread of education be the cause of the growing restlessness, or is it only synchronous with it? Of the fact there can be no doubt, but the explanation may yet have to be sought through miserable generations.

The facts do not fit each other, and we confess, as fairly impartial observers, to great perplexity. That education should make men more sensitive to any ill conditions in their lot, and more sympathetic with, because more percipient of, the woes of others, would seem nat-

ural enough ; but then, education among the educated makes them more orderly, more gentle, less inclined to violence, even when violence is justifiable. Nothing is more remarkable in the history of manners than the comparative gentleness and tolerance which have entered into the English educated classes within the last seventy years. To those who read carefully the history of those classes before Waterloo, they seem hardly the same people, either in their ideas or their ways. They are three times as contented, to begin with ; take frightful blows, like the recent fall of landlords' incomes, with almost inexplicable patience ; and avow on all sides a dislike for violence which occasionally rises to a perceptible error of judgment, iron requiring to be welded by blows as much as ever it did. Why, then, does partial education among the masses not produce the same effect, but instead of it, discontent, impatience, and an increasing belief that force is, after all, the remedy ? We suppose the truth is that education at first only awakens and makes men perceive what they were blind to before, and that tolerance of what they perceive is of much slower growth. The petulance of the schoolboy comes on the nation, as well as the new apprehension ; while the belief, or partial belief, in violence is a consequence not so much of new knowledge, as of a new sense of power. The strength of the masses has become so apparent to the masses, that they think it can do anything, and ask why, if they can make or abolish any law, they cannot make laws against poverty and suffering. They think, with the schoolboys, that they can do anything, and require the training of life before they can recognize the fixedness

of conditions. That is a fair explanation, but still, it is not perfectly satisfactory. It would leave us the hope that wisdom would come with more and longer education,—as, indeed, it has come to part of the population of Scotland. But still, education, however slight, ought to produce in all directions an increase of sense, an improvement in true mental balance ; and there are directions in which this is not apparent. Prussia improves in education every day, and if ever people had cause to be satisfied with themselves, Prussians have ; yet the inclination to revolutionize society in Prussia in a senseless way, by destruction and not construction, decidedly increases. One would suppose that if everybody could count, capital would be a little safer from attack ; but to all seeming, it is a little less safe. Mr. Goschen would answer, that if men were completely educated, it would be completely safe ; but it is not so, for, as we have said, most Anarchists are even exceptionally well-taught men. Imagine a conspicuous mathematician who believes that the taking of interest must be of necessity a crime against the poor ; yet the case has certainly occurred, and the mathematician faced all manner of disagreeables to make his conviction concrete. Education will give us much in the end, we hope and believe ; but the old enthusiastic hopes from it were, as regards the time of their fruition, evidently illusory. It is no more a panacea than any other, and the good it does is as slow to develop itself as the good that rain does. We have all been just like the poor, and have expected pleasant results too soon, and from mere decrees, and from too little labor.—*The Spectator*.

ON THE PLEASURE OF READING.

BY SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

OF all the privileges we enjoy in this nineteenth century there is none, perhaps, for which we ought to be more thankful than for the easier access to books. In the words of an old English song—

“ Oh for a booke and a shadie nooke,
Eyther in-a-doore or out ;

With the grene leaves whispering overhede,
Or the streete cryes all about.
Where I maie reade all at my ease,
Both of the newe and olde ;
For a jollie goode booke whereon to looke,
Is better to me than golde.”

The debt we owe to books is well expressed by R. de Bury, Bishop of Dur-

ham, author of "Philobiblon," published in 1473, and the earliest English treatise on the delights of literature:—"These are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you."

This feeling that books are real friends is constantly present to all who love reading.

"I have friends," said Petrarch, "whose society is extremely agreeable to me; they are of all ages, and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honors for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it, whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of Nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some, by their vivacity, drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits; while others give fortitude to my mind, and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires, and to depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon their information I may safely rely in all emergencies. In return for all their services, they only ask me to accommodate them with a convenient chamber in some corner of my humble habitation, where they may repose in peace; for these friends are more delighted by the tranquillity of retirement than with the tumults of society."

"He that loveth a book," says Isaac Barrow, "will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter. By study, by reading, by thinking, one may innocently divert and pleasantly entertain himself, as in all weathers, so in all fortunes."

Southey took a rather more melancholy view—

"My days among the dead are pass'd,
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day."

Imagine, in the words of Aikin—

"that we had it in our power to call up the shades of the greatest and wisest men that

ever existed, and oblige them to converse with us on the most interesting topics—what an inestimable privilege should we think it!—how superior to all common enjoyments! But in a well-furnished library we, in fact, possess this power. We can question Xenophon and Caesar on their campaigns, make Demosthenes and Cicero plead before us, join in the audiences of Socrates and Plato, and receive demonstrations from Euclid and Newton. In books we have the choicest thoughts of the ablest men in their best dress."

"Books," says Jeremy Collier, "are a guide in youth and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude, and keep us from being a burthen to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things; compose our cares and our passions; and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride, or design in their conversation."

Cicero described a room without books as a body without a soul. But it is by no means necessary to be a philosopher to love reading.

Sir John Herschel tells an amusing anecdote illustrating the pleasure derived from a book, not assuredly of the first order. In a certain village the blacksmith had got hold of Richardson's novel, "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded," and used to sit on his anvil in the long summer evenings and read it aloud to a large and attentive audience. It is by no means a short book, but they fairly listened to it all. "At length, when the happy turn of fortune arrived, which brings the hero and heroine together, and sets them living long and happily according to the most approved rules, the congregation were so delighted as to raise a great shout, and procuring the church keys, actually set the parish bells ringing."

"The lover of reading," says Leigh Hunt, "will derive agreeable terror from 'Sir Bertram' and the 'Haunted Chamber'; will assent with delighted reason to every sentence in 'Mrs. Barbauld's Essay'; will feel himself wandering into solitudes with 'Gray'; shake honest hands with 'Sir Roger de Coverley'; be ready to embrace 'Parson Adams,' and to chuck 'Pounce' out of the window instead of the hat; will travel with 'Marco Polo' and 'Mungo Park'; stay at home with 'Thomson'; retire with 'Cowley'; be industrious with 'Hutton'; sym-

pathizing with 'Gay and Mrs. Inchbald ;' laughing with (and at) 'Buncle ;' melancholy, and forlorn, and self-restored with the shipwrecked mariner of 'De Foe.'"

The delights of reading have been appreciated in many quarters where we might least expect it. Among the hardy Norsemen Runes were supposed to be endowed with miraculous power. There is an Arabic proverb, that "a wise man's day is worth a fool's life," and though it rather perhaps reflects the spirit of the Califs than of the Sultans, that "the ink of science is more precious than the blood of the martyrs."

Confucius is said to have described himself as a man who "in his eager pursuit of knowledge forgot his food, who in the joy of its attainment forgot his sorrows, and did not even perceive that old age was coming on."

Yet, if this could be said by the Chinese and the Arabs, what language can be strong enough to express the gratitude we ought to feel for the advantages we enjoy. We do not appreciate, I think, our good fortune in belonging to the nineteenth century. A hundred years ago many of the most delightful books were still uncreated. How much more interesting science has become especially, if I were to mention only one name, through the genius of Darwin. Renan has characterized this as a most amusing century ; I should rather have described it as most interesting : presenting us with an endless vista of absorbing problems, with infinite opportunities, with more than the excitements, and less of the dangers, which surrounded our less fortunate ancestors.

Reading, indeed, is by no means necessarily study. Far from it. "I put," says Mr. Frederick Harrison in his excellent article on the "Choice of Books" (*Fortnightly Review*, 1879)—"I put the poetic and emotional side of literature as the most needed for daily use."

In the prologue to the "Legende of Goode Women," Chaucer says—

"And as for me, though that I konne but lyte,
On bokes for to rede I me delyte,
And to him give I feyth and ful credence,
And in myn herte have him in reverence,
So hertely, that ther is game noon,
That fro my bokes maketh me to goon,
But yt be seidome on the holy day,
Save, certynly, when that the month of May

Is comen, and that I here the foules synge,
And that the floures gynnen for to sprynge,
Farwel my boke, and my devocion."

But I doubt whether, if he had enjoyed our advantages, he could have been so certain of tearing himself away even in the month of May.

Macaulay, who had all that wealth and fame, rank and talents could give, yet, we are told, derived his greatest happiness from books. Mr. Trevelyan, in his charming biography, says that—"of the feelings which Macaulay entertained towards the great minds of bygone ages it is not for any one except himself to speak. He has told us how his debt to them was incalculable ; how they guided him to truth ; how they filled his mind with noble and graceful images ; how they stood by him in all vicissitudes—comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude, the old friends who are never seen with new faces ; who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory, and in obscurity. Great as were the honors and possessions which Macaulay acquired by his pen, all who knew him were well aware that the titles and rewards which he gained by his own works were as nothing in the balance as compared with the pleasure he derived from the works of others."

There was no society in London so agreeable that Macaulay would have preferred it at breakfast or at dinner to the company of Sterne or Fielding, Horace Walpole or Boswell.

The love of reading which Gibbon declared he would not exchange for all the treasures of India was, in fact, with Macaulay "a main element of happiness in one of the happiest lives that it has ever fallen to the lot of the biographer to record."

Moreover, books are now so cheap as to be within the reach of almost every one. This was not always so. It is quite a recent blessing.

Mr. Ireland, to whose charming little "Book Lover's Enchiridion," in common with every lover of reading, I am greatly indebted, tells us that when a boy he was so delighted with White's "Natural History of Selborne," that in order to possess a copy of his own he actually copied out the whole work.

Mary Lamb gives a pathetic description of a studious boy lingering at a book-stall :—

"I saw a boy with eager eye
Open a book upon a stall,
And read, as he'd devour it all ;
Which, when the stall man did espy,
Soon to the boy I heard him call,

'You, sir, you never buy a book,
Therefore in one you shall not look.'
The boy passed slowly on, and with a sigh
He wished he never had been taught to
read.
Then of the old churl's books he should have
had no need."

Such snatches of literature have, indeed, a special and peculiar charm. This is, I believe, partly due to the very fact of their being brief. Many readers, I think, miss much of the pleasure of reading, by forcing themselves to dwell too long continuously on one subject. In a long railway journey, for instance, many persons take only a single book. The consequence is that, unless it is a story, after half an hour or an hour they are quite tired of it. Whereas, if they had two, or still better three, on different subjects, and one of them being of an amusing character, they would probably find that by changing as soon as they felt at all weary, they would come back again and again to each with renewed zest, and hour after hour would pass pleasantly away. Every one, of course, must judge for himself, but such at least is my experience.

I quite agree, therefore, with Lord Idlesleigh as to the charm of desultory reading, but the wider the field the more important that we should benefit by the very best books in each class. Not that we need confine ourselves to them, but that we should commence with them, and they will certainly lead us on to others. There are of course some books which we must read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. But these are exceptions. As regards by far the larger number, it is probably better to read them quickly, dwelling only on the best and most important passages. In this way, no doubt, we shall lose much, but we gain more by ranging over a wider field. We may in fact, I think, apply to reading Lord Brougham's wise dictum as regards education, and say that it is well to read everything of something, and something of everything. In this way only we can ascertain the bent of our own tastes, for it is a general, though not of course an invariable, rule, that we profit little by books which we do not enjoy.

Our difficulty now is what to select. We must be careful what we read, and not, like the sailors of Ulysses, take

bags of wind for sacks of treasure—not only lest we should even now fall into the error of the Greeks, and suppose that language and definitions can be instruments of investigation as well as of thought, but lest, as too often happens, we should waste time over trash. There are many books to which one may apply, in the sarcastic sense, the ambiguous remark said to have been made to an unfortunate author, "I will lose no time in reading your book."

It is wonderful, indeed, how much innocent happiness we thoughtlessly throw away. An Eastern proverb says that calamities sent by heaven may be avoided, but from those we bring on ourselves there is no escape. Time is often said to be money, but it is more, for it is life itself. Yet how many there are who would cling desperately to life, and yet think nothing of wasting time!

"For who knows most, him loss of time most grieves."

"I remember," says Hillard, "a satirical poem, in which the devil is represented as fishing for men, and adapting his bait to the tastes and temperaments of his prey; but the idlers were the easiest victims, for they swallowed even the naked hook."

"Ask of the wise," says Schiller, in Lord Sherbrooke's translation,

"the moments we forego
Eternity itself cannot retrieve."

Chesterfield's "Letters to his Son," with a great deal that is worldly and cynical, contain certainly much good advice. "Every moment," for instance, he says, "which you now lose is so much character and advantage lost; as, on the other hand, every moment you now employ usefully is so much time wisely laid out at prodigious interest." "Do what you will," he elsewhere observes, "only do something." "Know the true value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it."

Is not happiness indeed a duty, as well as self-denial? It has been well said that some of our teachers err, perhaps, in that "they dwell on the duty of self-denial, but exhibit not the duty of delight." We must, however, be ungrateful indeed if we cannot appreciate the wonderful and beautiful world in

which we live. Moreover, how can we better make others happy than by being cheerful and happy ourselves?

Few, indeed, attain the philosophy of Hegel, who is said to have calmly finished his "*Phaenomenologie des Geistes*" at Jena, on October 14, 1806, not knowing anything whatever of the battle that was raging round him. Most men, however, may at will make of this world either a palace or a prison, and there are few more effective and more generally available sources of happiness than the wise use of books.

Many, I believe, are deterred from attempting what are called stiff books for fear they should not understand them; but, as Hobbes said, there are few who need complain of the narrowness of their minds, if only they would do their best with them.

In reading, however, it is most important to select subjects in which one is interested. I remember years ago consulting Mr. Darwin as to the selection of a course of study. He asked me what interested me most, and advised me to choose that subject. This indeed applies to the work of life generally.

I am sometimes disposed to think that the great readers of the next generation will be, not our lawyers and doctors, shopkeepers and manufacturers, but the laborer and mechanic. Does not this seem natural? The former work mainly with their head; when their daily duties are over the brain is often exhausted, and of their leisure time much must be devoted to air and exercise. The laborer or mechanic, on the contrary, besides working often for much shorter hours, have in their work-time taken sufficient bodily exercise, and could therefore give any leisure they might have to reading and study. They have not done so as yet, it is true; but this has been for obvious reasons. Now, however, in the first place, they receive an excellent education in elementary schools, and have more easy access to the best books.

Ruskin has observed he does not wonder at what men suffer, but he often wonders at what they lose. We suffer much, no doubt, from the faults of others, but we lose much more by our own.

It is one thing, however, to own a

library; it is another to use it wisely. Every one of us may say with Proctor—

"All round the room my silent servants wait—
My friends in every season, bright and dim,
Angels and seraphim
Come down and murmur to me, sweet and low,
And spirits of the skies all come and go
Early and late."

Yet too often they wait in vain. I have often been astonished how little care people devote to the selection of what they read. Books we own are almost innumerable; our hours for reading are, alas! very few. And yet many people read almost by hazard. They will take any book they chance to find in a room at a friend's house; they will buy a novel at a railway-stall if it has an attractive title; indeed, I believe in some cases even the binding affects the choice. The selection is, no doubt, far from easy. I have often wished some one would recommend a list of a hundred good books. If we had such lists drawn up by a few good guides they would be most useful. I have indeed sometimes heard it said that in reading every one must choose for himself, but this reminds me of the recommendation not to go into the water till you can swim.

In the absence of such lists I have picked out the books most frequently mentioned with approval by those who have referred directly or indirectly to the pleasure of reading, and have ventured to include some which, though less frequently mentioned, are especial favorites of my own. Every one who looks at the list will wish to suggest other books, as indeed I should myself, but in that case the number would soon run up.*

I have abstained, for obvious reasons, from mentioning works by living authors, though from many of them—Tennyson, Ruskin, and others—I have myself derived the keenest enjoyment; and have omitted works on science, with one or two exceptions, because the subject is so progressive.

I feel that the attempt is overbold; and I must beg for indulgence; but in—

* Several longer lists have been given; for instance, by Comte ("*Catechism of Positive Philosophy*"); Pycroft ("*Course of English Reading*"); Baldwin ("*The Book Lover*"); and Perkins ("*The Best Reading*").

deed one object which I have had in view is to stimulate others more competent far than I am to give us the advantage of their opinions.

Moreover, I must repeat that I suggest these works rather as those which, as far as I have seen, have been most frequently recommended, than as suggestions of my own, though I have slipped in a few of my own special favorites.

In the absence of such lists we may fall back on the general verdict of mankind. There is a "struggle for existence" and a "survival of the fittest" among books, as well as among animals and plants.

As Alonzo of Aragon said, "Age is a recommendation in four things—old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old books to read." Still, this cannot be accepted without important qualifications. The most recent books of history and science contain, or ought to contain, the most accurate information and the most trustworthy conclusions. Moreover, while the books of other races and times have an interest from their very distance, it must be admitted that many will still more enjoy, and feel more at home with, those of our own century and people.

Yet the oldest books of the world are remarkable and interesting on account of their very age; and the works which have influenced the opinions or charmed the leisure hours of millions of men in distant times and far-away regions are well worth reading on that very account, even if they seem scarcely to deserve their reputation. It is true that to many of us such works are accessible only in translations; but translations, though they can never perhaps do justice to the original, may yet be admirable in themselves. The Bible itself, which must stand at the head of the list, is a conclusive case.

At the head of all non-Christian moralists, I must place the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius, certainly one of the noblest books in the whole of literature; so short, moreover, so accessible, and so well translated that it is always a source of wonder to me that it is so little read. Next to Marcus Aurelius I think must come Epictetus. The "Analects" of Confucius will, I believe, prove disap-

pointing to most English readers, but the effect it has produced on the most numerous race of men constitutes in itself a peculiar interest. The "Ethics" of Aristotle, perhaps, appear to some disadvantage from the very fact that they have so profoundly influenced our views of morality. The Koran, like the "Analects" of Confucius, will to most of us derive its principal interest from the effect it has exercised, and still exercises, on so many millions of our fellow-men. I doubt whether in any other respect it will seem to repay perusal, and to most persons probably certain extracts, not too numerous, would appear sufficient.

The writings of the Apostolic Fathers have been collected in one volume by Wake. It is but a small one, and though I must humbly confess that I was disappointed, they are perhaps all the more curious from the contrast they afford to those of the apostles themselves. Of the later Fathers I have included only the "Confessions" of St. Augustine, which Dr. Pusey selected for the commencement of the "Library of the Fathers," and as he observes has "been translated again and again into almost every European language, and in all loved;" though Luther was of opinion that he "wrote nothing to the purpose concerning faith;" but then Luther was no great admirer of the Fathers. St. Jerome, he says, "writes, alas! very coldly;" Chrysostom "digresses from the chief points;" St. Jerome is "very poor;" and in fact, he says, "the more I read the books of the Fathers the more I find myself offended;" while Renan, in his interesting autobiography, compared theology to a Gothic Cathedral, "elle a la grandeur, les vides immenses, et le peu de solidité."

Among other devotional works most frequently recommended are Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," Pascal's "Pensées," Spinoza's "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus," Butler's "Analogy of Religion," Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," Keble's beautiful "Christian Year," and last, not least, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

Aristotle and Plato again stand at the head of another class. The "Politics" of Aristotle, and Plato's "Dialogues," if not the whole, at any rate the "Prædo"

and the "Republic," will be of course read by all who wish to know anything of the history of human thought, though I am heretical enough to doubt whether they repay the minute and laborious study often devoted to them.

Aristotle being the father, if not the creator, of the modern scientific method, it has followed naturally—indeed, almost inevitably—that his principles have become part of our very intellectual being, so that they seem now almost self-evident, while his actual observations, though very remarkable—as, for instance, when he observes that bees on one journey confine themselves to one kind of flower—still have been superseded by others, carried on under more favorable conditions. We must not be ungrateful to the great master, because his own lessons have taught us how to advance.

Plato, on the other hand, I say so with all respect, seems to me in some cases to play on words: his arguments are very able, very philosophical, often very noble; but not always conclusive; in a language differently constructed they might sometimes tell in exactly the opposite sense. If this method has proved less fruitful, if in metaphysics we have made but little advance, that very fact in one point of view leaves the "Dialogues" of Socrates as instructive now as ever they were; while the problems with which they deal will always rouse our interest, as the calm and lofty spirit which inspires them must command our admiration.

I would also mention Demosthenes' "De Coronâ," which Lord Brougham pronounced the greatest oration of the greatest of orators; Lucretius, Plutarch's Lives, Horace, and at least the "De Officiis," "De Amicitia," and "De Senectute" of Cicero.

The great epics of the world have always constituted one of the most popular branches of literature. Yet how few, comparatively, ever read the "Iliad" or "Odyssey," Hesiod or Virgil, after leaving school.

The "Nibelungenlied," or great Anglo-Saxon epic, is perhaps too much neglected, no doubt on account of its painful character. Brunhild and Kriemhild, indeed, are far from perfect, but we meet with few such "live" women

in Greek or Roman literature. Nor must I omit to mention Sir T. Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," though I confess I do so mainly in deference to the judgment of others.

Among the Greek tragedians, Æschylus, if not the whole, at any rate "Prometheus," perhaps the sublimest poem in Greek literature, and the "Trilogy" (Mark Pattison considered "Agamemnon" "the grandest work of creative genius in the whole range of literature"); or, as Mr. Grant Duff recommends, the "Persæ;" Sophocles ("Cedipus"), Euripides ("Medea"), and Aristophanes ("The Knights"); though I think most modern readers will prefer our modern poets.

I should like, moreover, to say a word for Eastern poetry, such as portions of the "Mahabharata" and "Ramayana" (too long probably to be read through, but of which Talboys Wheeler has given a most interesting epitome in the two first volumes of his "History of India"); the "Shahnameh," the work of the great Persian poet, Firdusi; and the Sheking, the classical collection of ancient Chinese odes. Many, I know, will think I ought to have included Omar Khayyam.

In history we are beginning to feel that the vices and vicissitudes of kings and queens, the dates of battles and wars, are far less important than the development of human thought, the progress of art, of science, and of law, and the subject is on that very account even more interesting than ever. I will, however, only mention, and that rather from a literary than an historical point of view, Herodotus, Xenophon (the "Anabasis"), Thucydides, and Tacitus ("Germania"); and of modern Historians, Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," Hume's "History of England," Carlyle's "French Revolution," Grote's "History of Greece," and Green's "Short History of England."

Science is so rapidly progressive that, though to many minds it is the most fruitful and interesting subject of all, I cannot here rest on that agreement which, rather than my own opinion, I take as the basis of my list. I will therefore only mention Bacon's "Novum Organum," Mill's "Logic," and Darwin's "Origin of Species;" in Political Economy, which some of our rulers now scarce-

ly seem sufficiently to value, Mill, and parts of Smith's "Wealth of Nations," for probably those who do not intend to make a special study of political economy would scarcely read the whole.

Among voyages and travels, perhaps those most frequently suggested are Cook's "Voyages," Humboldt's "Travels," and Darwin's "Naturalist on the *Beagle*;" though I confess I should like to have added many more.

Mr. Bright not long ago specially recommended the less-known American poets, but he probably assumed that every one would have read Shakespeare, Milton ("Paradise Lost," "Lycidas," and minor poems), Chaucer, Dante, Spenser, Dryden, Scott, Wordsworth, Pope, Southey, Heine, and others, before embarking on more doubtful adventures.

Among other books most frequently recommended are Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," "The Arabian Nights," "Don Quixote," Boswell's "Life of Johnson," White's "Natural History of Selborne," Burke's Select Works (Payne), the Essays of Addison, Hume, Montaigne, Macaulay, and Emerson; the plays of Molière and Sheridan; Carlyle's "Past and Present," Smiles' "Self-help," and Goethe's "Faust" and "Wilhelm Meister."

Nor can one go wrong in recommending Berkeley's "Human Knowledge," Descartes' "Discours sur la Méthode," Locke's "Conduct of the Understanding," Lewes' "History of Philosophy;" while, in order to keep within the number one hundred, I can only mention Molière and Sheridan among dramatists. Macaulay considered Marivaux's "La Vie de Marianne" the best novel in any language, but my number is so nearly complete that I must content myself with English; and will suggest Miss Austen (either "Emma" or "Pride and Prejudice"), Thackeray ("Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis"), Dickens ("Pickwick" and "David Copperfield"), G. Eliot ("Adam Bede"), Kingsley ("Westward Ho!"), Lytton ("Last Days of Pompeii"), and last, not least, those of Scott, which indeed constitute a library in themselves, but which I must ask, in return for my trouble, to

be allowed, as a special favor, to count as one.

To any lover of books the very mention of these names brings back a crowd of delicious memories, grateful recollections of peaceful home hours, after the labors and anxieties of the day. How thankful we ought to be for these inestimable blessings, for this numberless host of friends who never weary, betray, or forsake us.

LIST OF 100 BOOKS.

Works by Living Authors are omitted.

The Bible
The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius (Long's translation)
Epictetus
Aristotle's Ethics
Analects of Confucius (Legge's trans.)
St. Hilaire's *La Bouddha et sa religion*
Wake's Apostolic Fathers
Thomas à Kempis' *Imitation of Christ*
Confessions of St. Augustine (Dr. Pusey)
The Koran (portions of)
Spinoza's *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*
Comte's *Catechism of Positive Philosophy* (Congreve)
Pascal's *Pensées*
Butler's *Analogy of Religion*
Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*
Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*
Keble's *Christian Year*

Plato's *Dialogues*; at any rate, the *Republic* and *Phædo*
Aristotle's *Politics*
Demosthenes' *De Coronâ*
Cicero's *De Officiis*, *De Amicitia*, and *De Senectute*
Plutarch's *Lives*
Berkeley's *Human Knowledge*
Descartes' *Discours sur la Méthode*
Locke's *On the Conduct of the Understanding*

Homer
Hesiod
Virgil

Maha Bharata	{	Epitomised in
Ramayana		Talboys Wheeler's History of India, vols. i. and ii.

The Shahnameh
The Nibelungenlied
Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*
The Sheking
Æschylus' *Prometheus*
Trilogy of *Orestes*
Sophocles' *Edipus*
Euripides' *Medea*
Aristophanes' *The Knights*
Horace
Lucretius
Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* (perhaps in Morris's edition; or, if expurgated, in Mrs. Haweis')
Shakespeare
Milton's *Paradise Lost*, *Lycidas*, and the shorter poems

Dante's Divina Commedia
 Spenser's Fairie Queen
 Dryden's Poems
 Scott's Poems
 Wordsworth (Mr. Arnold's Selection)
 Southey's Thalaba the Destroyer
 The Curse of Kehama
 Pope's Essay on Criticism
 Essay on Man
 Rape of the Lock
 Burns
 Heine
 Gray
 Herodotus
 Xenophon's Anabasis
 Thucydides
 Tacitus' Germania
 Livy
 Gibbon's Decline and Fall
 Hume's History of England
 Grote's History of Greece
 Carlyle's French Revolution
 Green's Short History of England
 Lewes' History of Philosophy

Arabian Nights
 Swift's Gulliver's Travels
 Defoe's Robinson Crusoe
 Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield
 Cervantes' Don Quixote
 Boswell's Life of Johnson
 Molière
 Sheridan's The Critic, School for Scandal, and
 The Rivals

Carlyle's Past and Present
 Smiles' Self-Help
 Bacon's Novum Organum
 Smith's Wealth of Nations (part of)
 Mill's Political Economy
 Cook's Voyages
 Humboldt's Travels
 White's Natural History of Selborne

Darwin's Origin of Species, and Naturalist's
 Voyage
 Mill's Logic
 Bacon's Essays
 Montaigne's Essays
 Hume's Essays
 Macaulay's Essays
 Addison's Essays
 Emerson's Essays
 Burke's Select Works (Payne)

Voltaire's Zadig
 Goethe's Faust, and Wilhelm Meister
 Miss Austen's Emma, or Pride and Prejudice
 Thackeray's Vanity Fair
 Pendennis
 Dickens' Pickwick
 David Copperfield
 Lytton's Last Days of Pompeii
 George Eliot's Adam Bede
 Kingsley's Westward Ho!
 Scott's Novels

NOTE.—The lists which have been given in
 some papers were not complete or correct.

—*Contemporary Review*.

THE EVOLUTION OF THEOLOGY:

AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDY.

BY THOMAS H. HUXLEY.

I CONCEIVE that the origin, the growth, the decline, and the fall of those speculations respecting the existence, the powers, and the dispositions of beings analogous to men, but more or less devoid of corporeal qualities, which may be broadly included under the head of theology, are phenomena the study of which legitimately falls within the province of the anthropologist. And it is purely as a question of anthropology (a department of biology to which I have at various times given a good deal of attention) that I propose to treat of the evolution of theology in the following pages.

With theology as a code of dogmas which are to be believed, or at any rate repeated, under penalty of present or future punishment, or as a storehouse of anæsthetics for those who find the

pains of life too hard to bear, I have nothing to do; and, so far as it may be possible, I shall avoid the expression of any opinion as to the objective truth or falsehood of the systems of theological speculation of which I may find occasion to speak. From my present point of view, theology is regarded as a natural product of the operations of the human mind, under the conditions of its existence, just as any other branch of science, or the arts of architecture, or music, or painting are such products. Like them, theology has a history. Like them also, it is to be met with in certain simple and rudimentary forms; and these can be connected by a multitude of gradations, which exist or have existed, among people of various ages and races, with the most highly developed theologies of past and present times. It

is not my object to interfere, even in the slightest degree, with beliefs which anybody holds sacred; or to alter the conviction of any one who is of opinion that, in dealing with theology, we ought to be guided by considerations different from those which would be thought appropriate if the problem lay in the province of chemistry or of mineralogy. And if people of these ways of thinking choose to read beyond the present paragraph, the responsibility for meeting with anything they may dislike rests with them and not with me.

We are all likely to be more familiar with the theological history of the Israelites than with that of any other nation. We may therefore fitly make it the first object of our studies; and it will be convenient to commence with that period which lies between the invasion of Canaan and the early days of the monarchy, and answers to the eleventh and twelfth centuries B.C. or thereabouts. The evidence on which any conclusion as to the nature of Israelitic theology in those days must be based is wholly contained in the Hebrew Scriptures—an agglomeration of documents which certainly belong to very different ages, but of the exact dates and authorship of any one of which (except perhaps one or two of the prophetic writings) there is no evidence, either internal or external, so far as I can discover, of such a nature as to justify more than a confession of ignorance or, at most, an approximate conclusion. In this venerable record of ancient life, miscalled a book, when it is really a library comparable to a selection of works from English literature between the times of Beda and those of Milton, we have the stratified deposits (often confused and even with their natural order inverted) left by the stream of the intellectual and moral life of Israel during many centuries. Imbedded in these strata, there are numerous remains of forms of thought which once lived, and which, though often unfortunately mere fragments, are of priceless value to the anthropologist. Our task is to rescue these from their relatively unimportant surroundings, and by careful comparison with existing forms of theology to make the dead world which they record live again. In other words, our problem is palæontological,

and the method pursued must be the same as that employed in dealing with other fossil remains.

Among the richest of the fossiliferous strata to which I have alluded are the books of Judges and Samuel.* It has often been observed that these writings stand out in marked relief from those which precede and follow them, in virtue of a certain archaic freshness and of a greater freedom from traces of late interpolation and editorial trimming. Jephthah, Gideon, and Samson are men of old heroic stamp, who would look as much in place in a Norse Saga as where they are; and if the varnish-brush of later respectability has passed over these memoirs of the mighty men of a wild age, here and there, it has not succeeded in effacing, or even in seriously obscuring, the essential characteristics of the theology traditionally ascribed to their epoch.

There is nothing that I have met with in the results of biblical criticism inconsistent with the conviction that these books give us a fairly trustworthy account of Israelitic life and thought in the times which they cover; and, as such, apart from the great literary merit of many of their episodes, they possess the interest of being perhaps the oldest genuine history, as apart from mere chronicles on the one hand and mere legends on the other, at present accessible to us.

But it is often said with exultation by writers of one party, and often admitted more or less unwillingly by their opponents, that these books are untrustworthy, by reason of being full of obviously unhistoric tales. And, as a notable example, the narrative of Saul's visit to the so-called "witch of Endor" is often cited. As I have already intimated, I have nothing to do with theological partisanship either heterodox or

* Even the most sturdy believers in the popular theory that the proper or titular names attached to the books of the Bible are those of their authors will hardly be prepared to maintain that Jephthah, Gideon, and their colleagues wrote the book of Judges. Nor is it easily admissible that Samuel wrote the two books which pass under his name, one of which deals entirely with events which took place after his death. In fact, no one knows who wrote either Judges or Samuel, nor when, within the range of 100 years, their present form was given to these books.

orthodox, nor, for my present purpose, does it matter very much whether the story is historically true, or whether it merely shows what the writer believed; but, looking at the matter solely from the point of view of an anthropologist, I beg leave to express the opinion that the account of Saul's necromantic expedition is quite consistent with probability. That is to say, I see no reason whatever to doubt, firstly, that Saul made such a visit; and, secondly, that he and all who were present, including the wise-woman of Endor herself, would have given, with entire sincerity, very much the same account of the business as that which we now read in the twenty-eighth chapter of the first book of Samuel; and I am further of opinion that this story is one of the most important of those fossils to which I have referred in the material which it offers for the reconstruction of the theology of the time. Let us therefore study it attentively—not merely as a narrative which, in the dramatic force of its gruesome simplicity, is not surpassed, if it is equalled, by the witch scenes in *Macbeth*—but as a piece of evidence bearing on an important anthropological problem.

We are told (1 Sam. xxviii.) that Saul, encamped at Gilboa, became alarmed by the strength of the Philistine army gathered at Shunem. He therefore "inquired of Jahveh," but "Jahveh answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by prophets." * Thus deserted by Jahveh, Saul, in his extremity, bethought him of "those that had familiar spirits, and the wizards," whom he is said, at some previous time, to have "put out of the land;" but who seem, nevertheless, to have been very imperfectly banished, since Saul's servants, in answer to his command to seek him a woman "that hath a familiar spirit," reply without a sign of hesitation or of fear, "Behold, there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at Endor;" just as, in some parts of England, a countryman might tell any one who did not look like a magistrate or a policeman, where a "wise-woman" was to be met with. Saul goes to this

woman, who, after being assured of immunity, asks, "Whom shall I bring up to thee?" whereupon Saul says, "Bring me up Samuel." The woman immediately sees an apparition. But to Saul nothing is visible, for he asks, "What seest thou?" And the woman replies, "I see Elohim coming up out of the earth." Still the spectre remains invisible to Saul, for he asks, "What form is he of?" And she replies, "An old man cometh up, and he is covered with a robe." So far, therefore, the wise-woman unquestionably plays the part of a "medium," and Saul is dependent upon her version of what happens.

The account continues:—

And Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and he bowed with his face to the ground and did obeisance. And Samuel said to Saul, Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up? And Saul answered, I am sore distressed: for the Philistines make war against me, and Elohim is departed from me and answereth me no more, neither by prophets nor by dreams: therefore I have called thee that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do. And Samuel said, Wherefore then dost thou ask of me, seeing that Jahveh is departed from thee and is become thine adversary? And Jahveh hath wrought for himself, as he spake by me, and Jahveh hath rent the kingdom out of thine hand and given it to thy neighbor, even to David. Because thou obeyedst not the voice of Jahveh and didst not execute his fierce wrath upon Amalek, therefore hath Jahveh done this thing unto thee this day. Moreover, Jahveh will deliver Israel also with thee into the hand of the Philistines; and to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me: Jahveh shall deliver the host of Israel also into the hand of the Philistines. Then Saul fell straightway his full length upon the earth and was sore afraid because of the words of Samuel. . . . (v. 14-20).

The statement that Saul "perceived" that it was Samuel is not to be taken to imply that, even now, Saul actually saw the shade of the prophet, but only that the woman's allusion to the prophetic mantle and to the aged appearance of the spectre convinced him that it was Samuel. Reuss* in fact translates the

* I need hardly say that I depend upon authoritative Biblical critics, whenever a question of interpretation of the text arises. As Reuss appears to me to be one of the most learned, acute, and fair-minded of those whose works I have studied, I have made most use of the commentary and dissertations in his splendid French edition of the Bible. But I have also had recourse to the works of Dillman, Kalisch, Kuenen, Thenius, Tuch, and others, in cases in which another opinion seemed desirable.

* My citations are taken from the Revised Version; but for LORD and GOD, I have substituted *Jahveh* and *Elohim*.

passage "Alors Saul reconnut que c'était Samuel." Nor does the dialogue between Saul and Samuel necessarily, or probably, signify that Samuel spoke otherwise than by the voice of the wise-woman—the Septuagint does not hesitate to call her *ἐγγαστριμβος*, that is to say a ventriloquist, implying that it was she who spoke—and this view of the matter is in harmony with the fact that the exact sense of the Hebrew words which are translated as "a woman that hath a familiar spirit" is "a woman mistress of *Ob*." *Ob* means primitively a leather bottle, such as a wine-skin, and is applied alike to the necromancer and to the spirit evoked. Its use in these senses appears to have been suggested by the likeness of the hollow sound emitted by a half-empty bottle of this kind, when struck, to the sepulchral tones in which the oracles of the evoked spirits were uttered by the medium. It is most probable that, in accordance with the general theory of spiritual influences which obtained among the old Israelites, the spirit of Samuel was conceived to pass into the body of the wise-woman, and to use her vocal organs to speak in his own name—for I cannot discover that they drew any clear distinction between possession and inspiration.

If the story of Saul's consultation of the occult powers is to be regarded as an authentic narrative, or, at any rate, as a statement which is perfectly veracious so far as the intention of the narrator goes—and, as I have said, I see no reason for refusing it this character—it will be found, on further consideration, to throw a flood of light, both directly and indirectly, on the theology of Saul's countrymen—that is to say upon their beliefs respecting the nature and ways of spiritual beings.

Even without the confirmation of other abundant evidences to the same effect, it leaves no doubt as to the existence among them of the fundamental doctrine that man consists of a body and of a spirit, which last, after the death of the body, continues to exist as a ghost. At the time of Saul's visit to Endor, Samuel was dead and buried; but that his spirit would be believed to continue to exist in Sheol may be concluded from the well-known passage in

the song attributed to Hannah, his mother:—

Jahveh killeth and maketh alive,
He bringeth down to Sheol and bringeth up.
(1 Sam. ii. 6.)

And it is obvious that this Sheol was thought to be a place underground in which Samuel's spirit had been disturbed by the necromancer's summons, and in which, after his return thither, he would be joined by the spirits of Saul and his sons when they had met with their bodily death on the hill of Gilboa. It is further to be observed that the spirit, or ghost, of the dead man presents itself as the image of the man himself—it is the man not merely in his ordinary corporeal presentment (even down to the prophet's mantle) but in his moral and intellectual characteristics. Samuel, who had begun as Saul's friend and ended as his bitter enemy, gives it to be understood that he is annoyed at Saul's presumption in disturbing him; and that, in Sheol, he is as much the devoted servant of Jahveh, and as much empowered to speak in Jahveh's name, as he was during his sojourn in the upper air.

It appears now to be universally admitted that, before the exile, the Israelites had no belief in rewards and punishments after death, or in anything similar to the Christian heaven and hell; but our story proves that it would be an error to suppose that they did not believe in the continuance of individual existence after death by a ghostly simulacrum of life. Nay, I think it would be very hard to produce conclusive evidence that they disbelieved in immortality; for I am not aware that there is anything to show that they thought the existence of the souls of the dead in Sheol ever came to an end. But they do not seem to have conceived that the condition of the souls in Sheol was in any way affected by their conduct in life. If there was immortality, there was no state of retribution in their theology. Samuel expects Saul and his sons to come to him in Sheol.

The next circumstance to be remarked is that the name of *Elohim* is applied to the spirit which the woman sees "coming up out of the earth," that is to say from Sheol. The authorized version translates this in its literal sense "gods." The revised version gives

"god" with "gods" in the margin. Reuss renders the word by "spectre," remarking in a note that it is not quite exact; but that the word Elohîm expresses "something divine, that is to say superhuman, commanding respect and terror" (*Histoire des Israélites*, p. 321). Tuch, in his commentary on Genesis, and Thenius, in his commentary on Samuel, express substantially the same opinion. Dr. Alexander (in Kitto's *Cyclopædia*, s. v. "God") has the following instructive remarks:—

[Elohîm is] sometimes used vaguely to describe unseen powers or superhuman beings that are not properly thought of as divine. Thus the witch of Endor saw "Elohîm ascending out of the earth" (1 Sam. xxviii. 13), meaning thereby some beings of an unearthly, superhuman character. So also in Zech. xii. 8, it is said "the house of David shall be as Elohîm, as the angel of the Lord," where, as the transition from Elohîm to the angel of the Lord is a *minori ad majus*, we must regard the former as a vague designation of supernatural powers.

Dr. Alexander speaks here of "beings;" but as Elohîm, a plural form, is very often used elsewhere with a verb in the singular, there is no reason to suppose that the wise-woman of Endor referred to anything but a solitary spectre, and it is quite clear that Saul understood her in this sense, for he asks, "What form is HE of?"

This fact that the name of Elohîm is applied to a ghost, or disembodied soul, conceived as the image of the body in which it once dwelt, is of no little importance. For it is well known that the same term was employed to denote the gods of the heathen, which were thought to have definite quasi-corporeal forms and to be as much real entities as any other Elohîm.* The difference which was supposed to exist between the different Elohîm was one of degree, not one of kind. Elohîm was, in logical terminology, the genus of which ghosts, Chemosh, Dagon, Baal, and Jahveh were species. The Israelite believed

Jahveh to be immeasurably superior to all other kinds of Elohîm. The inscription on the Moabite stone shows that King Mesa held Chemosh to be as unquestionably the superior of Jahveh. But if Jahveh was thus supposed to differ only in degree from the undoubtedly zoomorphic or anthropomorphic "gods of the nations," why is it to be assumed that he also was not thought of as having a human shape? It is possible for those who forget that the time of the great prophetic writers is at least as remote from that of Saul as our day is from that of Queen Elizabeth, to insist upon interpreting the gross notions, current in the earlier age and among the mass of the people, by the refined conceptions promulgated by a few select spirits centuries later. But if we take the language constantly used concerning the Deity in the books of Genesis, Exodus, Joshua, Judges, Samuel, or Kings, in its natural sense (and I am aware of no valid reason which can be given for taking it in any other sense), there cannot, to my mind, be a doubt that Jahveh was conceived, by those from whom the substance of these books is mainly derived, to possess the appearance and the intellectual and moral attributes of a man, and indeed of a man of just that type with which the Israelites were familiar in their stronger and intellectually abler rulers and leaders. In a well-known passage of Genesis (i. 27) Elohîm is said to have "created man in his own image, in the image of Elohîm created he him." It is "man" who is here said to be the image of Elohîm—not man's soul alone, still less his "reason," but the whole man. It is obvious that for those who called a manlike ghost, Elohîm, there could be no difficulty in conceiving any other Elohîm under the same aspect. And if there could be any doubt on this subject, surely it cannot stand in the face of what we find in the fifth chapter, where, immediately after a repetition of the statement that "Elohîm created man, in the likeness of Elohîm made he him," it is said that Adam begat Seth "in his own likeness, after his image." Does this mean that Seth resembled Adam only in a spiritual and figurative sense? And if that interpretation of the third verse of the fifth chapter of Genesis is absurd, why does it become rea-

* See, for example, the message of Jephthah to the King of the Ammonites: "So now Jahveh, the Elohîm of Israel, hath dispossessed the Amorites from before his people Israel, and shouldest thou possess them? Wilt not thou possess that which Chemosh, thy Elohîm, giveth thee to possess?" (Judges xi. 23, 24). For Jephthah, Chemosh is obviously as real a personage as Jahveh.

sonable in the first verse of the same chapter?

But let us go further. Is not the Jahveh who "walks in the garden in the cool of the day;" from whom one may hope to "hide oneself among the trees;" of whom it is expressly said that "Moses and Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel," "saw the Elohim of Israel" (Exodus xxiv. 9-11); and that, although the seeing Jahveh was understood to be a high crime and misdemeanor, worthy of death, under ordinary circumstances, yet, for this once, he "laid not his hand on the nobles of Israel;" "that they beheld Elohim and did eat and drink;" and that afterwards Moses saw his back (Exodus xxxiii. 23)—is not this Deity conceived as manlike in form? Again, is not the Jahveh who eats with Abraham under the oaks at Mamre, who is pleased with the "sweet savor" of Noah's sacrifice, to whom sacrifices are said to be "food"—is not this Deity depicted as possessed of human appetites? If this were not the current Israelitish idea of Jahveh even in the eighth century B. C., where is the point of Isaiah's scathing admonitions to his countrymen: "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith Jahveh: I am full of the burnt offerings of rams and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he-goats" (Isaiah i. 11). Or of Micah's inquiry, "Will Jahveh be pleased with thousands of rams or with ten thousands of rivers of oil?" (vi. 7). And, in the innumerable passages in which Jahveh is said to be jealous of other gods, to be angry, to be appeased, and to repent; in which he is represented as casting off Saul because the king does not quite literally execute a command of the most ruthless severity; or as smiting Uzzah to death because the unfortunate man thoughtlessly, but naturally enough, put out his hand to stay the ark from falling—can any one deny that the old Israelites conceived Jahveh not only in the image of a man, but in that of a changeable and, occa-

sionally, violent man? There appears to me, then, to be no reason to doubt that the notion of likeness to man, which was indubitably held of the ghost Elohim, was carried out consistently through the whole series of Elohim, and that Jahveh-Elohim was thought of as a being of the same substantially human nature as the rest, only immeasurably more powerful for good and for evil.

The absence of any real distinction between the Elohim of different ranks is further clearly illustrated by the corresponding absence of any sharp delimitation between the various kinds of people who serve as the media of communication between them and men. The agents through whom the lower Elohim are consulted are called necromancers, wizards, and diviners, and are looked down upon by the prophets and priests of the higher Elohim; but the "seer" connects the two, and they are all alike in their essential characters of media. The wise-woman of Endor was believed by others, and, I have little doubt, believed herself, to be able to "bring up" whom she would from Sheol, and to be inspired, whether in virtue of actual possession by the evoked Elohim, or otherwise, with a knowledge of hidden things. I am unable to see that Saul's servant took any really different view of Samuel's powers, though he may have believed that he obtained them by the grace of the higher Elohim. For when Saul fails to find his father's asses, his servant says to him—

Behold now, there is in this city a man of Elohim, and he is a man that is held in honor; all that he saith cometh surely to pass: now let us go thither: peradventure he can tell us concerning our journey whereto we go. Then said Saul to his servant, But behold if we go, what shall we bring the man? for the bread is spent in our vessels and there is not a present to bring to the man of Elohim. What have we? And the servant answered Saul again and said, Behold I have in my hand the fourth part of a shekel of silver: that will I give to the man of Elohim to tell us our way. (Before time in Israel when a man went to inquire of Elohim, thus he said, Come and let us go to the seer: for he that is now called a Prophet was beforetime called a Seer.)* (1 Samuel ix. 6-10.)

In fact, when, shortly afterwards, Saul

* For example: "My oblation, my food for my offerings made by fire, of a sweet savor to me, shall ye observe to offer unto me in their due season" (Numbers xxviii. 2).

* In 2 Samuel xv. 27 David says to Zadok the priest, "Art thou not a seer?" and Gad is called David's seer.

accidentally meets Samuel, he says, "Tell me, I pray thee, where the Seer's house is." Samuel answers, "I am the Seer." Immediately afterwards Samuel informs Saul that the asses are found, though how he obtained his knowledge of the fact is not stated. It will be observed that Samuel is not spoken of here as, in any special sense, a seer or prophet of Jahveh, but as a "man of Elohim"—that is to say, a Seer having access to the "spiritual powers," just as the wise-woman of Endor might have been said to be a "woman of Elohim"—and the narrator's or editor's explanatory note seems to indicate that "Prophet" is merely a name introduced later than the time of Samuel for a superior kind of "Seer," or "man of Elohim."*

Another very instructive passage shows that Samuel was not only considered to be diviner, seer, and prophet in one, but that he was also, to all intents and purposes, priest of Jahveh—though, according to his biographer, he was not a member of the tribe of Levi. At the outset of their acquaintance, Samuel says to Saul, "Go up before me into the high place," where, as the young maidens of the city had just before told Saul, the Seer was going, "for the people will not eat until he come, because he doth bless the sacrifice" (1 Sam. ix. 13). The use of the word "bless" here—as if Samuel were not going to sacrifice, but only to offer a blessing or thanksgiving—is curious. But that Samuel really acted as priest seems plain from what follows. For he not only asks Saul to share in the customary sacrificial feast, but he disposes in Saul's favor of that portion of the victim which the Levitical legislation, doubtless embodying old customs, recognises as the priest's special property.†

* This would at first appear to be inconsistent with the use of the word "prophetess" for Deborah. But it does not follow because the writer of Judges applies the name to Deborah that it was used in her day.

† Samuel tells the cook, "Bring the portion which I gave thee, of which I said to thee, Set it by thee." It was therefore Samuel's to give. "And the cook took up the thigh (or shoulder) and that which was upon it and set it before Saul." But in the Levitical regulations it is the thigh (or shoulder) which becomes the priest's own property. "And the right thigh (or shoulder) shall ye give unto the

Although particular persons adopted the profession of media between men and Elohim, there was no limitation of the power, in the view of ancient Israel, to any special class of the population. Saul inquires of Jahveh and builds him altars on his own account; and in the very remarkable story told in the fourteenth chapter of the first book of Samuel (v. 37-46), Saul appears to conduct the whole process of divination, although he has a priest at his elbow. David seems to do the same.

Moreover, Elohim constantly appears in dreams—which in old Israel did not mean that, as we should say, the subject of the appearance "dreamed he saw the spirit"; but that he veritably saw the Elohim which, as a soul, visited his soul while his body was asleep. And in the course of the history of Israel Jahveh himself thus appears to all sorts of persons, non-Israelites as well as Israelites. Again, the Elohim possess, or inspire, people against their will, as in the case of Saul and Saul's messengers, and then these people prophesy—that is to say "rave"—and exhibit the ungoverned gestures attributed by a later age to possession by malignant spirits. Apart from other evidence to be adduced by-and-by, the history of ancient demonology and of modern revivalism does not permit me to doubt that the accounts of these phenomena given in the history of Saul may be perfectly historical.

In the ritual practices of which evidence is to be found in the books of Judges and Samuel, the chief part is played by sacrifices, usually burnt offerings. Whenever the aid of the Elohim of Israel is sought, or thanks are considered due to him, an altar is built, and oxen, sheep, and goats are slaughtered and offered up. Sometimes the entire victim is burnt as a holocaust; more frequently, only certain parts, notably the fat about the kidneys, are burnt on the altar. The rest is properly cooked; and, after the reservation of a part for

priest for an heave-offering," which is given along with the wave breast "unto Aaron the priest and unto his sons as a due forever from the children of Israel" (Leviticus viii. 31-34). Reuss writes on this passage: "La cuisse n'est point agitée, mais simplement *prélevée* sur ce que les convives mangeront."

the priest, is made the foundation of a joyous banquet, in which the sacrificer, his family, and such guests as he thinks fit to invite, participate.* Elohim was supposed to share in the feast; and it has been already shown that the portion which was set apart on the altar or consumed by fire was spoken of as the food of Elohim, who was thought to be influenced in favor of the sacrificer by the costliness, or the pleasant smell, of the sacrifice.

All this bears out the view that, in the mind of the old Israelite, there was no difference save one of degree between one Elohim and another. It is true that there is but little direct evidence to show that the old Israelites shared the widespread belief of their own, and indeed of all, times that the spirits of the dead not only continue to exist, but are capable of a ghostly kind of feeding and are grateful for such aliment as can be assimilated by their attenuated substance and even for clothes, ornaments, and weapons.† That they were familiar with this doctrine in the time of the captivity is suggested by the well-known reference of Ezekiel (xxxii. 27) to the "mighty men that are fallen of the uncircumcised, which are gone down to Sheol with their weapons of war and have laid their swords under their heads." Perhaps there is a still earlier allusion in the "giving of food for the dead" spoken of in Deuteronomy (xxvi. 14).‡

* See, for example, Elkanah's sacrifice, 1 Sam.

† The ghost was not supposed to be capable of devouring the gross, material substance of the offering; but his vaporous body appropriated the smoke of the burnt sacrifice, the visible and odorous exhalations of other offerings. The blood of the victim was particularly useful because it was thought to be the special seat of its soul or life. A West African negro replied to a European sceptic: "Of course, the spirit cannot eat corporeal food, but he extracts its spiritual part, and, as we see, leaves the material part behind" (Lippert, *Seelencult*, p. 16).

‡ It is further well worth consideration whether, as Lippert suggests, indications of former ancestor-worship are not to be found in the singular weight attached to the veneration of parents in the fourth commandment. It is the only positive commandment in addition to those respecting the Deity and that concerning the Sabbath, and the penalties for infringing it were of the same character. In China, a corresponding reverence for parents

It must be remembered that the literature of the old Israelites, as it lies before us, has been subjected to the revision of strictly monotheistic editors, violently opposed to all kinds of idolatry, who are not likely to have selected from the materials at their disposal any obvious evidence, either of the practice under discussion, or of that ancestor-worship which is so closely related to it, for preservation in the permanent records of their people.

The mysterious objects known as *Teraphim*, which are occasionally mentioned in Judges, Samuel, and elsewhere, however, can hardly be interpreted otherwise than as indications of the existence both of ancestor-worship and of image-worship in old Israel. The *teraphim* were certainly images of family gods, and, as such, in all probability represented deceased ancestors. Laban indignantly demands of his son-in-law "Wherefore hast thou stolen my Elohim?" which Rachel, who must be assumed to have worshipped Jacob's God, Jahveh, had carried off, obviously because she, like her father, believed in their divinity. It is not suggested that Jacob was in any way scandalised by the idolatrous practices of his favorite wife, whatever he may have thought of her honesty, when the truth came to light; for the *teraphim* seem to have remained in his camp, at least until he "hid" his strange gods "under the oak that was by Shechem" (Genesis xxxv. 4). And, indeed, it is open to question if he got rid of them then, for the subsequent history of Israel renders it more than doubtful whether the *teraphim* were regarded as "strange gods" even as late as the eighth century B.C. The writer of the books of Samuel takes it quite as a matter of course that

is part and parcel of ancestor-worship; so in ancient Rome and in Greece (where parents were even called *θεῖοι καὶ ἐνίκεροι θεοί*).—The fifth commandment, as it stands, would be an excellent compromise between ancestor-worship and monotheism. The larger hereditary share allotted by Israelitic law to the eldest son reminds one of the privileges attached to primogeniture in ancient Rome, which were closely connected with ancestor-worship. There is a good deal to be said in favor of the speculation that the ark of the covenant may have been a relic of ancestor-worship; but that topic is too large to be dealt with incidentally in this place.

Michal, daughter of one royal Jahveh worshipper and wife of the servant of Jahveh *par excellence*, the pious David, should have her teraphim handy in her and David's chamber, when she dresses them up in their bed into a simulation of her husband, for the purpose of deceiving her father's messengers.

Even one of the early prophets, Hosea, when he threatens that the children of Israel shall abide many days without "ephod or teraphim" (iii. 4), appears to regard both as equally proper appurtenances of the suspended worship of Jahveh, and equally certain to be restored when that is resumed. When we further take into consideration that, only in the reign of Hezekiah, was the brazen serpent, preserved in the temple and believed to be the work of Moses, destroyed, and the practice of offering incense to it, that is, worshipping it, abolished—that Jeroboam could set up "calves of gold" for Israel to worship, with apparently none but a political object, and certainly with no notion of creating a schism among the worshippers of Jahveh, or repelling the men of Judah from his standard—it seems obvious, either that the Israelites of the tenth and eleventh centuries B.C. knew not the second commandment, or that they construed it merely as part of the prohibition to worship any supreme god other than Jahveh, which precedes it.

In seeking for information about the teraphim, I lighted upon the following passage in the valuable article on that subject by Canon Farrar, in Kitto's *Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*, which is so much to the purpose of my argument, that I venture to quote it in full:—

The main and certain results of this review are that the teraphim were rude human images; that the use of them was an antique Aramaic custom; that there is reason to suppose them to have been images of deceased ancestors; that they were consulted oracularly; that they were not confined to Jews; that their use continued down to the latest period of Jewish history; and lastly, that although the enlightened prophets and strictest later kings regarded them as idolatrous, the priests were much less averse to such images, and their cult was not considered in any way repugnant to the pious worship of Elohim, nay even to the worship of him "under the awful title of Jehovah." In fact, they involved a monotheistic idolatry very different indeed from polytheism; and the tolerance of them by

priests, as compared with the denunciation of them by the prophets, offers a close analogy to the views of the Roman Catholics respecting pictures and images as compared with the views of Protestants. It was against this use of idolatrous symbols and emblems in a monotheistic worship that the second commandment was directed, whereas the first is aimed against the graver sin of direct polytheism. But the whole history of Israel shows how utterly and how early the law must have fallen into desuetude. The worship of the golden calf and of the calves at Dan and Bethel, against which, so far as we know, neither Elijah nor Elisha said a single word; the tolerance of high places, teraphim and betylia; the offering of incense for centuries to the brazen serpent destroyed by Hezekiah; the occasional glimpses of the most startling irregularities sanctioned apparently even in the temple worship itself, prove most decisively that a pure monotheism and an independence of symbols was the result of a slow and painful course of God's disciplinary dealings among the noblest thinkers of a single nation, and not, as is so constantly and erroneously urged, the instinct of the whole Semitic race; in other words, one single branch of the Semites was under God's providence educated into pure monotheism only by centuries of misfortune and series of inspired men. (Vol. iii. p. 986.)

It appears to me that the researches of the anthropologist lead him to conclusions identical in substance, if not in terms, with those here enunciated as the result of a careful study of the same subject from a totally different point of view.

There is abundant evidence in the books of Samuel and elsewhere that an article of dress termed an *ephod* was supposed to have a peculiar efficacy in enabling the wearer to exercise divination by means of Jahveh-Elohim. Great and long continued have been the disputes as to the exact nature of the ephod—whether it always means something to wear, or whether it sometimes means an image. But the probabilities are that it always signifies a kind of waistcoat or broad zone, provided with shoulderstraps, which the person who "inquired of Jahveh" put on. In 1 Samuel xxiii. 2 David appears to have inquired without an ephod, for Abiathar the priest is said to have "come down with an ephod in his hand" only subsequently. And then David asks for it before inquiring of Jahveh whether the men of Keilah would betray him or not. David's action is obviously divination pure and simple; and it is curious that he seems to have worn the ephod himself and not

to have employed Abiathar as a medium. How the answer was given is not clear, though the probability is that it was obtained by casting lots. The *Urim* and *Thummim* seem to have been two such lots of a peculiarly sacred character, which were carried in the pocket of the high-priest's "breast-plate." This last was worn along with the ephod.

With the exception of one passage (1 Sam. xiv. 18) the Ark is ignored in the history of Saul. But in this place, the Septuagint reads "ephod" for ark, while in 1 Chronicles xiii. 3 David says that "we sought not unto it [the Ark] in the days of Saul." Nor does Samuel seem to have paid any regard to the ark after its return from Philistia; though, in his childhood, he is said to have slept in "the temple of Jahveh where the ark of Elohim was" (1 Sam. iii. 3) at Shiloh, and there to have been the seer of the earliest apparitions vouchsafed to him by Jahveh. The space between the cherubim, or winged images, on the canopy or cover (*Kapporeth*) of this holy chest was held to be the special seat of Jahveh—the place selected for a temporary residence of the Supreme Elohim who had, after Aaron and Phineas, Eli and his sons for priests and seers. And when the ark was carried to the camp at Eben-ezer there can be no doubt that the Israelites, no less than the Philistines, held that "Elohim is come into the camp" (iv. 7), and that the one as much as the other conceived that the Israelites had summoned to their aid a powerful ally in "these (or this) mighty Elohim"—elsewhere called Jahve-Sabaoth, the Jahveh of Hosts. If the "temple" at Shiloh was the Pentateuchal tabernacle, as is suggested by the name of "tent of meeting" given to it in 1 Sam. ii. 22, it was essentially a large tent, though constituted of very expensive and ornate materials; if, on the other hand, it was a different edifice, there can be little doubt that this "house of Jahveh" was built on the model of an ordinary house of the time. But there is not the slightest evidence that, during the reign of Saul, any greater importance attached to this seat of the cult of Jahveh than to others. Sanctuaries, and "high places" for sacrifice, were scattered all over the country from Dan to Beersheba. And as

Samuel is said to have gone up to one of these high places to bless the sacrifice, it may be taken for tolerably certain that he knew nothing of the Levitical laws which severely condemn the high places and those who sacrifice away from the sanctuary hallowed by the presence of the ark.

There is no evidence that during the time of the Judges and of Samuel, any one occupied the position of the high-priest of later days. And persons who were neither priests nor Levites sacrificed and divined or "inquired of Jahveh" when they pleased and where they pleased, without the least indication that they, or any one else in Israel at that time, knew they were doing wrong. There is no allusion to any special observance of the Sabbath; and the references to circumcision are indirect.

Such are the chief articles of the theological creed of the old Israelites, which are made known to us by the direct evidence of the ancient records to which we have had recourse, and they are as remarkable for that which they contain as for that which is absent from them. They reveal a firm conviction that, when death takes place, a something termed a soul, or spirit, leaves the body and continues to exist in Sheol for a period of indefinite duration, even though there is no proof of any belief in absolute immortality; that such spirits can return to earth to possess and inspire the living; that they are, in appearance and in disposition, likenesses of the men to whom they belonged, but that, as spirits, they have larger powers and are freer from physical limitations; that they thus form one of a number of kinds of spiritual existences known as Elohim, of whom Jahveh, the national God of Israel, is one; that, consistently with this view, Jahveh was conceived as a sort of spirit, human in aspect and in senses, and with many human passions, but with immensely greater intelligence and power than any other Elohim, whether human or divine. Further, the evidence proves that this belief was the basis of the Jahveh-worship to which Samuel and his followers were devoted; that there is strong reason for believing, and none for doubting, that idolatry, in the shape of the worship of the family

gods, or teraphim, was practised by sincere and devout Jahveh-worshippers; that the ark, with its protective tent or tabernacle, was regarded as a specially but by no means exclusively favored sanctuary of Jahveh; that an ephod appears to have had a particular value for those who desired to divine by the help of Jahveh; and that divination by lots was practised before Jahveh. On the other hand, there is not the slightest evidence of any belief in retribution after death, but the contrary; ritual obligations have at least as strong sanction as moral; there are clear indications that some of the most stringent of the Levitical laws were unknown even to Samuel; priests often appear to be superseded by laymen, even in the performance of sacrifices and divination; and no line of demarcation can be drawn between necromancer, wizard, seer, prophet, and priest, each of whom is regarded, like all the rest, as a medium of communication between the world of Elohim and that of living men.

The theological system, thus defined, offers to the anthropologist no feature which is devoid of a parallel in the known theologies of other races of mankind, even of those who inhabit parts of the world most remote from Palestine. And the foundation of the whole, the ghost theory, is exactly that theological speculation which is the most widely spread of all, and the most deeply rooted among uncivilised men. I am able to base this statement, to some extent, on facts within my own knowledge. In December 1848, H.M.S. "Rattlesnake," the ship to which I then belonged, was anchored off Mount Ernest, an island in Torres Straits. The people were few and well disposed, and when a friend of mine (whom I will call B.) and I went ashore we made acquaintance with an old native, Paouda by name. In course of time we became quite intimate with the old gentleman, partly by the rendering of mutual good offices, but chiefly because Paouda believed he had discovered that B. was his father-in-law. And his grounds for this singular conviction were very remarkable. We had made a long stay at Cape York hard by, and, in accordance with a theory which is widely held among the

Australians, that white men are the re-incarnated spirits of black men, B. was held to be the ghost, or *narki*, of a certain Mount Ernest native, one Antarki, who had lately died, on the ground of some real or fancied resemblance to the latter. Now Paouda had taken to wife a daughter of Antarki's, named Domani, and as soon as B. informed him that he was the ghost of Antarki, Paouda at once admitted the relationship and acted upon it. For as all the women on the island had hidden away in fear of the ship, and we were anxious to see what they were like, B. pleaded pathetically with Paouda that it would be very unkind not to let him see his daughter and grandchildren. After a good deal of hesitation and the exaction of pledges of deep secrecy, Paouda consented to take B., and myself as B.'s friend, to see Domani and the three daughters, by whom B. was received quite as one of the family, while I was courteously welcomed on his account.

This scene made an impression upon me which is not yet effaced. It left no question on my mind of the sincerity of the strange ghost theory of these savages, and of the influence which their belief has on their practical life. I had it in my mind, as well as many a like result of subsequent anthropological studies, when, in 1869,* I wrote as follows:—

There are savages without God in any proper sense of the word, but none without ghosts. And the Fetishism, Ancestor-worship, Hero-worship, and Demonology of primitive savages are all, I believe, different manners of expression of their belief in ghosts, and of the anthropomorphic interpretation of out-of-the-way events which is its concomitant. Witchcraft and sorcery are the practical expressions of these beliefs; and they stand in the same relation to religious worship as the simple anthropomorphism of children or savages does to theology.

I do not quote myself with any intention of making a claim to originality in putting forth this view; for I have since discovered that the same conception is virtually contained in the great *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle* of Bossuet, now more than two centuries old:—

* "The Scientific Aspects of Positivism," *Fortnightly Review*, 1869, republished in "Lay Sermons."

Le culte des hommes morts faisoit presque tout le fond de l'idolâtrie : presque tous les hommes sacrifioient aux mânes, c'est-à-dire aux âmes des morts. De si anciennes erreurs nous font voir à la vérité combien étoit ancienne la croyance de l'immortalité de l'âme, et nous montrent qu'elle doit être rangée parmi les premières traditions du genre humain. Mais l'homme, qui gâtoit tout, en avoit étrangement abusé, puisqu'elle le portoit à sacrifier aux morts. On alloit même jusqu'à cet excès, de leur sacrifier des hommes vivans : on tuoit leurs esclaves, et même leurs femmes, pour les aller servir dans l'autre monde.*

Among more modern writers J. G. Müller, in his excellent *Geschichte der amerikanischen Urreligionen* (1855) clearly recognises "gespensterhafter Geisterglaube" as the foundation of all savage and semicivilised theology, and I need do no more than mention the important developments of the same view which are to be found in Mr. Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, and in the writings of Mr. Herbert Spencer, especially his recently published *Ecclesiastical Institutions*. †

It is a matter of fact that, whether we direct our attention to the older conditions of civilised societies, in Japan, in China, in Hindostan, in Greece, or in Rome, ‡ we find, underlying all other theological notions, the belief in ghosts, with its inevitable concomitant, sorcery; and a primitive cult in the shape of a worship of ancestors, which is essentially an attempt to please, or appease, their ghosts. The same thing is true of old Mexico and Peru, and of every semicivilised or savage people who have developed a definite cult; and in those who, like the natives of Australia, have not even a cult, the belief in, and fear of, ghosts is as strong as anywhere else. One of the most clearly demonstrable articles of the theology of the Israelites in the eleventh and twelfth centuries B.C. is therefore simply the article which is to be found in all primitive theologies;

* *Euvres de Bossuet*, ed. 1808, t. XXXV, p. 282.

† I should like further to add the expression of my indebtedness to two works by Herr Julius Lippert, *Der Seelencult in seinen Beziehungen zur alt-hebräischen Religion*, and *Die Religionen der europäischen Culturvölker*, both published in 1881. I have found them full of valuable suggestions.

‡ See among others the remarkable work of Fustel de Coulanges, *La cité antique*, in which the social importance of the old Roman ancestor-worship is brought out with great clearness.

namely, the belief that a man has a soul which continues to exist after death for a longer or shorter time, and may return, as a ghost, with a divine or, at least, demonic character, to influence for good or evil (and usually for evil) the affairs of the living. But the correspondence between the old Israelitic and other archaic forms of theology extends to details. If, in order to avoid all chance of direct communication, we compare the former with the theology of semicivilised people, separated by the greatest possible distance and by every conceivable barrier from the inhabitants of Palestine, such as the Polynesian Islanders, we shall find, not merely that all the features of old-Israelitic theology which are shown in the records cited are found among them, but that extant information as to the inner mind of these people tends to remove many of the difficulties which those who have not studied anthropology find in the Hebrew narrative.

One of the best sources, if not the best source, of information on these topics is Mariner's *Tonga Islands*, which tells us of the condition of Cook's Friendly Islanders eighty years ago, before European influence was sensibly felt among them. Mariner, a youth of fair education and of no inconsiderable natural ability (as the work which was drawn up from the materials he furnished shows), was about fifteen years of age when his ship was attacked and plundered by the Tongans; he remained four years in the islands, familiarized himself with the language, lived the life of the people, became intimate with many of them, and had every opportunity of acquainting himself with their opinions as well as with their habits and customs. He seems to have been devoid of prejudices, theological or other, and the impression of strict accuracy which his statements convey has been justified by all the knowledge of Polynesian life which has been subsequently acquired.

It is desirable, therefore, to pay close attention to that which Mariner tells us about the theological views of these people:—

The human soul,* after its separation from

* Supposed to be "the finer or more aeri-

the body, is termed a *hotooa* (a god or spirit), and is believed to exist in the shape of the body; to have the same propensities as during life, but to be corrected by a more enlightened understanding by which it readily distinguishes good from evil, truth from falsehood, right from wrong; having the same attributes as the original gods but in a minor degree, and having its dwelling for ever in the happy regions of Bolotoo, holding the same rank in regard to other souls as during this life; it has, however, the power of returning to Tonga to inspire priests, relations, or others, or to appear in dreams to those it wishes to admonish; and sometimes to the external eye in the form of a ghost or apparition; but this power of reappearance at Tonga particularly belongs to the souls of chiefs rather than of *matabooles*. (Vol. ii. p. 130.)

The word "*hotooa*" is the same as that which is usually spelt "*atua*" by Polynesian philologists, and it will be convenient to adopt this spelling. Now under this head of "*Atuas* or supernatural intelligent beings" the Tongans included—

1. The original Gods. 2. The souls of nobles that have all attributes in common with the first but inferior in degree. 3. The souls of *matabooles** that are still inferior, and have not the power as the two first have of coming back to Tonga to inspire the priests, though they are supposed to have the power of appearing to their relatives. 4. The original attendants or servants, as it were, of the gods, who, although they had their origin and have ever since existed in Bolotoo, are still inferior to the third class. 5. The *Atua pow* or mischievous gods. 6. The *Mooi*, or the god that supports the earth and does not belong to Bolotoo. (Vol. ii. pp. 103-4.)

From this it appears that the "*Atuas*" of the Polynesian are exactly equivalent to the "*Elohim*" of the old Israelite.† They comprise everything spiritual, from a ghost to a god, and from "the merely tutelary gods to particular private families" (vol. ii. p. 104), to *Tá-li-y-Toobó*, who was the national god of Tonga. The Tongans had no doubt that these *Atuas* daily and hourly influenced their destinies and could conversely be influenced by them. Hence their "*piety*," the incessant acts of sacrificial worship which occupied their lives, and

form part of the body," standing in "the same relation to the body as the perfume and the more essential qualities of a flower do to the more solid substances." (Mariner, ii. p. 127.)

* A kind of "clients" in the Roman sense.

† It is worthy of remark that *daimon* among the Greeks, and *Dæm* among the Romans, had the same wide signification. The *dii manes* were ghosts of ancestors=*Atuas* of the family.

their belief in omens and charms. Moreover, the *Atuas* were believed to visit particular persons—their own priests in the case of the higher gods, but apparently anybody in that of the lower—and to inspire them by a process which was conceived to involve the actual residence of the god, for the time being, in the person inspired, who was thus rendered capable of prophesying (vol. ii. p. 100). For the Tongan, therefore, inspiration indubitably was possession.

When one of the higher gods was invoked through his priest by a chief who wished to consult the oracle, or, in old Israelitic phraseology, to "inquire of," the god, a hog was killed and cooked over night, and, together with plantains, yams, and the materials for making the peculiar drink *kava* (of which the Tongans were very fond) was carried next day to the priest. A circle, as for an ordinary *kava*-drinking entertainment, was then formed; but the priest, as the representative of the god, took the highest place, while the chiefs sat outside the circle, as an expression of humility calculated to please the god.

As soon as they are all seated the priest is considered as inspired, the god being supposed to exist within him from that moment. He remains for a considerable time in silence with his hands clasped before him, his eyes are cast down and he rests perfectly still. During the time the *virtuals* are being shared out and the *kava* preparing, the *matabooles* sometimes begin to consult him; sometimes he answers, and at other times not; in either case he remains with his eyes cast down. Frequently he will not utter a word till the repast is finished and the *kava* too. When he speaks he generally begins in a low and very altered tone of voice, which gradually rises to nearly its natural pitch, though sometimes a little above it. All that he says is supposed to be the declaration of the god, and he accordingly speaks in the first person, as if he were the god. All this is done generally without any apparent inward emotion or outward agitation; but, on some occasions, his countenance becomes fierce, and as it were inflamed, and his whole frame agitated with inward feeling; he is seized with an universal trembling, the perspiration breaks out on his forehead, and his lips turning black are convulsed; at length tears start in floods from his eyes, his breast heaves with great emotion, and his utterance is choked. These symptoms gradually subside. Before this paroxysm comes on, and after it is over, he often eats as much as four hungry men under other circumstances could devour. The fit being now gone off, he remains for some time calm and then takes up a

club that is placed by him for the purpose, turns it over and regards it attentively; he then looks up earnestly, now to the right, now to the left, and now again at the club; afterwards he looks up again and about him in like manner, and then again fixes his eyes on the club, and so on for several times. At length he suddenly raises the club, and, after a moment's pause, strikes the ground or the adjacent part of the house with considerable force; immediately the god leaves him, and he rises up and retires to the back of the ring among the people. (Vol. i. pp. 100-101.)

The phenomena thus described, in language which bears the stamp of fidelity to any one who is familiar with the manifestations of abnormal mental states among ourselves, furnish a most instructive commentary upon the story of the wise woman of Endor. As in the latter, we have the possession by the spirit or soul (Atua, Elohim), the strange voice, the speaking in the first person. Unfortunately nothing (beyond the loud cry) is mentioned as to the state of the wise woman of Endor. But what we learn from other sources (e.g., 1 Samuel x. 20-24) respecting the physical concomitants of inspiration among the old Israelites has its exact equivalent in this and other accounts of Polynesian prophetism. An excellent authority, Moerenhout, who lived among the people of the Society Islands many years and knew them well, says that, in Tahiti, the *rôle* of the prophet had very generally passed out of the hands of the priests into that of private persons who professed to represent the god, often assumed his name, and in this capacity prophesied. I will not run the risk of weakening the force of Moerenhout's description of the prophetic state by translating it.

Un individu, dans cet état, avait le bras gauche enveloppé d'un morceau d'étoffe, signe de la présence de la Divinité. Il ne parlait que d'un ton impérieux et véhément. Ses attaques, quand il allait prophétiser, étaient aussi effroyables qu'imposantes. Il tremblait d'abord de tous ses membres, la figure enflée, les yeux hagards, rouges et étincelants d'une expression sauvage. Il gesticulait, articulait des mots vides de sens; poussait des cris horribles qui faisaient tressaillir tous les assistants; et s'exaltait parfois au point qu'on n'osait pas l'approcher. Autour de lui, le silence de la terreur et du respect. . . . C'est alors qu'il répondait aux questions, annonçait l'avenir, le destin des batailles, la volonté des dieux; et, chose étonnante! au sein de ce délire, de cet enthousiasme religieux, son langage était grave, imposant, son éloquence noble et persuasive.*

* *Voyages aux îles du Grand Océan*, t. i. p. 432.

Just so Saul strips off his clothes, "prophesies" before Samuel, and lies down "naked all that day and night."

Both Mariner and Moerenhout refuse to have recourse to the hypothesis of imposture in order to account for the inspired state of the Polynesian prophets. On the contrary, they fully believe in their sincerity. Mariner tells the story of a young chief, an acquaintance of his, who thought himself possessed by the Atua of a dead woman who had fallen in love with him, and who wished him to die that he might be near her in Bolotoo. And he died accordingly. But the most valuable evidence on this head is contained in what the same authority says about King Finow's son. The previous king, Toogoo Aho, had been assassinated by Finow, and his soul, become an Atua of divine rank in Bolotoo, had been pleased to visit and inspire Finow's son—with what particular object does not appear.

When this young chief returned to Hapai, Mr. Mariner, who was upon a footing of great friendship with him, one day asked him how he felt himself when the spirit of Toogoo Aho visited him; he replied that he could not well describe his feelings, but the best he could say of it was, that he felt himself all over in a glow of heat and quite restless and uncomfortable, and did not feel his own personal identity, as it were, but seemed to have a mind different from his own natural mind, his thoughts wandering upon strange and unusual subjects, although perfectly sensible of surrounding objects. He next asked him how he knew it was the spirit of Toogoo Aho? His answer was, "There's a fool! How can I tell you *how* I knew it? I felt and knew it was so by a kind of consciousness; my *mind* told me that it was Toogoo Aho." (Vol. i. pp. 104-105.)

Finow's son was evidently made for a theological disputant, and fell back at once on the inexpugnable stronghold of faith when other evidence was lacking. "There's a fool: I know it is true, because I know it," is the exemplar and epitome of the sceptic-crushing process in other places than the Tonga Islands.

The island of Bolotoo, to which all the souls (of the upper classes at any rate) repair after the death of the body, and from which they return at will to interfere for good or evil with the lives of those whom they have left behind, obviously answers to Sheol. In Tongan tradition, this place of souls is a sort of elysium above ground and pleas-

ant enough to live in. But, in other parts of Polynesia, the corresponding locality, which is called Po, has to be reached by descending into the earth, and is represented as dark and gloomy as Sheol may have been. But it was not looked upon as a place of rewards and

punishments in any sense. Whether in Bolotoo or in Po, the soul took the rank it had in the flesh; and, a shadow, lived among the shadows of the friends and houses and food of its previous life.—*Nineteenth Century.*

(To be concluded.)

THE OFFICE OF LITERATURE.

DR. JOHN BROWN'S pleasant story has become well-known of the countryman who being asked to account for the gravity of his dog replied, "Oh sir! life is full of seriousness to him—he can never get enough o' fechtin." Something of the spirit of this saddened dog seems lately to have entered into the very people who ought to be freest from it—our men of letters. They are all very serious and very quarrelsome. To some of them it is dangerous even to allude. Many are wedded to a theory or period, and are the most uxorious of husbands—ever ready to resent an affront to their lady. This devotion makes them very grave, and possibly very happy after a pedantic fashion. One remembers what Hazlitt, who was neither happy nor pedantic, has said about pedantry:

"The power of attaching an interest to the most trifling or painful pursuits is one of the greatest happinesses of our nature. The common soldier mounts the breach with joy, the miser deliberately starves himself to death, the mathematician sets about extracting the cube-root with a feeling of enthusiasm, and the lawyer sheds tears of delight over Coke upon Lyttelton. He who is not in some measure a pedant though he may be a wise cannot be a very happy man."

Possibly not; but then we are surely not content that our authors should be pedants in order that they may be happy and devoted. As one of the great class for whose sole use and behoof literature exists—the class of readers—I protest that it is to me a matter of indifference whether an author is happy or not. I want him to make me happy. That is his office. Let him discharge it.

I recognise in this connection the corresponding truth of what Sydney Smith makes his Peter Plymley say about the private virtues of Mr. Perceval, the Prime Minister:—

"You spend a great deal of ink about the character of the present Prime Minister. Grant all that you write—I say, I fear that he will ruin Ireland, and pursue a line of policy destructive to the true interests of his country, and then you tell me that he is faithful to Mrs. Perceval, and kind to the Master Percevals. I should prefer that he whipped his boys and saved his country."

We should never confuse functions or apply wrong tests. What can Books do for us? Dr. Johnson, the least pedantic of men, put the whole matter into a nutshell (a cocoanut shell, if you will—Heaven forbid that I should seek to compress the great doctor within any narrower limits than my metaphor requires), when he wrote that a book should teach us either to enjoy life or endure it. "Give us enjoyment!" "Teach us endurance!" Harken to the ceaseless demand and the perpetual prayer of an ever unsatisfied and an always suffering humanity!

How is a book to answer the ceaseless demand?

Self-forgetfulness is of the essence of enjoyment, and the author who would confer pleasure must possess the art, or know the trick of destroying for the time the reader's own personality. Undoubtedly the easiest way of doing this is by the creation of a host of rival personalities—hence the number and the popularity of novels. Whenever a novelist fails his book is said to flag; that is, the reader suddenly (as in skating) comes bump down upon his own personality, and curses the unskilful author. No lack of characters and continual motion is the easiest recipe for a novel, which, like a beggar, should always be kept "moving on." Nobody knew this better than Fielding, whose novels, like most good ones, are full of inns.

When those who are addicted to what is called "improving reading" inquire

of you petulantly why you cannot find change of company and scene in books of travel, you should answer cautiously that when books of travel are full of inns, atmosphere, and motion they are as good as any novel; nor is there any reason in the nature of things why they should not always be so, though experience proves the contrary.

The truth or falsehood of a book is immaterial. George Borrow's "Bible in Spain" is, I suppose, true; though now that I come to think of it, in what is to me a new light, one remembers that it contains some odd things. But was not Borrow the accredited agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society? Did he not travel (and he had a free hand) at their charges? Was he not befriended by our minister at Madrid, Mr. Villiers, subsequently Earl of Clarendon in the peerage of England? It must be true; and yet at this moment I would as lief read a chapter of the "Bible in Spain" as I would "Gil Blas;" nay, so pleasantly have my Borrowian memories been stirred by Mr. Saintsbury in the January number of this magazine that I positively would give the preference to Señor Giorgio.

Nobody can sit down to read Borrow's books without as completely forgetting himself as if he were once more a boy in the forest with Gurth and Wamba.

Borrow is provoking and has his full share of faults, and though the owner of a style, is capable of excruciating offences. His habitual use of the odious word "individual" as a noun-substantive (seven times in three pages of "The Romany Rye") elicits the frequent groan, and he is certainly once guilty of calling fish the "finny tribe." He believed himself to be animated by an intense hatred of the Church of Rome, and disfigures many of his pages by Lawrence-Boythorn-like tirades against that institution: but no Catholic of sense need on this account deny himself the pleasure of reading Borrow, whose one dominating passion was *camaraderie*, and who hob-a-nobbed in the friendliest spirit with priest and gipsy after a fashion as far beyond praise as it is beyond description by any pen other than his own. Hail to thee, George Borrow! Cervantes himself, Gil Blas, do not more effectually carry their read-

ers into the land of the Cid than does this miraculous agent of the Bible Society, by favor of whose pleasantness we can any hour of the week enter Villafraña by night, or ride into Galicia on an Andalusian stallion (which proved to be a foolish thing to do) without costing anybody a *peseta*, and at no risk whatever to our necks—be they long or short.

Cooks, warriors, and authors must be judged by the effects they produce: toothsome dishes, glorious victories, pleasant books—these are our demands. We have nothing to do with ingredients, tactics, or methods. We have no desire to be admitted into the kitchen, the council, or the study. The cook may clean her saucepans how she pleases—the warrior place his men as he likes—the author handle his material or weave his plot as best he can—when the dish is served we only ask is it good? when the battle has been fought, who won? when the book comes out, does it read?

Authors ought not to be above being reminded that it is their first duty to write agreeably—some very disagreeable men have succeeded in doing it, so there is no need for any one to despair. Every author, be he grave or gay, should try to make his book as ingratiating as possible. Reading is not a duty, and has therefore no business to be made disagreeable. Nobody is under any obligation to read any other man's book.

Literature exists to please; to lighten the burden of men's lives; to make them for a short while forget their sorrows and their sins, their silenced hearths, their disappointed hopes, their grim futures—and those men of letters are the best loved who have best performed literature's truest office. Their name is happily legion, and I will conclude these disjointed remarks by quoting from one of them, as honest a parson as ever took tithe or voted for the Conservative candidate, the Rev. George Crabbe. Hear him in "The Frank Courtship:"

"I must be loved," said Sybil; "I must see
The man in terrors, who aspires to me:
At my forbidding frown his heart must ache,
His tongue must falter, and his frame must
shake;
And if I grant him at my feet to kneel
What trembling fearful pleasure must he
feel:

Nay, such the raptures that my smiles inspire
 That reason's self must for a time retire.
 'Alas! for good Josiah,' said the dame,
 'These wicked thoughts would fill his soul
 with shame;
 He kneel and tremble at a thing of dust!
 He cannot, child:—the child replied, 'He
 must.'"

Were an office to be opened for the insurance of literary reputations no critic at all likely to be in the society's service would refuse the life of a poet who can write like Crabbe. Cardinal Newman, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Swinburne are not always of the same way of thinking, but all three hold the one true faith about Crabbe.

But even were Crabbe now left unread, which is very far from being the case, his would be an enviable fame—for was he not one of the favorite poets of Walter Scott, and whenever the closing scene of the great magician's life is read in the pages of Lockhart, must not Crabbe's name be brought upon the reader's quivering lip?

To soothe the sorrow of the soothers of sorrow, to bring tears to the eyes and smiles to the cheeks of the lords of human smiles and tears is no mean ministry, and it is Crabbe's.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

EMIGRATION.

THE influential deputation which not long ago addressed the Government on the subject of emigration touched on questions of the first interest and importance to those who have the welfare of the working classes at heart. The subject can now be considered in the light of an experience and practical knowledge which was not possessed by those who half a century ago used to point to emigration as a panacea for all social evils. What was reasonable and what was deceptive in the expectations once formed respecting it can now be decided with some approach to accuracy. One illusion, which was none the less powerful because it appealed to the imagination rather than to the reason, has been dissipated by the teaching of facts. The supposed "boundlessness" of the resources of the New World or of the unused regions of the Old World has lost the fascination which it once seemed to exert. That these resources are limited in extent, that population is in many regions fast growing up to them, that the problems brought into prominence by overcrowding and an unequal distribution of wealth are entering into the practical phase in new as in old countries, and that by-and-bye there will be no part of the world in which these questions will not have to be faced, are salutary truths which cannot be too widely recognized. Emigration, however, even after making all allowances, has no doubt during the last half-century been of enormous, and per-

haps of vital, service to this country, partly by relieving our congested population, partly by giving us vast supplies of cheap food and by furnishing us with fresh markets for our commodities, and partly also by diffusing among the poor the sense that if they found their lot too hard at home, a better one was within their reach on the other side of the ocean. The effect of this latter influence in allaying discontent has probably been greater than is often supposed. But, granting all the good which has accrued to this country from emigration in the past, it is clear that, as time goes on, we shall profit by it in a diminishing ratio. In one respect, indeed, experience has already falsified the predictions of those who expected most from it. It was prophesied, not as a matter of likelihood, but as a certainty, that the development of new countries would not only furnish us with practically unlimited supplies of food, but also with a vast and growing market for our manufactures. The New World, however, though willing enough to send us its corn, cattle, and raw material, declines to receive, except on onerous terms, our manufactured goods in return. And, even if it should be in time converted to a policy of Free-trade, its virgin soil will become less and less in quantity, and its products more and more in demand for home consumption. Not to speak further of the decreasing advantages which emigration now offers, there is another and very prac-

ical aspect under which the question has to be considered. When emigration first began on a large scale, emigrants of all kinds found, if not an equal welcome, at least an open field in the Colonies and in the United States. The ne'er-do-weels and black sheep of the old countries formed a large percentage of those who sought their fortune in the new. That they were a good riddance for the former was clear; whether they were a desirable acquisition for the latter was quite another question. In some cases—as in that of the establishment of penal settlements—the Colonies have rightly and successfully resisted the pretensions of European countries to use them as moral sewers. But, on the whole, the matter has been left to the operation of natural causes. Labor has flowed where it was most in demand and where it obtained the highest remuneration. Energy, industry, and integrity have there, as elsewhere, won the chief prizes; but multitudes have also thriven and prospered who in the old country, owing to lack of opportunity or of incentive, or to excessive competition or to the demoralizing circumstances of their inherited lot, were struggling on the verge of starvation, pauperism, and crime. The weakest in all countries go to the wall; but in old societies the walls hem in the path more closely than in new. But the more the condition of the New World approximates to that of the Old the less will there be to be gained by quitting the one for the other.

These facts would tend to discourage the immoderate hopes cherished as to the results of State-aided emigration. It is hard to see what the State can usefully do in the matter beyond collecting and diffusing information as to the best markets to which emigrants can carry their labor and capital. Unfortunately, the classes which we are most anxious to get rid of are those which the Colonies are least anxious to receive, while the best emigrants are just those whom we should most like to keep at home. Any attempt on our part artificially to foster pauper emigration would probably be soon met by prohibitive legislation on the part of other countries. Even if this were not the case, there is every reason to suppose that, with the

present habits of the working classes, the relief thus afforded would be steadily neutralized by an increase of population. The problem, from whatever point of view we look at it, is one beset with difficulties. The chances of doing harm while meaning and trying to do good are so great that the safest course would seem to be for the State to leave the question to work out its own solution.

There is, however, one form of artificially-promoted emigration which has been tried, though only on a limited scale, and which has stood the test of experience. It is free from the objections which attend all the other methods, and it has merits peculiarly its own. Below those classes whom it is commonly proposed to aid by means of emigration there lies a mass of habitual paupers and criminals who are hopeless beyond redemption. They constitute for us a permanent social danger and a steady drain on the resources of the country. Whatever may be done to better the lot of those a few steps higher in the scale, for the grown-up men and women of this lowest stratum of all nothing, except in the rarest instances, can be done. What they are they will remain as long as they live. It may be that the existence of such a class in the heart of our civilization is due in no small degree to the faults, past and present, of our social organization. But there the evil is, and as it stands it is irremediable. But what cannot be done for the present generation of adult criminals, paupers, prostitutes, drunkards, and the like, can be done for their offspring and for the little ownerless waifs and strays who, if left to themselves, drift inevitably into the criminal classes. At present, as the older criminals and paupers die off, a constant supply of fresh ones is growing up under very similar conditions who will in due time take their place. It is from this source that their numbers are chiefly, though not wholly, kept up. Now experience shows that children born of criminal parents and bred in apparently the most hopeless circumstances will, if removed when still young to favorable conditions, furnish as good material for purposes of emigration as could be desired. The experiment has been tried in various

quarters, and by no one with more care, method, and success than by Mr. John Middlemore, of Birmingham, who in the course of the last dozen years has trained in England and settled in Canada over a thousand children of this description. A main principle in this system is that those children only are taken in hand who belong to, and would certainly in time reinforce, the most vicious and degraded classes; while those who have a trace of respectability about them or a chance of doing well in this country are left to other agencies. The children have nearly all lost one or both parents. After undergoing a training of about a year in institutions provided for the purpose in Birmingham, they are then taken to Canada, and there settled chiefly in agricultural homes. Not only is no unwillingness shown to receive such emigrants, but they are actually competed for by the Canadian farmers. Of those already placed in the colony, the majority of the male sex either are, or have a prospect of being, landowners and farmers on their own account; many of the girls are well and respectably married. The transference of the children to another and distant country is one of the essential features of the system. Were they settled in England instead of on the other side of the Atlantic, there would be always the danger either of their slipping back of their own accord into the mode of life from which they have been rescued, or of their relatives and early associates fastening themselves on to them and hindering their progress to a respectable position. To sever once for all the ties which bind these children to the past, and to place them in an absolutely new set of conditions, is found to be the only way to ensure success. It is a curious and striking fact, and one which runs counter to a very common

prepossession, that the children of habitual and hereditary criminals turn out, as far as can be judged, just as well as any others, the two things needful being that they should be removed when quite young from the vicious atmosphere in which they are born, and that the severance from the old influences should be complete and final. There is no doubt that the influence of heredity has been in such cases very greatly overestimated, and that, even in the instances when a direct tendency to vice is transmitted from parent to child, this tendency may not develop or even show itself at all unless fostered by outward circumstances. By the system of which several of the main points are here indicated, some of the chief difficulties which attend other schemes of emigration are overcome. We remove from England those who would grow up to be a curse to their country and to themselves; we cleanse and divert the streams by which our crime and pauperism is fed; we place a useful, healthy, and honorable career within the reach of those to whom it is denied at home; and in doing so we supply young and expanding colonies with the kind of emigrants whom they need and whom they gladly welcome. How far a plan which has worked so well where already tried is capable of development is a question well worthy of full consideration. Much of its success depends, no doubt, on the personality of those by whom it is managed, and much, too, on a rigid adherence to the principle on which it is founded—namely, in the first place, to help only those of our population who have no natural helpers, and who, humanly speaking, are powerless to help themselves; and, in the second, to give to our Colonies those only whom it is both a gain for us to lose and a gain for them to acquire.—*The Saturday Review.*

THE AROLLIAD:*

AN EPIC OF THE ALPS.

AUGUST 20, 1885.

In the guest-house at Arolla sat Caleb and Outis,† and with them,
Browned by Italian suns, and longing for home and for England,
Cedric the blond, and Mentor the whilom Fellow of All Souls:
Came they from regions diverse, but in Harrow their hearts were united.

Outspake Cedric the tall, broad-shouldered, strong as a giant,
Gentle I ween were his words, but his heart was as stout as his limbs were.

"Many the cities and men we have seen, many wearisome journeys
Made with unparalleled speed, and homeward our footsteps are tending;
Yet would I, ere the close, some deed of prowess accomplish
Here on the Alpine heights. Not for me is the Matterhorn's summit,
No, nor the dire Dent Blanche. 'Tis not in my feats I would glory,
But that I fain would see what others have seen and delight in.

Who will go over with me by the snows and the ice into Zermatt?"

Gently then stroking his nose, with a smile that was bland and superior,
Mentor thus made reply: "I grow old, I've a wife, I have children;
Think of the baby at home, and of Millicent, Edith, and Annie,
Think of my flock untended, and tempt me no longer to danger.
Slippery ice I detest, sharp rocks, and the rending of garments.
Hold me excused, an you love me. The way too is short for my liking:
Give me the long railway journey, the heat and the dust of the highway."

Next spake Caleb, the wily, with smells scientific acquainted:
Grimly he turned up his nose, and his smile was serenely sardonic:
"No Alp climber am I; 'Alp viewer' you rather may call me.
Precious to me are my bones, and whole I prefer them; but you may
Go to the crows if you wish it, or Jericho; my mountaineering
'Harris' ‡ does for me at present; and yet in the far distant future
I too may turn mountaineer,—when I steer a balloon o'er the Andes.
Meanwhile precious to me the resources of civilization,
Telegraph posts are a feast to my eyes, and the safe locomotive."
Such were the words of the wily, the framer of gibes scientific.

Gently the rest all smiled, and remarked, "It is Caleb!" but Outis
Turned him to Cedric the tall, and said "I will go with thee to Zermatt.
True I am no mountaineer, but the air of the ice-fields is cooler,
Cooler by far than Visp and the fly-haunted chambers of Sion.§
Let us call Joseph the Hun,|| and his worship 'the Judge'; ¶ they may haply
Find us a true, stout man, who shall guide us aright into Zermatt;
Let him be strong and stout, lest a trip of the earth-shaking Saxon
Us, ourselves and our guide, engulf in abysmal crevasses."
Such was the council of war, and such the words of the speakers.

* Critics of a future age will beware of confounding the "Arolliad" with the "Rolliad," the political poem of a century ago.

† Outis, or No-man: the name under which Ulysses disguised himself in the cave of the Cyclops.

‡ Readers of the "Tramp Abroad" will recognize in "Harris" the "fidus Achates" of Mark Twain, who preferred doing his mountains by proxy in the person of Harris to climbing them himself.

§ Visitors to the Rhone valley need not be told that the populations of Visp and Sion, and of other towns in that valley during the summer months, consist mainly of flies.

|| There is a tradition that a colony of Huns settled in the Arolla valley, and the names of places in it are said to indicate this. Certainly the physiognomy of some of its best-known inhabitants gives support to such a belief.

¶ "Mine host" of Arolla is also guide and J. P. of the district.

But when the evening fell o'er the dark-feathered pines of Arolla,
Early to bed they hied them, for early the start on the morrow.
Half-past two by the clock was the hour they had fixed for departure,
Trusting the promise of Joseph, the flat-visaged Hun, and the porter.
False was the promise of Joseph, and heavy the eyes of the porter,
False, boot-polishing knave. But ere half-past three they had started
Into the darkness of night, and blindly they groped in the darkness.
With them, in front, as they went, with his brother went Martin Métrailler,
Summoned from green Evolena, professional climber of mountains.
Handsome was Martin and tall, narrow-faced, wide-chested, and lissom,
Ready to help when the need was, a courteous man and a sure one :
Brown were his chin and moustache, and tawny his skin, as a Kaffir's.

Forth they went into the night from the pine-clad slopes of Arolla,
Threading their way over boulder and stream, and around and above them
Infinite shimmer of starlight and infinite roar of the torrents.
Forty long minutes were sped, and the glacier's back they were mounting,
'Mid the grey glimmer of ice and of snow, in ghostly procession.
Brightly the Bear of the North and the spangled belt of Orion
Shone with a distant light, and the myriad hosts of the star-world,
Strange, inscrutable, cold ; nor of aught that was kindly they whispered,
Gleamed they never so brightly. But one fair star in the gloaming
Peeping all shyly upon them, athwart the shoulder of Collon,—
One particular star in the midst of an alien concourse,—
Beamed with a friendly regard : so, flashing a glance sympathetic,
Heart speaks voiceless to heart in assemblies of men and of women.

Soon the moraine they had struck, and o'er rocks big as houses they clambered,
Then up the rough hill-side, and their breath came in gasps : and below them
Down on the glacier's face, to the foot of the Collon ascending,
Travellers three they descry : stout men though they were and good climbers,
Painfully crawling flies, by the distance enchanted, they deemed them.
Here the last vestige is lost of the pine-crowned vale of Arolla ;
Boulder again and snow and the face of the Col is before them
Far up a steep slope of ice, with crevasses abysmal indented.
Slowly above in the heaven the ineffectual starlight
Paled ; and the flush of the dawn had illumined the peaks, as their feet stood
Now on the glacier's edge, in the mountain valley of Bertol.

Then spake Martin the prudent, whose home is in green Evolena :
" Come, let us rope us together, with good English rope, that our strength may
Be as the strength of four, and that each one may help his companions."
So spake Martin the sage, on the glacier's edge : and they roped them.
Martin, with ice-axe in hand and the rope round his waist, was the foremost,
Then followed Outis, and Cedric, and Joseph the brother of Martin.

And as a ship on the sea in a head-wind labors, and hardly,
Tacking now right and now left, with many a devious winding,
Wins her way o'er the watery waste : so then did Métrailler,
Keen-eyed, now to the right and now to the left, the crevasses
Warily ever avoid ; thus obliquely they mounted and slowly.
Now and again with his axe he hewed for them steps, and the ice rang
Clear to the tingling heights ; and at last with laborious effort
Up a sheer wall, of rock and of ice, he clambers, and firmly
Planting himself in his steps, hales after him Outis and Cedric,
Cedric the tall, wide-chested, whose limbs were as stout as his heart was.
Oh ! but the icy North Wind struck home through the joints of their harness,
While they were climbing. A step : and the Sun and the South were before them
Warmth, Hyperborean splendor, and blinding glare of the snowfields.
Full to the front rose the Matterhorn's peak, unapproachable, peerless.
Here for a while they rested and drank the red wine of Arolla,
Feasting their eyes and their hearts with the view : nor long did they linger,

When they had taken away the desire of eating and drinking.
Onward they fared to the South, black-spectacled, marching in order ;
Crisp was the snow, and in ripples it lay, white crested, in furrows
Plowed with the plow of the wind, while sparkling crystals of ice flash'd
Bright in the bright sunshine, but of life no vestige apparent
Showed on the wintry face of those wilds, no roaring of torrents
Varied that stillness unearthly, no cry or of eagle or chamois.
Endless the levels of snow, and the cloudless expanse of the heavens
Rivalled the gentian's blue, and the wine-dark depths of the Ocean.

Slowly they gain Tête Blanche : not steep was the climb, but incessant.
Many and short were their steps, and weary they grew in their upward
Course, till at last they reached the crown of the white-headed mountain.
Italy lay at their feet, but the clouds stood white in her hollows,
Envious guards of her beauty. Nor long did the travellers linger
There on the wind-swept top, but away to Col d'Hérens glissading,
Sliding and slipping and bounding, in order disorderly hurried ;
Easy I ween the descent, like the fabled descent to Avernus.
But when they came to the Col, perpendicular rocks and an ice-wall
Led to the glacier's brink, and again the strong arm of Métrailler
Hewed for them steps in the ice, and safely in turn they descended.
Thence down the glacier's face, where they daintily probed the crevasses,
Passing the hut of the Stockje, and hard-by the Matterhorn's shoulder,
Down the moraine of the Zmutt, under many an æry cornice,
Many a pendulous arch of the wind-swept snows of the mountain,
Into the green alp-meadows, embowered in odorous pine trees,
'Mid the soft jangling of bells and the rills' multitudinous echoes,
Down to the valley they came, to the long sought valley of Zermatt.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

TELL-TALE FINGERS.

BY A BELIEVER IN PALMISTRY.

"Es nuestra alma en nuestra palma."—SPANISH PROVERB.

DESBAROLLES is dead, but the art for which he did so much lived long before him, and will grow and flourish after him. If any doubt that the system deserves to grow let the sceptic experiment on the hands of his friends and acquaintances, guided by a few of the plainest rules laid down in "Les Mystères de la Main." No sign stands alone, but some signs are less than others beset by palliations, exceptions, or enhancements. A hand should be half palm, half fingers. This is the proper balance of parts in a hand of faculty. Desbarolles says this proportion denotes a mind which is at once synthetical and analytical. The hand with much palm and little fingers goes with a strongly material character—love of eating, perhaps, and of comfort ; a vulgar soul, content with a vulgar paradise. Much finger, and hardly any

palm, connote the opposite characteristics—unpracticalness, neglect of the body, and absorption in less material concerns. Mrs. Jellyby, who was often "looking into Africa," and who postponed maternal and household cares in order to correspond about the affairs of Borrioboola, had doubtless great length of finger and very little palm. The palm may be normal, considering the size of its owner, and the fingers may be exceptionally long. Had this been Mrs. Jellyby's case, the mission to Africa might have gone on all the same, but the children would not have fallen downstairs quite so often, the house would have been less uninviting, and the lady would have been less untidy in her own person. Long fingers give power over detail. "Finish" belongs to the drawings of the long-fingered and to their musical performances. With them gen-

ius may well seem "nothing but labor and diligence," as Hogarth defined it, for the longer they work at a task the more they infuse into it of careful and successful elaboration. It is the short-fingered who, striving to better their performance, spoil what they would mend. Short fingers go with gifts (if any) of the impressionist sort in art and letters. It is partly true that "conversation is a lost art;" but the poor survival from better days is worth considering in this connection. There is a "type of man who loves clear intellectual light before everything, and who derives pleasure from objects and ideas only so far as he defines and understands them. . . . Social intercourse is to him simply an opportunity for exchanging clear ideas and sharing in sentiments which repose on definite convictions." This is the man with very long, taper, rather pointed-tipped fingers. "For another class converse owes its value to the opportunity it affords for indulging in vague emotions." This class has short fingers, very taper, and very pointed at the tips. The hands are probably very white. They are certainly soft and fleshy. Short fingers (always supposing a "hand of faculty" before us) denote a power of seizing things by their essential points—quickness, "all-there-ness." With them often goes that "sense of proportion" which Plato quaintly said "saves men's souls." The short-fingered know the intrinsic from the merely extrinsic. With them, "Things done well, and with a care, exempt themselves from fear." They succeed at once or not at all. But it must be said that in an otherwise unpromising hand short fingers may mean nothing more than impulsiveness, and the inability to go deeply into anything; and long fingers, which in a good hand may mean thoroughness, often "denote love of trifles and want of that saving sense of proportion." Beau Brummel had, doubtless, very long fingers. So probably had his valet, who pointed to "our failures."

There are two hinges (it is more convenient so to call them, for "joint" means the whole space from hinge to hinge, or hinge to tip) in the finger besides the hinge attaching finger to palm. If the hinge nearest the finger-tip be

strongly marked, order in the ideas may be inferred. Desbarolles calls this developed hinge when it occurs in the first finger the *neud philosophique*. Of a person possessed of this, it will generally be safe to say that he questions everything, and that his doubts are a pain to himself. Religious controversies agitate him peculiarly. He seldom sits through a sermon without longing to interrupt the preacher and set him right. A great many owners of *neuds philosophiques* do not go to church at all. From the point of view of the rest of the congregation, the room of these fidgety, critical worshippers is better than their company. A large middle hinge promises order in material things—tidiness, punctuality, and many serviceable work-a-day qualities. It is common enough to find this hinge large. It is comparatively rare to find order in the ideas marked in the other hinge. Large hinges take away from the spontaneity of the qualities indicated in a finger. The large-hinged hands belong to beings of the plodding order—to the inductive, rather than the deductive, philosophers.

Lithe and supple hands are eloquent of faculty—the hands of dull people often move as if made out of wood. Tradition says fingers that show light between them belong to sturdy, independent characters. There is a kind of hand in which, in repose, the fingers fall back one upon the other, with not a hair's breadth between. This hand is one much like that cut out of a sheet of putty, or in unbaked pastry; and it indicates great want of originality, conventionality, and reverence for the opinion of others. In the color of the lines of the palm is found the signs of temper. The color ought to be pink. If red, it augurs hot temper; if crimson, violent; if livid, brutally violent; and if pale and wide (other things concurring), it probably denotes a sulky temper. Generosity is plainly indicated; but not so its degree and kind. The first finger, which turns away from the thumb, proclaims love of giving, or at worst love of spending—open-handedness. The same finger running towards the thumb, and making the hand look clawlike, means miserliness.

One of Oscar Wilde's much-quoted

sayings is, "There is so much soul in teeth!" Palmistry declares that there is "much soul in nails." The hand with small nails buried in flesh is like a face with sightless eyes, or no eyes. The nearly nailless may be kind, useful people, but they discover no Utopias—they won't even tolerate ideality. The high things of holiness, of art, of human character, are not within their field of vision. They "fag in paltry works, no god attending." Shakspeare says, "There's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand," and palmistry supports the view, if by "brave" Shakspeare meant long-enduring and energetic. Energy is also shown in the width of the hand across the knuckles; and endurance in a curved outline from the base of the little finger to the wrist. Experience proves that wit is indicated by long, taper fingers which curl slightly upwards at the tips. Desbarolles makes no mention of the quality of humor, perhaps because there is no French word for it, or because humor is moribund, or extinct. A crooked middle finger is the sign of mendacity. These are a few of the signs which are the most trustworthy when viewed apart from the whole hand. The great difficulty of

palmistry is that all the signs have to be summed up, and a balance struck. Sometimes single signs directly contradict other signs. Desbarolles claims the power of prediction for his art, and bases palmistry on astrology; but Sephardo, not Desbarolles, is right—

True; our growing thought
Makes growing revelation. But demand not
Specific augury, as of sure success
In meditated projects, or of ends
To be foreknown by peeping in God's scroll.
I say—nay, Ptolemy has said it, but wise books
For half the truths they hold are honored
tombs—

Prediction is contingent, of effects
Where causes and concomitants are mixed
To seeming wealth of possibilities
Beyond our reckoning, . . .

O my lord, the stars
Act not as witchcraft or as muttered spells.
I said before they are not absolute,
And tell no fortunes.

Yet, in two senses, a man has "his fate in his hands." The hands tell his qualities. His qualities are responsible for more than half his destiny; for do we not see, every day, how little outer circumstances affect us, how much we ourselves make our own fate? The honest sceptic, before he spurns palmistry, will experimentalize with the rules here laid down.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

SOCIALIST RAGE.

MR. CHAMPION announced the principle on which he, as one of the Socialists, was prepared to act, in words which he expressly declared to be carefully considered and "sober," when he said on Sunday, at the meeting of the unemployed, that "if he thought the miserable system under which they lived, and all its attendant horrors, could be done away with to-morrow by cutting the throats of that million and a quarter of people who took so much more than their share of the bounties of Nature, he would, if it was possible, do it with his own hand that minute;" and this announcement was received by (we hope) the very few who distinctly heard him, with "loud cheers." Can we be face to face with a more momentous fact than that an educated man should make such a speech as this to a miscellaneous crowd in London, and that that miscellaneous crowd should applaud the

remark? What does the sentence really mean? Certainly one of two things,—either that Mr. Champion and those who cheered him think there is no moral law of any kind in existence to compare in sacredness and obligation with the duty of sharing equally the bounties of Nature amongst all the human race; or else that there is no moral law at all, and that pity is an emotion which deliberately counts the number of those who compete for it, and makes no scruple of wringing the necks as well as the hearts of the few in order to fill the pockets of the many. Well, if there is any appreciable number of average men to be found who accept either position, and are able to act upon it, we should certainly expect that the anarchists will soon get the best of it, and throw everything into confusion. For it does not take a large minority of society,—it takes a very small minority indeed, if completely

bereft of principle and fear,—to make the structure of human society simply impossible. Conceive for a moment what a very small organisation acting steadily on either position would mean. Take the position that there is no moral law to compare in sacredness and obligation with the duty of sharing equally the bounties of Nature with all the other members of the human race. What will it imply? It will certainly imply, as Mr. Champion frankly puts it, that murder on an enormous scale will become a duty whenever and wherever it affords a reasonable certainty to those who undertake it, of promoting a more equal division of property among the great human family; nor will murder stop, as Mr. Champion, in his great moderation, proposed to stop, at the million and a quarter, while so many millions remain who will still have "so much more than their share of the bounties of Nature." If a league of dynamiters really see their way to inspiring such a panic as would upset the present order of things entirely, and putting a Socialistic party at the head of affairs, it would then become the bounden duty of that league to blow up not merely the Houses of Parliament, but all the richer quarters of London, in order to achieve the ruin out of which a new division of property might proceed. It is true that even when that was effected, if the English Socialists knew that under their revised system they were much richer than the Swiss, or the Belgians, or the Spaniards, there ought to be a new league organised to terrorise the English Socialists into dividing their wealth with the Swiss, or the Belgians, or the Spaniards; and then, again, if it appeared that the Esquimaux, or the natives of Terra del Fuego, were enjoying only a very minute share of the bounties of Nature, another burst of terrorism to enforce a large export of wealth to those humble tribes would become a duty. In a word, take the duty of ensuring an equal division of the bounties of Nature amongst the inhabitants of the earth for the primary moral principle, and a reign of unlimited terrorism, lasting till an impossible task had been completed, ought to be organised by those who accepted that principle as the regenerating force of human society. There is no conceivable crime

which could not be legitimately committed under the sanction of such a principle as this. What are the bounties of Nature? Is not domestic peace and affection one of them? Why is a man to have "more than his share" of domestic peace and affection? A man with a bad wife, or a woman with a bad husband, would be justified by such a principle in undermining the peace of any other family if thereby the misery at home could be alleviated. Then, again, do not the bounties of Nature include such gifts as genius, beauty, talent, even the capacity for industry? Why should men be endowed with such unequal shares of these bounties? And as they are so endowed, why are not men as much justified in trying to redress the balance by insisting that the man of genius or talent shall at least hand over his gains to men of no genius or talent as a small compensation for the absence of that genius or talent, as they are in trying to redress the balance by dividing amongst the poor the wealth which has been inherited by the rich from their ancestors under the usual laws of inheritance? Take for your first principle, as Mr. Champion would appear to do in the better of the two constructions which we have put on his announced belief,—that there is no duty to compare with the duty of compelling a more equal division of the bounties of Nature,—and it follows absolutely that even robbery, murder, adultery, prolonged terrorism, if they do but result in taking a good deal away from the happier possessors of blessings of any kind, and in giving a good deal to those destitute or comparatively destitute of those blessings, are *not* sins and crimes, but of the very essence of virtue. Such a principle results in pure anarchy. And if there be any appreciable number of people who hold Mr. Champion's view, and have the audacity to act upon it, unquestionably the existing provisions for maintaining order in the highly complex society of modern days could never hold out for many months against them. We are not so much shocked by Mr. Champion's own assertion, as by the cheers with which it was received. He, for all we know, may be simply moonstruck with these wild Socialistic ideas. But that even the most wretched out of

London streets should not recoil from such an announcement as his, does, we admit, alarm us.

Of course, if we take the other construction of his meaning, which denies all moral law at all, while it makes pity at once an overpowering and a calculating instinct,—for Mr. Champion's pity counts heads before deciding whither it shall lead us,—the confusion is worse still. For if there be no moral obligation in existence, those who do not feel the prick of this calculating pity have quite as much right to resist the cut-throat pity to which Mr. Champion, under certain conditions, proposes to surrender himself, as Mr. Champion himself has to yield to it. If the reason why he would not hesitate to begin the job of a million odd murders, supposing he thought it likely to lead to a more equal distribution of the bounties of Nature, be that his pity for the miserable multitude is much deeper than his pity for the victims of his knife, then any one who finds that his pity for special individuals whose qualities have a personal attraction for him, is much deeper than his pity for the "dim, common populations," would evidently be fully justified in murdering Mr. Champion in the effort to save some of the more attractive of Mr. Champion's victims. Indeed, once get rid of all trace of the moral law, and there is no more to be said either for one form of pity than for another form of it, or, indeed, for pity of any kind as compared with selfishness of any kind. On that principle, selfishness and pity stand on the same level, and have a perfect right to fight it out as best they may.

Indeed, the only true province in which the instinct of justice can work wisely to diminish the inequalities of the human lot, is the province of those artificial arrangements by which society sometimes renders it more difficult than it need be for the poor and miserable to improve their condition, and more easy than it should be for the rich and happy to do so. As for the notion of really rendering the different lots of different men *equal*, that notion strikes at the very constitution of the universe as we know it. Even plants are not equal,—one growing on a poor soil and flourishing only because it can extract more

nourishment from a poor soil than its more delicate and luxuriant competitors which need a richer soil. Animals are not equal, the bird of swifter flight and keener eye enjoying vast advantages over the bird of slow flight and dim eye. As for men and women, they are unequal in their gifts from birth, and unequal in their power of improving those gifts. It would be as impossible to keep their property equal without the most frightful waste of power, as it would be to render their happiness exactly equal where the temperaments which condition happiness are so various. And if it could be managed, the result would be purely mischievous. Some people have a genius for deriving real happiness from property, and for distributing happiness through their possession of property. It is in every respect desirable that they should exercise these gifts. Others have no such faculty, and are both happier and better as poor men than they would be as rich men. What is needed is to increase indefinitely men's wish to help each other, and to diminish all the many artificial difficulties placed in the way of that true help. What is thoroughly mischievous is to attempt to parcel out property equally amongst all, in spite of the fact that the faculty for acquiring, and using, and distributing property is divided so very unequally amongst all. The object for which Mr. Champion is willing to begin the butchery of a million and a quarter of human beings is an utterly mischievous object. If he could effect it *artificially*, even without that butchery, he would do nothing but harm. If he could effect it naturally, by greatly increasing the thrift of the poor, and the opportunity for putting that thrift into exercise, he would do, no doubt, infinite good; but that is not an object which can be carried out without a very potent and impressive moral law, which not only paralyses the hands of murderers and visits their hearts with remorse, but which is so "exceeding broad" that it hampers the acquisition of wealth by a thousand honorable scruples, and moulds the generous man into comparative indifference to wealth before it confers upon him any wealth that can be truly regarded as a privilege or a blessing.—*London Spectator*.

COINCIDENCES.

FICTION sometimes precedes fact—that is to say, it occasionally happens that a story of no very probable kind, or possibly rather complex in its details, which has been entirely due to the invention of the novelist or dramatist, is afterwards repeated in real life. Nature is occasionally the plagiarist, and as she cannot unfortunately be made to pay damages, or even be affected by an injunction of the Court of Chancery, the writer who has been borrowed from must be content with the barren honor of being the first inventor of what is commonly thought to be due to the course of events; and this honor he may not always obtain, for people are slow to recognize the fact that romance has come before truth; but that it may sometimes be due to him we propose to show by three instances.

The first is a very singular one, from the relationship of the two actors in the fictitious and in the real drama, a drama of flesh and blood as it certainly turned out to be. Some years ago there appeared in an Indian periodical a brief story of two brothers who were much given to fencing together, and who, as sometimes happens with men who fence together, got jealous of each other's skill, and one day grew so excited by a sharp assault and disputed hits, that they resolved to use sharpened foils for one bout, so that there might be no doubt who received the hit, palpable or otherwise. Only a light touch was to be given; but the writer seems to have reflected justly enough that a fencer cannot put on half-speed as an engineer puts half-speed on an engine, and he made one of his characters inflict a severe wound on the other. A critic might, without seeming harsh, have stigmatized the story as improbable, even as wild, but the course of events would have shown him to be wrong, for the incident actually occurred. Two brothers, who practised in an English fencing-room, fell out over a *coup de bouton*, and, after a warm discussion, determined to have a contest of such a kind as would make the hit indisputable. There were duelling-swords in the room, and, by an ingen-

ious contrivance which it would take too long to explain now, they were rendered comparatively innocuous, the point of each blade being so treated that it could only penetrate a very little way, and it was thought that all chance of a serious result was thus avoided; but nature proved a determined plagiarist. Not only were two brothers to fight—and certainly here the coincidence was most remarkable—but one of them was to be gravely hurt. A vigorous parry met a vigorous lunge just after the point had touched the body, and, although it could not penetrate far, it inflicted a very serious jagged wound, as it was driven right across the chest. Many a duel has come to an end with much less injury to the combatant who was worsted.

The second case of fact after fancy was in its way as curious as that which we have just described, but was of a totally different nature. In this instance two dramatists took the liberty of anticipating matters, and devised an imaginary situation which was afterwards realized with great pain and suffering in actual life. Some of our readers may remember the singular play *Forget-Me-Not* produced at the Lyceum in 1879, afterwards acted at another London theatre, and for a considerable time in the United States. That the plot of this piece was entirely new there cannot be the slightest doubt, as what amounted to a challenge from the authors to point to the original in any language met with no answer. The story is based on the power which the French law gives to a parent of annulling the marriage of a son who has married under the age of twenty-five without the consent of his father and mother. The wicked character of the piece threatens, if her demands are not complied with, to annul a marriage contracted between her son and a young Englishwoman of good family, who has married, of course, in utter ignorance of the French law. A child has been born; but at the time when the action begins the son is dead, and the evil genius can, if she will, make the hapless infant illegitimate. This is the main *motif* of an elab-

orate plot, into the carefully devised complications of which we need not further enter. The way in which the story was confirmed by truth following romance was not a little striking. The piece was brought out in August 1879. In the *Times* of August 12, 1880, there was a painful account of the position of an unfortunate Englishwoman who had married in England a Frenchman who gave his age as twenty-two. The father was not made acquainted with the marriage till three years after it had taken place; but at first he did not seem to object to it, and talked of his son being naturalized in England. For some reason unexplained he after awhile changed his mind, and the wife, having followed her husband to Paris, learnt that she was not a wife at all, and that her children were illegitimate; and, a suit being instituted, the marriage was declared null by the Civil Tribunal of the Seine. Of course the case was not quite on all fours with the story of *Forget-Me-Not*, as the authors necessarily gave their piece a happy conclusion; but the main idea of the piece was certainly adhered to with fair fidelity, and on an essential point the drama of real life followed the drama of fiction.

The third case of reality after romance occurred much later than the two we have described, and was certainly most remarkable, as the incident imagined by the novelist was of a very peculiar kind, and might indeed have been called extravagant if it had not received an indisputable imprimatur. In the current

number of a well-known annual there is a story of an operatic singer who, having quarrelled with the woman he cares for, shoots her on the stage in the last act of the *Huguenots*. She is playing Valentine; he is one of the King's troops, and he fires in grim earnest, sending a bullet through her heart. Now it might naturally have been thought that the author would be left in undisturbed possession of this very dramatic *finale*; but again nature proved a determined plagiarist. A short time after the annual appeared there came a strange story from South America of an Italian, called—or calling himself with some faint recollection of Flaubert's novel—Salambo, who conceived a violent passion for the leading actress of a dramatic company, and, being rejected by her, managed to get engaged as supernumerary, and to secure the part of the executioner in *Theodora*. When the time came he did his best to strangle the unfortunate lady in real earnest, and very nearly succeeded. Now it is not too much to assume that he thought his crime an entirely original one, and probably he would have been greatly surprised if he had been told that his striking idea was not new; and his curious attempt to treat murder as one of the fine arts should be a lesson at once to assassins and to critics. What seems original may turn out not to be original at all, and what seems to be a strange wild fancy may be translated into actual fact.—*Saturday Review*.

"MULTIPLE PERSONALITY."

THE Society for Psychical Research probably does more good by the curious facts on which it fixes the attention of the public, than by the theories which its many able members put forth to account for those facts. Amongst the most interesting of the cases on which it has recently centred the thoughts of psychological investigators, is one of a patient at present, we believe, in Rochefort Asylum, a very careful summary of whose case is given by Dr. Myers in the January number of Dr. Tuke's and Dr. Savage's *Journal of Mental Science*,

published by Messrs. Churchill,—a case specially commented upon by Mr. F. W. H. Myers at the meeting of the Society for Psychical Research held on March 6th last. The patient in question, who is called "Louis V.," and who was born in 1863, is said in the summary of his case to have six different states of consciousness, all of them more or less accompanied by distinct physical conditions; but only in one of these six states is his memory something like that of an ordinary man,—that is, able to recall the larger number

of the various phases through which his life has passed. Even in this sixth state there are a few blanks in his memory; but in all the others he appears to remember only a few discontinuous portions of his history, and to forget completely those years in which his physical state was quite different from that in which he then finds himself. Thus, when he has paralysis of the *right* side,—which is connected with a morbid condition of the left side of the brain,—nearly twenty-one years of his twenty-three years of life are entirely wiped out for him. But even then a certain application of soft iron to his right thigh restores to him the memory of the greater part of his life, dispels temporarily all paralysis, and leaves only a few comparatively small gaps in his memory of his career. Again, under certain magnetic conditions, the hysterical paralysis,—for the *origin* of the whole complaint seems to be a kind of hysteria,—can be transferred from the right side (which involves a morbid condition of the left brain) to the left side, involving the same inertia of the right side of the brain; and this change, which is quite sudden, is accompanied by a very curious change in the apparent aspect of his character. From being arrogant, violent, and profane, with indistinct utterance and complete inability to write (owing to the paralysis of the right hand), "Louis V." becomes instantaneously quiet, modest, and respectful, speaking easily and clearly, and able to write a fair hand; but the greater part of his life is still a blank to him. In a word, the change from "Louis V." with paralysis of the right side, to "Louis V." with paralysis of the left side, is not very different from the change which Mr. Louis Stevenson has described in the weird tale called "The Strange Story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," when Mr. Hyde is suddenly transformed into Dr. Jekyll,—except, of course, that there is no alteration in the general bulk or stature of the body. The hysterical paralysis of the right side (involving the opposite side of the brain) leaves him a rude, presumptuous, illiterate boor; while the paralysis of the left side (involving the right side of the brain) finds him a docile, respectful, respectably educated young man. The

other five states of consciousness, induced by different physical means, though in some cases, indeed, not by physical means at all, but merely by authoritatively telling the young man that he is in one of his other states, are more or less intermediate between these two; and in one of them,—the sixth described in the *Journal of Mental Science*,—the man's character, though not apparently so good as in his best state,—when the left side of the brain, the side supposed to be most frequently exerted in thinking and speaking, is active, and the right side is passive,—is much better than in his worst, while his memory commands the greater part of his life, and the paralysis vanishes altogether; but in this state, apparently, it is not possible to keep him long, for his normal condition is at present that in which he forgets all the best part of his life, and is violent, arrogant, and profane.

Now, Mr. F. W. H. Myers apparently desired to persuade the Society for Psychical Research, of which he is one of the pillars, that this case points to a double personality in each of us, one represented by the predominant activity of the left side of the brain,—the ordinary personality,—while the other, occasionally manifested in dreams or abnormal conditions of any kind, represents, for any one in whom it is manifested, what Mr. Hyde was to Dr. Jekyll, the more savage and brutal side of the man, the coarser, vulgarer, unreflective, overbearing side. And he even goes so far as to suggest that the activity of each separate side of the brain represents the command of a quite different sphere of knowledge, so that a man whose right brain is suddenly called into activity while his left brain is lulled to sleep, may manifest not only a quite different character from his ordinary character, but also a quite different range of positive knowledge. In Mr. Myers's belief, the ruder character, which is best manifested by the activity of the right hemisphere of the brain, may yet have an instinctive insight to which the more normal and better-disciplined character which uses most easily the left hemisphere of the brain is a stranger, so that, in a sense very different from that of the original saying, the left hand does not indeed know what the right hand doeth. Well,

if there be any truth in that theory, it must certainly be extended. In the case of "Louis V.," there appear to be no less than six different conditions of consciousness, in each one of which there must be some different proportion between the activity of the right and left brain. It is not merely a case of Right Brain *v.* Left, but of various proportions of activity,—say, all right and no left, three-quarters right and one-quarter left, half right and half left, one-quarter right and three-quarters left, no right and all left, and lastly, perhaps, the equal co-operation of right and left. To each of these conditions a different personality would correspond, so that "Louis V." instead of being two different persons in turns, is, perhaps, six different persons in turns, according to the variety of the mixture.

Of course, if this were an adequate explanation of the case, the application of a bar of steel to one arm, or of soft iron to the right thigh, would change one person into another person; or, in other words, personality would express nothing more than certain temporary phenomena which, by the use of either physical or moral agencies, you could transform at will, if not into their opposites, at least into qualities as different as arrogance from modesty, or irritability from patience. We say "by either physical or moral agencies," because, as we have already said, it did not necessarily take any magnetic influence to produce the change; the change was also effected by simply assuring the young man that he was once more what he had once been, even though he had then absolutely forgotten this antecedent condition of his own consciousness; and with the belief, the physical state of the body as regarded paralysis or activity, itself changed. That is, as amongst his various selves, you could determine for him *which* of them he should be. But what does all this prove? It proves not in any sense multiple identity, but what we have all of us always known,—that a man may easily lose the conscious clue which connects one phase of his life with another phase. We all lose, and lose for the most part completely, the clue connecting infancy with childhood. The very aged often lose, and sometimes completely lose, the clue con-

necting manhood and age. Even in the fulness of our strength illness often wipes completely out of our memory a certain limited term of weeks or months. But then, it will be said, a man seldom or never loses the connecting link of *character*. A selfish and irritable man is selfish and irritable throughout all his phases. A self-forgetful and patient man is self-forgetful and patient throughout all his phases; whereas in this case of "Louis V.," we have a man transformed in the twinkling of an eye from an arrogant and ignorant boaster, into a quiet and docile learner. Does not that imply more than a change of memory or mental *scenery*? Does it not imply a change in the attitude of the will? Is it conceivable that a will trained to defer to the lessons of higher minds in one state, should lose all the training it had acquired, even though it had lost the memory of all who had given that training? If humility and arrogance are qualities only superficially distinct, and really severed from each other only by the memory or oblivion of a year or two of personal training, they are not moral qualities at all. Unless through every change of circumstances the thread of personality is continuous, personality is an illusion; and if it is continuous, then nothing can charm away a quality of the will, once genuinely acquired, unless it be the voluntary treachery and default of the will itself. If the left brain is a "new creature," but the right brain is unregenerate, then the two brains are not brains of the same person, and one of those persons is not responsible for the other person. But the truth is that nothing of this kind is even rendered plausible as a hypothesis by the cases of alternating consciousness of which morbid pathology treats. We might almost as seriously treat the healthy man as responsible for his delicious ravings in fever, as treat one of these hysteric patients as responsible for what he thinks and does under hysterical conditions. Grant, if there be evidence for it, that the abnormal activity of the right hemisphere of the brain implies the activity of the lower nature. If that activity be caused by disease alone, the patient is not responsible; but we all know that the activity of the lower nature may be caused not by disease alone, but by

either the application of a stimulus which we know we could withhold, or the neglect of a self-restraint which we know we could exercise. The attempt to draw inferences as to our normal and healthy state from the consideration of abnormal and unhealthy states, is a radically misleading one. All double or multiple identities are signs of disease. And of all mistakes in psychology, perhaps the worst is that which takes its standard of health from the study of disease, instead of taking the cue for the healing of disease from the study of health. One essential note of mental

health is a strong personal identity. A certain sign of disease is that hysterical multiplicity of states which presents its most typical forms either in the rapidly changing phantasmagoria of delirium, or in the multiple vision of an over-stimulated brain. Exactly that which is chiefly conspicuous by its absence or its attenuation in all forms of hysteric disease, is personal identity,—of which some of the pillars of the "Society for Psychological Research" mistakenly hope to find the secret, by studying the cases of those who pass their lives in disordered dreams.—*London Spectator.*

TO BEETHOVEN.

ON HEARING HIS CHORAL SYMPHONY.

BY HERBERT B. GARROD.

MASTER ! whose hearing, closed to grosser sound,
Quickened for all the subtler harmonies
Of soul-entrancing chords, e'en as the eyes
Of sightless Milton saw beyond the bound
Of earth, to where the white-stoled host surround
The Holiest of the Holy—in what guise,
Of bird or seraph, through the immensities
Of interstellar avenues profound

Hied thy bright spirit, lifting its grand refrain
Up, up through throbbing ether, with the beat
Of mighty wings, to where the listening throng
Wait breathless, while glad throats take up the strain,
When string and trumpet fail, and at the feet
Of God lay tribute of immortal song ?

DIABLERIE IN PARADISE, OR THE CARNIVAL OF CONFETTI.

NICE, *Sunday.*

THE glass has risen, the gale has blown itself out, the leaden skies have vanished, the clouds have been dispelled by the magic sun. How lovely on this Sunday morning in March to bask in the full wealth of Mediterranean sunshine, to think of the deep snow drifts and the bone-piercing blasts in dear old England ! The blue sky is without a cloud, the sun beats down on the white roads, the waters dance and sparkle in the sunlight, and the tiny breakers throwing up a glittering shower of spray curl lazily on the shore, forming a narrow belt which stretches like a

white thread all along the coast line. It is yet early morning, but the people are already sunning themselves and inhaling the soft, warm air, fragrant with aromatic scents. The picturesque market-women and fish-wives are driving a brisk trade under the colonnades, the sidewalks are brilliant with glowing flowers and fruit fresh from the hillsides. Afar off on the horizon may be seen the white sail of some wine-laden argosy bound for port. Nice is to be *en fête* to-day, though the great battle of the *confetti* does not begin until two. But it is easy to while away a few hours among the picturesque streets, watching the prep-

arations for the great event. All that was prayed for was fine weather. Even the great King Carnival must have that. In England we pray for Queen's weather. In Nice they pray for King's—the King of the Carnival. The gods were propitious, and Nice was correspondingly grateful. To-day we eat, drink, and are merry; to-morrow we die—"gaudeamus igitur."

A more glorious panorama painter never pictured than the noble inlet which is part of the Gulf of Genoa. The eye is surfeited with the lovely contrasts of land and sea and mountain. The frowning belt of hills, which yesterday were enveloped in a gauzy veil of delicate mist, to-day stand out sharply in the clear air. The sun lights up the great brown patches, and accentuates the whiteness of the villas which nestle prettily on the hill slopes far and near, their whiteness thrown up the more sharply by the sombre tints of the surrounding groves. To those who stand on the summit of one of the promontories the panorama unfolds itself in full glory. Far away are the Alpes Maritimes, their tops and sides clothed in snow, forming a white semicircle which stretches far away for miles. The eye follows the range as it gradually falls off and declines to the distant neck of land half hidden in the misty haze. An inner circle is formed by the lower hills, over which are scattered thousands of lovely villas, mountain settlements, orange groves, lemon groves, olive orchards, and vineyards. Then comes a third white circle made by the town, and a fourth along the sea beach by the great hotels and lofty houses, their windows flashing in the sun like so many silvern panels. The thin belt of tropical foliage, of cactus, of tree ferns, with their great drooping fronds, the wide-leaved palms of all varieties, aloes, and the white glistening road, with a background of vine-covered house fronts, red-roofed and pink-fronted, form another belt. The *blanchisseuses* are at work on the stony rim of beach, which is covered with the snowiest of linen fluttering in the gentle breeze. Then there is the blue of the sea and the flashing line of gentle breakers, which complete the circles—not of hell but of Paradise. Nice is fairyland. Already by ten

o'clock the holiday-makers are abroad, flitting hither and thither across the streets. Every one is taking a sun bath and revelling in the change from the gloomy skies and the depressing drizzle. Two days of wet weather in Nice and they begin to "damn the cursed climate." Walking along the road which has been rescued from the stern, jagged-faced rocks round to the harbor one sees that the spirit of the day has infected the only part of Nice which works. From every masthead the gayest of bunting is flying. James Gordon Bennett has his floating palace here, and his crew are smoking cigarettes on the fore-castle. The port is full of craft, all spreading their salt-stained canvas to the sun—wine-laden craft mostly, manned by handsome, picturesque-looking fellows bronzed and fiercely moustachioed, who are leaning lazily over the bulwarks smoking the national cigarette. A few Customs officers are strolling about, attired in their magnificent official costumes, blue and silver caps, sea-blue trousers, set off by a red stripe, black coats bedecked with lace.

The Place Massena at midday is a sight to see. At every corner they are selling masks and dominoes. You may buy your *confetti* by the sackful or in paper bags at the rate of three for a penny. Here, too, they are selling tin scoops large and small, with their supple handles made of cane to give force and direction to the plastic projectiles. The cafés beneath the shade-giving colonnades are doing a roaring business. Gay awnings are stretched everywhere; the brightest of bunting flies from every point. The shops, more *recherché*, where you may buy dominoes bizarre or simple according to your taste; painted masks—the most revolting or the most bewitching, as it pleases your fancy—these are thronged with purchasers. In self-defence every one buys the protecting vizor, from the beggar to the prince, for an hour later millions of *confetti* will be hurtling through the air. Effectually disguised in robes of flowing red, reaching down to the feet, and enveloping the head in an ample and picturesque hood of the same color, one's face vizored in a painted wire mask, with a bag laden with *confetti*, and scoop in hand, one reaches the Prefecture, in

the Rue François St. Paul, one of many thousands of fantastic creatures. For a long time the unaccustomed eye cannot take in the perpetual feast of color which the street presents. The signal for the battle has not yet been given, so it is safe to walk about and try to analyse the component parts of the extraordinary medley called the Carnival of the *Confetti*. Imagine a street—not the width of the Strand—formed by two sides of white and yellow fronted houses, ten and twelve stories in height, the street sloping gently as it approaches the Prefecture. Imagine each window filled with dominoes of every hue, of every dye, the lower windows taken out, and each forming a box lined with the most vivid and yet the most artistic combinations of draperies. Some are festooned with cardinal red and yellow, looped up in graceful knots, surmounted with monograms worked in gorgeous flowers, serpentine hues of fresh blossoms twine from point to point, forming a living trellis work of flowers and green leaves. The interiors of the boxes are heavily draped in colored stuffs, and the occupants are clad in dominoes in harmony. Here we have windows draped in violet and white, with festoons of violets; there in orange, in green, in blue, of every tint. Even the ledges are lined with lovely cushions, set off by a hanging fringe of lacework. Every impression that infinite combination of colors can give is here. As the street is straight, you have your view from end to end—that is, about the length of the Strand from Charing-cross to the Gaiety Theatre. Look where you will there is color. Gracefully tapering Venetian masts, gaily decorated, run along both sides of the street, joined at intervals of a few yards by festoons of flags of all nations, which form a gaudy and striking series of canopies waving to and fro in the breeze. The Prefecture, which is the starting-point of the procession, occupies and forms three sides of a small, but imposing, square of lofty white-faced buildings, below which there had been erected grand stands to accommodate the mayor, his court, and friends. The mayor comes and takes his seat, the stands are crowded with ladies clad in the most brilliant and extraordinary dominoes,

the bands strike up, the cannons boom out, and long before their rolling echo ceased the signal was given, a great roar ran along from the crowd which packed the street, and in a moment the air was thick with clouds of *confetti*, which rattled sharply on mask and window, and the dust of the broken missiles rose up like clouds of steam, and the wild *diablerie* began.

Who could describe the motley thousands that form the crowd? Who could resolve them into their elements? Picture the most fantastic scene and the most fantastic pantomime that was ever seen in theatre or circus, and multiply the effect ten-thousandfold, picture thousands of masked and dominoed men and women, attired as demons, as Mephistopheles, as imps and apes, as cats and dogs, as frogs and vegetables, conjure up hosts of ghosts, think of the most horrible nightmare or the awful things of an opium orgie, and you will have something of the effect produced on the mind by one's first impressions of a Nice carnival. Imagine this great pantomime, in which fifty or sixty thousand people take part, giving themselves up to the daring frivolities of the carnival for three or four hours in the open air with a burning, blazing sun. The ingenuity and the taste which are expended upon this wonderful ceremony are extraordinary, and not less impressive is the astonishing variety of the costumes assumed by the crowd which has flocked here to take a deep draught of *diablerie*. The tops of the long colonnade were black with people, and there was no window and no point of vantage which was unoccupied. Up aloft some were contented to brave the dangers without masks, but the majority were both masked and dominoed. Opposite the prefecture was placed the throne of King Carnival, and the enormous figure of that awful potentate towered thirty feet up in the air, a Gargantuan monarch, with features modelled in proportion to his height. Like the horse of Troy his belly serves as a receptacle, not for men but for fireworks. On the last night of the revelries a fuse is lighted, and the King flies up to the starlit heavens, illuminating the evening sky with a million lights, crimson, golden, silver, shooting hither and

thither, and dropping their liquid fire on the crowd. "The King is dead. Long live the King!" cry the fickle plebs, and until 1887 the King and his Court are forgotten. Round this huge figure, standing out like some savage idol, file the procession, slowly moving up the street to the braying of trumpets, and the beating of drums, and the fire of guns. The grotesque throng keeps admirable order as the procession marches slowly past, cheering and shrieking with laughter and cries of admiration, keeping up a fierce fire of *confetti* the while. Bands of men, women, and children pass, clad in long, flowing dominoes of every conceivable cut and fashion, red, pink, blue, green, violet, slashed with trimmings of other colors, affording vivid contrasts to the body of the fabric. The masks are hideous and beautiful, with eyes bleared or languishing, mouth all awry or of perfect form, noses dwarfed, noses elongated, hooked, bent, broken; faces bloody, faces rouged, ochred; wigs of pink, tresses of flowing yellow or of coal black. Many wear paper masks, which admit of even more startling effects. One sees clowns in sugar-loaf hats and parti-colored robes, pantaloons and harlequins, and troops of devils. Even the babes and children are disguised, and mother would not recognize son, nor husband wife.

To describe the procession with any minuteness would be impossible, but a few of the features were too noteworthy to be passed over without a few words of description. Take the huge carriages drawn by four or six horses, fitted up as platforms, on which is built up an enormous structure, emblematical, perhaps, of some trade or business of the Riviera. These reach high up into the air, and totter and creak as they move slowly along. One of the most grotesque of these was fitted as a monkey house. From side to side were stretched bars and poles and ropes on which swung a score of mimics made up as monkeys, revolving round the bars, twisting their tails, chattering and jibbering, in the most realistic manner, to the strains of a band which was perched high up in the golden cage. These enormous structures resemble the great car of Juggernaut, except that no one is trodden be-

neath the advancing car. Each one is accompanied by an attendant group of dancers, who are never still. Take, again, a second, which represents a thirty-foot cook in white stirring up a seething mixture in a cauldron nearly as big as one of the fountains in Trafalgar-square. A third was emblematical of the gaming-table, and was draped with white emblazoned with all the cards in the pack, with roulette tables and all the mysteries known to Monte Carlo, attended by scores of kings and queens who danced to the music. Another showed the process of wine manufacture, another a windmill at work grinding the corn, groups of children sitting composedly on the revolving sails. But no words could convey the vastness of these Brobdingnagian erections, upon each of which large sums must have been expended. Another bore a man-eating monkey, whose arm descended slowly to the group of prisoners far below him, with outstretched fingers, seized one of them, and partook of him as Cyclops did of the friends of Ulysses, grinning with satisfaction. By the side of these the ordinary carriages which went in procession were but as Lilliputians to Gulliver, but they were none the less attractive for that. Each was draped in stuffs of vivid colors, even the wheels being hidden. Then again the groups who went on foot were most cleverly and grotesquely got up. Here was a species of French Falstaff, in yellow and black trousers, catching the *confetti* in a green butterfly net. Here was a band of dancing devils in black and red, with active tails and fiery eyes. There was a ten-foot organ-grinder carriage—the familiar Italian instrument, with the equally familiar monkey on board. There was a group of ten-foot boots—Wellingtons and sea boots, ladies' boots, boots for hunters, and boots for every conceivable person and all weathers. All these boots walked along at their own free will, without bodies to support or feet to trouble them. There was a dog walking on its hind legs, covered with rats, brown and black and white, and every now and then he would put one carefully into his mouth. Here were the wolf and the lamb dancing a voluptuous waltz together; there a noble army of vege-

tables, presumably on their way to market—marrows and cabbages, turnips and carrots, the savory onion and the bilious radish, instinct with animal passions and emotions. A band of realistic Indians, almost *an naturel*, armed as if for mortal combat, with shining spears, gibbering and shrieking, and dancing a fearful dance of triumph. Did they not carry their victim in a cage, cowering and shuddering with fear? Here were nodding mandarins, there a humming-top spun along, here a figure of Christ-mas wheeling a barrow of snow; there a small army of pipes strolling along, with stems three or four feet long and white bowls like fireplaces, the smoke rising, apparently impelled by no living agency, like so many craters of so many volcanoes. Some of the figures rode on donkeys, some trotted on horses: knights in shimmering armor pranced along on mettlesome steeds, the mettle being supplied by their own two legs. Here were crabs with backs as broad as a dining-table, lobsters dripping with slimy seaweed, and oysters such as we never see even at Mr. Rule's famous establishment. A barber is making a lady's coiffure, a boy is climbing a tree to catch the glowing oranges, an awful schoolmaster is birching a bad boy who would not learn his lessons, and—ah! but let us stop, for the varieties were almost endless. Here again is a corps of Bacchus, in green costume draped with grapes, with casks at their backs and miniature champagne bottles in their hair. Again are tortoises, cocoanuts, cats, sausages, parrots. Those who would see a carnival must look for themselves. They will never see anything prettier, more fantastic—more unusual to the sober eye of the Englishman, at any rate. But let us remember that all this time the procession is moving and toiling along, up and down, down and up, the crowds are dancing and laughing, and crying, and fighting till the ground is thick with the crumbled comfits which cover it as if after a heavy hailstorm. For hours the battle rages on both sides, until we are bruised and weary. The wounded are many, for sharp is the shock from a well-aimed pellet which hits you on a tender part of the ear you fondly thought protected, awful the shudder when some fiend of evil lifts up your

neck-protecting hood and pours a handful down your back. A terrific artillery goes on, the pellets fly in showers through the air, from balcony to balcony, from carriage to carriage, in scoops, by hand, hurled with a judgment which becomes consummate as the practice grows longer. The sun is sinking, and the air is chill. It is time to disperse for reflection. A gun booms forth the signal to stop the fight, and it is a case of gendarmes if you discharge more *confetti*. The crowd breaks up for a while, and hies it hither and thither—some to hotels, some off to their villas, the lowlier seek the cheap restaurants and auberges, the sun disappears, and it is night. An hour or two later the orgie begins again. The sun has disappeared, indeed; but what of that? The strange beasts and birds, the fantastic masks and dominoes, the towering man-eater, the voracious cook, the seething cauldron, the gaudy hues look all the stranger, all the more grotesque, under the million glowing lights which burn from every side, the Chinese lamps, the Venetian lights, stretching in swaying network across the streets.

By eight o'clock the fun is fast and furious, for every one has now returned to the scene of the morning encounter. But the *confetti* no longer disturb the peace. The high-spirited ones dance, and waltz up the street to the music, shouting and screaming, and every one is happy. By eleven it is over, and again the mad crowd disperses, and every street is full of straggling groups, masked and dominoed, making their way perhaps to the brilliantly lighted cafés or to the masked balls which are to wind up this happy day.

Allons, enfants de compagnie,
 Les jours de joie sont arrivés,
 Aux chants et sons, à la danse chérie,
 Aux doux plaisirs ces jours sont consacrés
 (bis):
 Voyez-vous ces immenses montagnes
 De Bonbons, par les marchands étalés!
 Courage! aux sacs! remplissez-les!
 Il faut bien que tout ce monde gagne.
 Jeunesse, amusez-vous bien!
 Masques, pelles, sacs et Bonbons!
 Bonbons ça et là! Bonbons ça et là!
 Le Carnaval à Nice toujours vivra!

Such is the song of the Carnival, and faithfully has it been obeyed.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE "LADY GODIVA."

AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

It happened that one summer, a few years ago, I found myself travelling up the Barwon River, just where it commences to form the boundary between Queensland and New South Wales. The weather was terribly hot, and feed for horses scarce, so that I was only too glad to accept the invitation of a hospitable settler, an old acquaintance in digging days gone by, to stay and "spell" for a week or two, whilst my horses put on a little condition in his well-grassed paddocks. The country round about at that time, even on the river frontages, was very sparsely settled, and comparatively young people could remember when the blacks were "bad." Dingoes, kangaroos, wild-cattle, and "brombees" or wild-horses, roamed the great scrubs in thousands; and with respect to broken-in and branded individuals of the two latter species, the laws of *meum* and *tuum* seemed to be very lightly regarded amongst the pioneers of the border; and for a settler to put in an appearance at his neighbor's killing-yard whilst the operation of converting bullock into beef was going on, was deemed the very height of bad manners, inexcusable, indeed, unless perhaps in the newest of new-chums, at least till the hide was off and the brand cut out.

My friend had only recently taken up ground on the river; but his next and nearest neighbor, old Tom Dwyer, who resided about five-and-twenty miles away, was a settler of many years' standing; and it was from him that, towards the end of my stay with the Brays, came an invitation to the wedding festivities of his only daughter, who was to be married to a young cousin, also a Dwyer, who followed the occupation of a drover.

As Bray and myself rode along in the cool of the early morning—the women-kind and children having set out by moonlight the night before in a spring-cart—he gave me a slight sketch of the people whose hearty invitation we were accepting.

"A rum lot," said my old friend—a fine specimen of the bushman-digger

type of Australian-born colonist, hardy, brave, and intelligent, who had, after many years of a roving, eventful life, at last settled down to make himself a home in the wilderness—"a rum lot, these Dwyers. Not bad neighbors by no means, at least not to me. I speak as I find; but people do say that they come it rather too strong sometimes with the squatters' stock, and that young Jim—him as is goin' to get switched—and old Tom his uncle do work the oracle atween 'em. I mind, not so long ago, young Jim he starts up north somewhere with about a score head o' milkers and their calves; and when he comes back again in about six months, he fetched along with him over three hundred head o' cattle! 'Increase,' he called 'em—ha, ha! A very smart lad is Jim Dwyer; but the squatters are getting carefuller now; and I'm afraid, if he don't mind, that he'll find himself in the logs some o' these fine days. He's got a nice bit o' a place over the river, on the New South Wales side, has Jim, just in front o' Fort Dwyer, as they call the old man's camp. You could a'most chuck a stone from one house to the other."

So conversing, after about three hours' steady riding through open box forest country, flat and monotonous, we arrived at "Fort Dwyer"—or Dee-wyer, as invariably pronounced thereabouts—a long, low building, constructed of huge, roughly squared logs of nearly fireproof red coolabah, or swamp-gum, and situated right on the verge of the steep clay bank, twenty feet below which glided sullenly along the sluggish Barwon, then nearly half a "banker."

A hearty welcome greeted us; and the inevitable "square-face" of spirits was at once produced, to which my companion did justice whilst pledging the health of the company with a brief, "Well, here's luck, lads!" For my own part, not daring to tackle the half-pannikinful of fiery Mackay rum so pressing offered, with the assurance that it was "the finest thing out after a warm ride," I paid my respects to an

immense cask of honey-beer which stood under a canopy of green boughs, thus running some risk of losing caste as a bushman by appropriating "the women's swankey," as old Dwyer contemptuously termed it, whilst insisting on "tempering" my drink with "just the least taste in life, sir," of Port Mac-kay, of about 45 o. p. strength.

There must have been fully one hundred people assembled; and the open space just in front of the house was crowded with buggies, spring-carts, wagonettes, and even drays; but the great centre of attraction was the stock-yard, where Jim Dwyer was breaking-in to the side-saddle a mare, bought in one of his recent trips "up north," and intended as a present for his bride, of whom I caught a glimpse as she sat on an empty kerosene tin, with her sleeves rolled up, busily engaged in plucking poultry; a fair type of the bush-maiden, tall and slender, with good, though sharply cut features, deeply browned by the sun, laughing dark eyes, perfect teeth—a rare gift amongst young Australians—and as much at home—so old Bray assured me—on horseback cutting out "scrubbers" or "brombees," as was her husband-elect himself.

The rails of the great stockyard were crowded with tall, cabbage-tree-hatted, booted and spurred "Cornstalks" and "Banana-men" (natives of New South Wales and Queensland respectively); and loud were their cries of admiration, as young Dwyer, on the beautiful and, to my eyes, nearly thoroughbred black mare, cantered round and round, whilst flourishing an old riding-skirt about her flanks.

"She'll do, Jim—quiet as a sheep"—"My word! she'll carry Annie flying"—"What did yer give for her, Jim?"—"A reg'lar star, an' no mistake!" greeted the young man, as, lightly jumping off, he unbuckled the girths and put the saddle on the slip-rails.

Jim Dwyer differed little from the ordinary style of young bush "native"—tall, thin, brown, quick-eyed, narrow in the flanks; but with good breadth of chest, and feet which, from their size and shape, might have satisfied even that captious critic the Lady Hester Stanhope, under whose instep "a kitten

could walk," that the Australians of a future nation would not be as the British, "a flat-soled generation, of whom no great or noble achievement could ever be expected."

I fancied that, as the young fellow came forward to shake hands with Bray, he looked uneasily and rather suspiciously at me out of the corner of one of his black eyes. My companion evidently observed it also, for he said laughingly: "What's the matter, Jim? Only a friend of mine. Is the mare 'on the cross'?" And did you think he was a 'trap'?"

"None o' your business, Jack Bray," was the surly reply. "'Cross' or 'square,' she's mine till some one comes along who can show a better right to her, an' that won't happen in a hurry."

"Well, well," replied Bray, "you needn't get crusty so confounded quick. But she's a pretty thing, sure enough. Let's go and have a look at her."

Everybody now crowded round the mare, praising and admiring her. "Two year old, just," exclaimed one, looking in her mouth.—"Rising three, I say," replied another.—"And a clean-skin, and unbranded!" ejaculated Bray, at the same time passing his hand along the mare's wither.

"That's a disease can soon be cured," said Dwyer with a laugh. "I'm agoin' to clap the J. D. on her now.—Shove her in the botte, boys, while I go an' fetch the irons up."

"That mare's a thoroughbred, and a race-mare to boot, and she's 'on the cross' right enough," whispered Bray, as we walked back towards the house. "She's been shook; and though she ain't fire-branded, there's a half-sovereign let in under the skin just below the wither; I felt it quite plain; and I wouldn't wonder but there's a lot more private marks on her as we can't see."

"Do you think, then," I asked, "that young Dwyer stole her?"

"Likely enough, likely enough," was the reply. "But if he did, strikes me as we'll hear more about the matter yet."

Just at this moment, shouts of, "Here's the parson!"—"Here's old Ben!" drew our attention to a horseman who was coming along the narrow track at a slow canter.

A well-known character throughout the whole of that immense district was the Rev. Benjamin Back, "bush missionary;" and not less well known was his old bald-faced horse Jerry. The pair bore a grotesque resemblance to each other, both being long and ungainly, both thin and gray, both always ready to eat and drink, and yet always looking desolate and forlorn. As the Rev. Ben disengaged his long legs from the stirrups, the irrepressible old Dwyer appeared with the greeting-cup—a tin pint-pot half full of rum—which swallowing with scarcely a wink, to the great admiration of the lookers-on, the parson, commending Jerry to the care of his host, stalked inside, and was soon busy at the long table, working away at a couple of roast-ducks, a ham, and other trifles, washed down with copious draughts of hot tea, simply remarking to "Annie," that she "had better make haste and clean herself, so that he could put her and Jim through, as he had to go on to Bullarora that evening to bury a child for the Lacies."

Having at length finished his repast, all hands crowded into the long room, where before "old Ben" stood bride and bridegroom, the former neatly dressed in dark merino—her own especial choice, as I was told, in preference to anything gayer—with here and there a bright-colored ribbon, whilst in her luxuriant black hair and in the breast of her dress were bunches of freshly plucked orange blossoms, that many a belle of proud Mayfair might have envied. The bridegroom in spotless white shirt, with handkerchief of crimson silk, confined loosely around his neck by a massive gold ring, riding-trousers of Bedford cord, kept up by a broad belt, worked in wools of many colors by his bride, and shining top-boots and spurs, looked the very beau-ideal of a dashing stockman, as he bore himself elate and proudly, without a trace of that bucolic sheepishness so often witnessed in the principal party to similar contracts.

The old parson, with the perspiration induced by recent gastronomic efforts rolling in beads off his bald head, and dropping from the tip of his nose on to the church-service in his hand, had taken off his long coat of threadbare rusty black, and stood confessed in

shirt of hue almost akin to that of the long leggings that reached above his knees. It was meltingly hot; and the thermometer—had there been such an article—would have registered one hundred and ten or one hundred and fifteen degrees in the shade at the least. But it was all over at last. Solemnly "old Ben" had kissed the darkly flushing bride, and told her to be a good girl to Jim—solemnly the old man had disposed of another "parting cup;" and then, whilst the womenkind filled his saddle-bags with cake, chicken, and ham, together with the generous half of a "square-face"—or large square-sided bottle—containing his favorite summer beverage, old Dwyer, emerging from one of the inner rooms, produced a piece of well-worn bluish-tinted paper, known and appreciated in those regions as a "bluey," at sight of which the parson's eye glistened, for seldom was it that he had the fortune to come across such a liberal douceur as a five-pound note; but as old Dwyer said: "We don't often have a job like this one for you Ben, old man. We're pretty well in just now, an' I mean you shall remember it. An' look here; Jerry's getting pretty poor now, an' I know myself he's no chicken; so you'd best leave him on the grass with us for the rest o' his days, an' I'll give you as game a bit o' horse-flesh as ever stepped; quiet, too, an' a good pacer. See! the boys is a-saddlin' him up now."

The old preacher's life was hard, for the most part barren, and little moistened by kind offers like the present; and his grim and wrinkled face puckered up and worked curiously as he gratefully accepted the gift for Jerry's sake, his constant companion through twelve long years of travel incessant through the wildest parts of Queensland; and with a parting injunction to "the boys" to look after the old horse, he, mounting his new steed, started off on his thirty-mile ride to bury Lacy's little child.

The long tables, at which all hands had intermittently appeased their hunger throughout the day, on fowls, geese, turkeys, sucking-pig, fish, &c., were now cleared and removed; a couple of concertinas struck up, and fifteen or twenty couples were soon dancing with might and main on the pine-boarded

floor. Old men and young, old women and maidens, boys and girls, all went at it with a will, whirling, tamping, changing and "chaining" till the substantial old house shook again, and fears were audibly expressed that the whole building would topple over into the river.

"Not to-night, of all nights in the year," said old Dwyer; "although I do believe I'll have to shift afore long. Ye'll hardly think it—would ye?—that when I first put up the old shanty, it stood four chain, good, away from the bank; it was, though, all that; an' many a sneaking, greasy black fellow I've seen go slap into the water with a rifle bullet through his ugly carcass out of that back winder, though it is plumb a'most with the river now."

So, louder and louder screamed the concertinas, faster and faster whirled the panting couples, till nearly midnight, when "supper" was announced by the sound of a great bullock bell, and out into the calm night-air trooped the crowd. The tables this time had been set out on the sward in front of the house, just without the long dark line of forest which bordered the river, through the tops of whose giant "be-lars" the full moon shone down on the merry feasters with a subdued glory; whilst, in a quiet pause, you could hear the rush of the strong Barwon current, broken, every now and again, by a deep-sounding "plop," as some fragment of the ever-receding clayey bank would fall into the water. Four or five native bears, disturbed by the noise, crawled out on the limbs of a great coolabar, and with unwinking, beady-black eyes, gazed on the scene below, expressing their astonishment every now and again in hoarse mutterings, now low and almost inarticulate, then "thrum, thrumming" through the bush till it rang again. From a neighboring swamp came the shrill scream of the curlew; whilst far away in the low ranges of Cooyella could be heard the dismal howl of a solitary dingo coo-ee-ing to his mates.

Scarcely had the guests taken their seats and commenced, amidst jokes and laughter, to attack a fresh and substantial meal, when a furious barking, from a pack of about fifty dogs, announced the advent of strangers; and

in a minute more, three horsemen, in the uniform of the Queensland mounted police, rode up to the tables. One, a sergeant apparently, dismounted, and with his bridle over his arm, strode forward, commanding every one to keep their seats; for several at first sight of the "traps" had risen, and apparently thought of quietly slipping away. This order, however, enforced as it was by the production of a revolver, together with an evident intention of using it on any absconder, brought them to their seats again.

"What's all this about?" exclaimed old Dwyer. "We're all honest people here, mister, so you can put up your pistol. Tell us civilly what it is you're wantin', an' we'll try an' help you; but don't come it too rough. You ought to be 'shamed o' yourself. Don't ye see the faymales?"

"Can't help the females," retorted the sergeant sharply. "I haven't ridden four hundred miles to play polite to a lot of women. I want a man named James Dwyer; and by the description, yonder's the man himself"—pointing at the same time across the table to where sat the newly-made husband, who had been one of the first to make a move at sight of the police.

"What's the charge, sergeant?" asked old Dwyer coolly.

"Horse-stealing," was the reply; "and here's the warrant, signed by the magistrate in Tambo, for his apprehension."

I was sitting quite close to the object of these inquiries, and at this moment I heard young Mrs. Dwyer, whilst leaning across towards her husband, whisper something about "the river" and "New South Wales;" and in another moment, head over heels down the steep bank rolled the recently created benedict, into the curious and cool nuptial couch of swiftly flowing, reddish water, which he breasted with ease, making nearly a straight line for the other bank, distant perhaps a couple of hundred yards.

The troopers, drawing their revolvers, dismounted, and running forward, were about to follow the example set by their superior, who was taking steady aim at the swimmer, perfectly discernible in the clear moonlight, when suddenly half-a-dozen pair of soft but muscular

arms encircled the three representatives of law and order, as the women, screaming like a lot of curlews after a thunder-storm, clasped them in a tight embrace.

Young Mrs. Dwyer herself tackled the sergeant, crying: "What! would you shoot a man just for a bit of horse-sweating! Leave him go, can't you. He's over the border now in New South Wales, mare and all; and you can't touch him, even if you was there."

Just then a yell of triumph from the scrub on the other shore seemed to vouch for the fact, and was answered by a dozen sympathetic whoops and shouts from the afore-mentioned "Cornstalks" and "Banana-men," who crowded along our side of the river.

The sergeant struggled to free himself; and his fair antagonist unwound her arms, saying: "Come now, sergeant, sit down peaceably and eat your supper, can't you! What's the good of making such a bother over an old scrubber of a mare!"

"An old scrubber of a mare!" repeated the sergeant aghast. "D'ye think we'd ride this far over a scrubber of a mare? Why, it's the Lady Godiva he took; old Stanford's race-mare, worth five hundred guineas, if she's worth a penny. Bother me! if he didn't take her clean out of the stable in Tambo, settling-night, after she'd won the big money! But there, you all know as much about it as I can tell you, that's plain to be seen, for I never mentioned a mare; it was your own self, I do believe; and I'll have him, if I have to follow him to Melbourne.—Just got married, has he? Well, I can't help that; he shouldn't go stealing race-mares.—Well, perhaps you didn't know *all* about it," went on the sergeant, in reply to the asseverations of the Dwyer family as regarded their knowledge of the way the young man had become possessed of the mare. "But," shaking his head sententiously, "I'm much mistaken if most of this crowd hadn't a pretty good idea that there was something cross about her. However," he concluded philosophically, "it's no use crying over spilt milk. I'll have to ride over to G— at daylight—that's another forty miles—and get an extradition warrant out for him. He might just as well have come quietly at first,

for we're bound to have the two of them some time or other."

It was now nearly daylight; and our party set out on their return home, leaving the troopers comfortably seated at the supper, or rather, by this time, breakfast table; while just below the house, in a bend of the river, we could see, as we passed along, a group of men busily engaged in swimming a mob of horses—amongst which was doubtless the Lady Godiva herself—over to the New South Wales shore, where, on the bank, plainly to be discerned in the early dawn, stood the tall form of her lawless owner.

"How do you think it will all end?" I asked Bray.

"Oh," was the reply, "they'll square it, most likely. I know something of that Stanford; he's a book-maker; and if he gets back the mare and a cheque for fifty or a hundred pounds, to cover expenses, he'll not trouble much after Jim."

"Yes. But the police?" I asked.

"Easier squared than Stanford," answered Bray dogmatically.

That this "squaring" process was successfully put in force seemed tolerably certain; for very shortly afterwards I read that at the autumn meeting of the N. Q. J. C., the Lady Godiva had carried off the lion's share of the money; and I also had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Dwyer in one of Cobb & Co.'s coaches, bound for the nearest railway terminus, about three hundred miles distant, thence to spend a month or so in Sydney; Jim, as his wife informed me, having done uncommonly well out of a mob of cattle and horses which he had been travelling for sale through the colonies; so had determined to treat himself and the "missis," for the first time in their lives, to a look at the "big smoke."

"That was a great shine at our wedding, wasn't it?" she asked, as the coachman gathered up the reins preparatory to a fresh start. "But"—and here she tapped her husband on the head with her parasol—"I look out now that he don't go sticking-up to any more Lady Godivas."

"That's so," laughed Jim. "I find, that I have my hands pretty full with the one I collared the night you were

there. I doubt sometimes I'd done better to have stuck to the other one; and as for temp" — Here Jim's head disappeared suddenly into the interior of the coach; crack went the long whip; the horses plunged, reared, and went through the usual performance of

attempting to tie themselves up into overhand knots, then darted off at a top-speed on their sixteen-mile stage, soon disappearing in a cloud of dust along the "cleared line."—*Chambers's Journal*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE FIGHT FOR MISSOURI. From the Election of Lincoln to the Death of Lyon. By Thomas L. Snead. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

The contest for the possession of Missouri was one of the most picturesque of the early phases of our late war, and its importance, perhaps, has been underrated in connection with the more bloody and titanic struggles which followed it. Missouri was in many respects the key of the Union, and the sharp efforts made by the Confederates to hold it was well warranted by its importance. Mr. Snead, the historian of the contest, who now challenges the attention of the reading public, was the editor of the *St. Louis Bulletin*, and was well acquainted, and probably a participant in the intrigues and manœuvres of the Secessionist leaders to secure the political identification of the State with the Confederate cause. He was also *aide* to Governor Claiborne Jackson, and on General Sterling Price's staff, which gave him a very trustworthy knowledge of all the military operations. Mr. Snead seems to have made a careful study of all the sources of information, and the result is very satisfactory, both in a literary and historical sense. The story may be briefly summed up as follows:

Missouri comprised a resolute loyal majority, and when a convention was ordered for the purpose of taking the State out of the Union, the vote against that scheme was overwhelming. Nevertheless, the State barely escaped being pushed into the Confederacy against her will, through the activity of the Secessionists, and the theories of those who, believing in the Union as essential to the welfare if not the life, of every State as well as of all the States, yet clung to the idea that the first duty of Missouri was to warn off her premises the troops who were mustering to defend the Union. These notions seem wild enough now, especially when they are propounded by people who still hold them, as Mr. Snead does; but we cannot understand the contradic-

tions of the Rebellion without taking careful account of the situation of the Border States, where a large party was always trying to hold the North by the throat with one hand and the South with the other—but not holding the South too tight—and was calling that loyalty.

Missouri was in a dubious position: on the one side a popular majority, on the other a highly organized, keen-witted, and intensely zealous minority, who were determined to achieve their purpose at any cost. The turning-point in the scale was General Nathaniel Lyon, the Commander of the Union forces in the field, and the no less capable organizer of the State Union party. Lyon was a brave and able soldier, but above and behind all this he was a fierce, fanatical, uncompromising anti-slavery zealot, who carried with him into the cause not only devotion to a cause, but a passionate hate against slavery and its upholders, which burned like a personal vengeance. Mr. Snead does full justice to this picturesque and heroic figure, than whom few more striking personalities were brought out during the late war. Another striking actor in the drama was General Frank P. Blair, who ably co-operated with General Lyon in saving Missouri from Confederate clutches.

General Blair perceived more clearly than any other politician in the State the pressure of the danger and the folly of the measures popularly relied upon to avert it. While both sides were dallying, he saw at a glance the time and the means for decisive action. He recognized the greatness of Lyon, and it was largely through his untiring exertions that the fiery Yankee captain was intrusted with the responsibilities of which he made such brilliant use. In a few months Lyon defeated the rebel plots for the seizure of the St. Louis arsenal with its sixty thousand stand of arms, and the capture of the city of St. Louis. He broke up the rebel Camp Jackson, and made prisoners of the rebel State militia. He drove Claiborne Jackson from the capital, and held the armies of

McCulloch and Sterling Price at bay until the loyal men could reassemble the State Convention, install a loyal government, and make Missouri, with its great resources and its commanding position, safe for the Union. To do this, Lyon had to make the desperate stand, against overpowering odds, at Wilson's Creek. He accomplished his object, but he paid for it with his life. "By wisely planning, by boldly doing, and by bravely dying, he won the fight for Missouri."

The execution of the work is excellent. The style is graphic, easy, dignified, and the purpose is that of historic impartiality which aims to give due weight to all the factors in the situation. Great attention seems to have been given to the task of verifying all the facts, and the author has done a piece of thoroughly careful and capable work. The book is one which will surely force its way to an important place in the voluminous library of our war histories.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE CONSULATE. From the French of M. Fauriel, Member of the Academy of Inscriptions, and Professor of Foreign Literature at the Sorbonne. Edited, with an Introduction, by M. L. Lalanne. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Co.

This graphic and striking contribution to Napoleonic history, though fragmentary, will be swiftly recognized as possessing quite an exceptional value. It has that element which rarely attaches to history—it is the work of a contemporary and eye-witness under whose immediate pen passed the scenes of which he writes. M. Fauriel bitterly hated the Napoleonic character, ideals, and *régime*, though at the outset an official under one of Napoleon's most representative political lieutenants, Fouché. We suspect that Fauriel, when he became known as disaffected to the Government, owed his safety largely to the friendship of his *quondam* chief, though he refrained from political complications, and pursued the career of a reserved and recluse scholar. M. Fauriel's manuscripts were a genuine literary find, and the story of their discovery and identification are so interesting that we give it in the words of the editor.

"Some years ago," says M. Lalanne, "Mme. Fangier, niece of M. Arago, deputed me to offer Condorcet's papers, which had come into her possession on the decease of her uncle, to the library of the Institute. Those papers had been given by Mme. O'Connor, the only daughter of the famous Girondist, to M. Arago, when he was preparing an edition of Condor-

cet's works, and composing his eulogy. In the process of classifying the very numerous and interesting packets, I met with an anonymous manuscript without any general title, and whose subject bore no relation to the papers with which it was tied up. This manuscript, consisting of several copy-books, octavo size, together with separate sheets, notes, fragments and extracts from the newspapers of the year 1804, was divided into four chapters. The first was entitled, 'Historical Sketch of the Events which Preceded and Foreshadowed the Destruction of the Republic, Dating from the First Brumaire'; the second, 'Notes on the Principal Events of the English Conspiracy Prior to the Arrest of Moreau'; the fourth, which was the most extensive, and, unfortunately, unfinished, 'An Historical Picture of the Trial of Georges and Moreau.' I may mention that Georges Cadoudal was known among the Royalist party by his Christian name only; his letters and orders were signed General Georges. The third chapter was missing; a few fragments and notes indicated that it had never been written, and that it was to have treated of the death of the Duc d'Enghien, the Royalist plot, and the creation of the Empire. The mention of Admiral Bruix, who died on the 25th of March, 1805, as still living, enabled me to assign a date to the manuscript. Here, then, was a history, not constructed, like so many histories, after the facts, either from distant and sometimes unfaithful recollections, or from second-hand documents, but a history written at the very moment of the occurrences which it recorded.

"The reading of this manuscript made a vivid impression upon me. The generous sentiments that pervaded it, the vigor of style, the elevation of ideas, the correctness of views which it revealed, struck me all the more forcibly, because I did not know of the existence of any analogous document of the same epoch, one in which the freedom of the press and individual liberty no longer existed, liberty of the tribunal was about to be suppressed, and when 'the Great Nation' was reduced to the rare and too often lying communications which the Government deigned to make through the medium of newspapers entirely in its own hands.

"I have said that the work was anonymous. Nothing in its contents enabled me to discover its author, who never appeared upon the scene; it was, however, evident that he belonged to that *élite* section of Parisian society who would, perhaps, have been impelled by

their dislike and weariness of the Directory to accept the 18th Brumaire, if, as he says, 'Bonaparte had been prudent enough to take away from the French only that portion of liberty whose loss they were not capable of feeling or regretting,' but who could not be resigned to see most of the precious things that had been won by the Revolution perish with the Republic, and who were enabled to preserve, and at a later period to revive the liberal traditions of the generation of '89. The handwriting was small, regular, and elegant; among other characteristic marks, the formation of the letter *l* rendered it easily recognizable. Notwithstanding all my researches among manuscripts, I had never met with this particular handwriting anywhere, and I had almost relinquished the hope of clearing up the mystery, when an entirely unforeseen circumstance dispelled it.

"In 1883, after the death of the learned Orientalist, M. Mohl, and that of his wife (Miss Clarke), the library of the Institute was put in possession of the papers of an intimate friend of theirs, whom Sainte-Beuve called 'one of the most original masters of the present time, an eminent critic, most ingenious and sagacious,' and of whom M. Renan wrote that he was 'indisputably the man of our age who has put in circulation most ideas, inaugurated most branches of study, and traced out most new results in the order of historical investigation.' I speak of Claude Fauriel, born at Saint-Étienne in 1772, died in 1844, a member of the Academy of Inscriptions, and professor of foreign literature at the Sorbonne.

"Being charged with the arrangement of this mass of correspondence, notes, drafts, and fragments, I had already examined a score of boxes without having my attention arrested by anything, when I came upon a page dating from the writer's youth, and in a hand entirely different from that of the documents which I had already inspected. It was the draft of a letter which he had addressed to his friend Villers in 1803. At the first glance I recognized so striking a resemblance, or, I should say, such complete identity with the writing of the manuscript, that doubt was not possible. Letter and manuscript came from the same hand—from the hand of Fauriel.

"Then arose the questions, how did this manuscript come to be among the papers of the Condorcet family? how had Fauriel, whose life seemed to have been devoted solely to the study of the history and literature of the past, been led to write this narrative of contemporary events? lastly, why had he not finished

and published it? I am about to offer a brief explanation of these points.

"For many years an unbroken intimacy had subsisted between Fauriel and Madame de Condorcet. At the death of the latter in September, 1822, they were still living in the same house, and their books and papers were in common like their existence. The manuscript, either because it was forgotten, or for some other cause, remained in the hands of Madame O'Connor, Condorcet's daughter, and by that circuitous route reached the library of the Institute."

The first chapter, which sketches the events immediately preceding the downfall of the Republic, and Napoleon's election by a gigantic political fraud to be life-consul, the prelude to the bold unmasking of his imperial ambition, is a document of great power and sagacity. Perhaps the political situation of the France of that time was never more boldly and skilfully drawn. We are forced to regret its brevity, and wish the author had entered into a more detailed study. In the second chapter the author describes the condition of the parties into which France was divided, and shows that the Republicans, had they possessed an able and competent leader, might easily have baffled Napoleon's crime against the liberties of France and thus changed the whole course of history. The author also relates the origin and development of the conspiracies of Georges Cadoudal and Pichegru, and the manœuvres of the police to implicate General Moreau, the only man in France whose rivalry or opposition, alike on the ground of his great military genius and the virtues of his private character, the First Consul had to fear. The third chapter is very fragmentary, and its principal interest relates to the death of the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien, the most promising and brilliant of the Bourbon princes, whose assassination by the greatest brigand of history sent a thrill of horror through Europe.

The fourth chapter is principally devoted to the trial of Georges Pichegru, Moreau, and their supposed accomplices, on the ground of conspiring to overturn the Government, and plotting to assassinate the Emperor. The extraordinary network of lies and intrigue which was woven by the police at the order of Napoleon to compass the destruction of Moreau were clearly brought out on the trial, which is described at great detail. So palpable were the facts that a majority of a court, organized by Imperial power to convict at any cost, voted for acquittal, though they

were finally induced to sentence Moreau to banishment. We know of few things more dramatic, in spite of its austere and dignified simplicity, than this study of one of the greatest political trials of modern history. M. Fauriel's contribution to French history can hardly fail to attract wide attention. Though fragmentary, it has a special value of its own, and its solid worth is enhanced by an admirably lucid and agreeable style.

THE IMPERIAL ISLAND. England's Chronicle in Stone. By James F. Hunnewell, Author of "The Historical Monuments of France," "The Lands of Scott," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

In the "Imperial Island" the author has sketched the chief periods of English history in their order of time, and described their monumental works, still spared, by which they are vividly illustrated in what may properly be called a "chronicle in stone." To do this he has travelled over the highways and byways of the country from the Channel to Berwick, selecting examples, day by day writing notes about them, and then arranging materials gathered in a dozen tours. From a very large number of engravings at hand—and not at hand everywhere—comprising many of the best ever made on the subject, and which have also helped him, he has selected over sixty, and reproduced them to show the most notable points of the great variety of works he has described. Among them are copies from King's "Cathedrals," Inigo Jones's "Stonehenge," and Winstanley's "Audley End," all published over two hundred years ago, and among the early and rare books illustrating the arts or antiquities of England. Besides these, many valuable books dating from the earlier part of the present century are referred to in a similar manner, the author giving a reproduction as the only practicable way in which he could open a volume beside him and show the reader a good or curious view of something mentioned beside it in the text. For the historical passages introduced to connect the subject, of course published materials have been used, but for descriptive parts the writer has relied on his own notes and observation, with special reference to the peculiarities of each work, its relative place in the history of the country, and its existing or very recent condition. Thus he has sketched "Stonehenge," the forts of the Roman ports, the fragments of the great wall built from the German Ocean to the Solway, and other relics of the ancient im-

perial age. Then he describes the keeps and strongholds which the Normans in turn placed so wisely for their own purposes; the chain of fortresses drawn around Wales to secure it; the castles to hold the northern frontier; and others which were created by feudalism in the midlands. The vast and romantic mansions of the Renaissance and the palaces of the eighteenth century also in their turn are sketched. Of the 460 pages of the book about 200 are devoted to Christian art and the monuments of the Church, for these are the noblest and best-preserved in the country. Abbeys, minsters, and cathedrals are duly treated, and as each of them, especially the latter, has its peculiarities and special beauties, the chief are in each case pointed out. It is a fashion with some persons to scoff at the English cathedrals, but that they embody a wonderful amount of beauty is a fact which the author evidently believes in common with thousands of other people of cultivated taste. Without mere Anglomania, but with a hearty admiration for a great deal found in England that is precious in history and charming in art, the writer has seen and translated the chronicle of the country so intimately related to our own; "the exquisite old island," as he not untruthfully calls it—that is, an old home of the English-speaking race, and, after all bygone, full of interest.

Time, labor, reading, and more, are needed to put together a book of this sort, even about a country as well known as England. It serves as a reliable guide-book of its own kind, without being what is called a guide-book, for it is, perhaps, more suggestive of John Leland's "Itinerary," a record of important things seen by the writer, but in the present case of more scope and method. It is similar to the author's "Historical Monuments of France," written on the same basis of observation and notes, and enlarged by references to important books and authors, and by illustrations from the best authorities.

LETTERS TO DEAD AUTHORS. By Andrew Lang. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The brief essays, for so they can be called, which make up the contents of this book, were originally published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and richly deserve the more permanent form which they now take. They are delightful in their rich conjunction of humor, wit and sentiment, and full of the perfume of an admirable scholarship. Mr. Lang has something of the passion of Walter Savage Landor, after whom and Lucian in his "Dialogues with the Dead,"

he takes his literary cue, for the Greek and Latin classics, in which his mind has been steeped and saturated. We cannot help thinking that the letters to Herodotus, Lucian, Theocritus, and Horace are the gems of the book, though those addressed to modern writers are racy and mellow with fine qualities of loving yet subtle criticism. Among those not named above to whom our author addresses himself, are Thackeray, Dickens, Pierre Rousard, Pope, Rabelais, Dumas, Poe, Sir Walter Scott, Shelley, Molière, Burns, Byron, and Omar Khayyâm. The easy and colloquial grace which flows through these genial little essays makes them peculiarly sympathetic, and the form enables the author to seize certain elusive qualities of the authors with a vividness that brings out characteristics clearly. The only fault the reader would naturally find would be the brevity of the treatment, but the sketch in each case is so sparkling, yet so suggestive, that it makes one think of some delicious old wine; it is delicious in the draught, and the after-taste lingers lovingly on the mental palate. But the reader must taste for himself to get an idea of a charming little book. We quote from the letter to Horace: "Enough, Horace, of these mortuary musings. You loved the lesson of the roses, and now and again would speak somewhat like a death's-head over thy temperate cups of Sabine *Ordinaire*. Your melancholy moral was but meant to heighten the joy of thy pleasant life, when wearied Italy, after her wars and civil bloodshed, had won a peaceful haven. The harbor might be treacherous; the prince might turn to a tyrant; far away on the wide Roman marches might be heard, as it were, the endless, ceaseless monotone of beating horses' hoofs, and marching feet of men. They were coming, they were nearing, like footsteps heard on wool; there was a sound of multitudes and millions of barbarians, all from the North, *officina gentium*, mustering and marshalling her people. But their coming was not to-day nor to-morrow; nor to-day was the budding princely away to blossom into the blood-red flower of Nero. In the lull between the two tempests of Republic and Empire, your odes sound 'like linnets in the pauses of the wind.'

"What joy there is in these songs! What delight of life! What an exquisite Hellenic grace of art, what a manly nature to endure, what tenderness and constancy of friendship, what a sense of all that is fine in the glittering stream, the music of the waterfall, the hum of bees, the silvery gray of the olive woods on

the hillside! How human are all your verses, Horace! What a pleasure is yours in the straining poplars, swaying in the wind! What gladness you gain from the white crest of Soracte, beheld through the fluttering snow-flakes, while the logs are being piled higher on the hearth. You sing of women and wine—not all whole-hearted in your praise of them, for passion frightens you, and 'tis pleasure more than love that you commend to the young. Lydia and Elycera and the others are but passing guests of a heart at ease in itself, and happy enough when their facile reign is ended. You seem to me like a man who welcomes middle age, and is more glad than Sophocles to flee from those hard masters, the passions. In the fallow leisure of life, you glance around contented, and find all very good save the need to leave all behind. Even that you take with an Italian good-humor, as the folk of your sunny country bear poverty and hunger."

"*Durum, sed levius fit patientia.*"

Is not this taste, kind reader, sufficient to make you crave a fuller draught?

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THOREAU'S "Walden" is to be the second volume of the cheap "Camelot Classics" which a London house is bringing out.

THE daughter of Alma-Tadema has written a novel which is said to be a tragedy—so much a tragedy that it is asserted by one English critic to be an almost irresistible excuse for tears. *The Spectator* says that the story has considerable power and considerable weakness, and that Miss Alma-Tadema has but a superficial knowledge of men.

THE veteran poet and dramatist, Mr. John A. Heraud, now in his eighty-seventh year, will shortly give to the world his last poem. It is entitled "The Sibyl among the Tombs: An Elegy written in a London Churchyard." The infirmities of age have compelled Mr. Heraud for the past few years to relinquish his literary labors. The present poem was suggested by a little adventure which happened to his daughter, Miss Edith Heraud, in Islington Churchyard. This the lady relates in a short introduction to the elegy. The poem will be issued by Mr. Daniel S. Stacy, of Islington.

DR. DUDGEON, of Pekin, who is said to possess great influence with the leading statesmen of China, is writing a "History of Opium." The work, which is partially in type in Pekin, will contain much novel information concern-

ing the early history of the supply and its introduction into China.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S "History of Our Own Times" has been translated into French and published in Paris under the title of "Histoire Contemporaine d'Angleterre."

FRANCES COLLINS, the widow of Mortimer Collins, novelist and poet, died in England a fortnight ago. She was the author of several novels and of a biography of her husband.

MR. MORSE STEPHENS, who has been for some years contributing biographical articles on the chief leaders of the Revolution to the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," is bringing out the first volume of a "History of the French Revolution." He attempts to give the results of recent researches, which in many ways modify the received accounts, and has laid especial stress upon the history of the Revolution in the provinces. The work will be completed in three volumes, the second of which goes down to the death of Robespierre, and will probably be published in the summer, and the third to the assumption of power by Bonaparte as First Consul.

THE Longfellow biography is received with graceful appreciation by *The London Times*. It declares that much of the poet's popularity "on both sides of the ocean was due to the success with which he, a New Englander, assimilated Europe. With the single exception of Washington Irving, no American man of letters had up to that time written about the cities and regions of the Old World with insight and eloquence. Longfellow, when thirty years of age, did this, and his success both there and here was great and instantaneous. Any one can do it now; but the reward is not the same. Longfellow had the good fortune to come at the moment when naivete, enthusiasm, openness of mind, and the command of a simple style were just what was wanted to secure success for the young traveller who should visit Europe and reveal it to America."

The London Standard holds the self-satisfied opinion that "Longfellow was a European poet—something more than an English poet—born in America. His American birth freed him from insularity, and he strove hard to invest himself with local color as with a garment; but his soul was European, and not American. This is, however unconsciously, brought out in his biography."

IN the volume of "Dickensiana" recently published in London there is a reference to an

amusing blunder of a German critic who gravely stated that "The absurdities of English pronunciation are well exhibited in the case of the word 'Boz,' which is pronounced 'Dickens.'" In this volume are reprinted the scattered passages from *Notes and Queries* which show that Sam Weller's story of the muffins is not Wellerian at all, the genuine one being contained in Boswell's "Johnson"; that Sam's "Fleet" story of the prisoner who, on being threatened to be locked outside, trembled violently, and never ventured out of the prison gates afterward, was published in *The Mirror* in 1824, and is, in point of fact, "a well-known Joe Miller"; and that Fagin is but the prototype of Wotton. To crown all, the ferreting contributors to *Notes and Queries* have discovered that Mr. Pickwick's celebrated trouvaille—the stone inscribed with "Bil Stumps, his mark"—was so fully and accurately described in *The Annual Register* for 1771 that no room for speculation on the score of "coincidence" is left.

A MOVEMENT having been started in England to commemorate the centenary of Lord Byron, which will occur in 1888, the poet's grandson, Baron Wentworth, writes that, in his opinion, such a demonstration is not to be approved. Nevertheless, he says: "I feel that if the greatest poets and critics of our time were unanimous in wishing to accord recognition of some kind to the name of Byron, his family must respectfully acquiesce in any legitimate honors that were offered with such sanction. But I do not know how far such unanimity exists or is likely to exist, and it is manifestly unfair that Byron should receive any of the ridicule which might attach to those who make inadmissible claims concerning him. I therefore think it is my duty, as his descendant and in his name, to point out that no mere clique of unknown men without weight or authority would have the smallest right to possess themselves of Byron's memory as if it were their inheritance; and if real men of letters are divided in opinion as to his true place in English literature his representatives would ask that his grave may be left in peace."

"HE had found a new mine," says *The London World* of Bret Harte, "and he worked it with rare dexterity. The dexterity remains, but the mine is exhausted."

WITH the multiplication of cheap "Libraries" in England there has been more than a chance that the different firms would reprint the same books. This was actually done by

Routledge and Cassell, and Professor Morley now writes that they "are all agreed that it is against the interests of trade and of the public for two firms to issue the same books at the same price in two different libraries."

MR. F. MARION CRAWFORD'S new story, "Sarracinesca," has Cardinal Antonelli for one of its characters. The period of the story is that which immediately followed the expulsion of the Bourbons from Naples. Politics are lightly treated, sentiment and society being the chief themes of the story. It will appear serially in *Blackwood*.

MR. RUSKIN comes to the fore with some characteristic remarks on the education of children, as viewed by himself and Carlyle. "I know of nothing that has been taught the youth of our time," he says, "except that their fathers were apes, and their mothers winkles; that the world began in accident, and will end in darkness; that honor is a folly, ambition a virtue, charity a vice, poverty a crime, and rascality the means of all wealth, and the sum of all wisdom. Both Mr. Carlyle and I," he adds, "knew perfectly well all along what would be the outcome of that education." This utterance was provoked by an article in *The Spectator* setting forth that many Anarchists are persons of culture and that education does not extirpate crime, but rather aggravates it.

Apropos of the three-volume novel system, which the English circulating libraries are supposed to consider indispensable to their machinery, an interesting fact has come to light. A thousand copies of Mr. Rider Haggard's one-volume novel, "King Solomon's Wives," have been circulated by Mudie, while hardly more than 500 copies of any recent three-volume novel have been put in circulation by this library. Which way this fact tells it would be hard for one who is not in the secret to say. Since the three-volume novel usually is only circulated one volume at a time, it is quite possible that its 500 copies reached 500 readers more than the 1000 copies of the single volume.

A LIBRARY sale of unusual importance, says a recent London letter, which will probably attract buyers from America as well as Europe, is to commence in Edinburgh very soon. The library to go under the hammer is one of the finest in Great Britain. It belongs to Mr. J. W. MacKenzie, son of Dr. MacKenzie of Mauchline, the friend of Robert Burns, and among other unique works it contains many notable relics of the plowman poet. There are two manuscript volumes, entirely in Burns's

handwriting, containing thirty-three pieces in all, both poems and prose composition, which have never been published. This must be regarded as a precious literary find. Unfortunately, however, a great share of both the prose and poetry is of a religious character, and there is no song in Burns's mighty Doric, the Ayrshire dialect. The writings are dated between 1781 and 1784. Both the volumes are in the nature of commonplace books, and one is described by Burns as "A few miscellanies in prose and verse, designed for the acceptance of a young lady by a hand she well knows, who begs her acceptance." The young lady was Miss Anne Kennedy of Mauchline. For a sample, here is one passage from these Burnsiana: "The benefits which I received in my ambulatory exercise are not confined to the outer shell: the soul has likewise a considerable share; my health and vigor are not only maintained in a degree superior unto that of many of the young washy prigs of the present generation, but my mind also receives more exalted ideas from a nearer view and more abstracted contemplation of nature." In the MacKenzie collection are also many valuable manuscripts and books relating to Mary Queen of Scots, among them Pitcairn's own copy of his "Collections Relative to the Funeral of Mary," which contains letters from Sir Walter Scott and some rare portraits. The sale is to be divided into two parts.

A NOTION of publisher's profits at this side is to be gathered from the balance-sheet of Messrs. Chapman & Hall, limited, which has just been issued. Their profit for 1885 was \$80,885 odd, after deducting all expenses and writing off \$5538 for depreciation of copyrights and making provision for bad and doubtful debts; the directors recommend a dividend with the interim dividend already paid at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum.

MISCELLANY.

CHINESE THERAPEUTICAL CUSTOMS.—We have received from Dr. D. J. Macgowan, whose name has for many years been well known to all students of China, a copy of a curious paper by him on the movement cure in China, contributed to the *Medical Reports* of the Chinese Customs. In form the paper (which contains several interesting illustrations of the *modus operandi* of the cure) is a notice of successive writers on the system of therapeutics, which was actually practised on the late Empress by a high official who was supposed to be an adept

in the art. The notion that supernatural power was imparted to the human frame, and that the latter was rendered invulnerable to disease and death by breath-swallowing, or accumulations of air in the system, is a very old one. About the sixth century before our era a celebrated writer recommended a mild form of exercise to effect this, and this exercise, with breath-gulping, now constitutes the Chinese movement cure. After tracing the fluctuations of the practice and their causes, Dr. Macgowan comes to a work published in 1858 by the high official already mentioned. Life, it is taught, depends on the existence of a primary aura; so long as a particle of it is retained in the system, death cannot occur. A deficient supply is the cause of disease; and when it duly permeates the system, every ailment is averted. The object of the postures, motions, and frictions is to promote the due circulation of that vital air. One writer illustrates the state of the system that is thoroughly saturated with air by that of a drunken man who falls from a cart without sustaining injury, because of intoxication; so a man permeated with the vital aura is invulnerable. Disease appears only when the vitiated air can find entrance, when the circulation of the vital air is defective. The air starts in its circulatory movement from the "little heart," which is situated in the pubic region; air-vessels convey it thence upward anteriorly to the forehead, where these vessels become continuous with a similar system that returns the air posteriorly to the "little heart." Without fire this aura is the source of animal heat; without water it lubricates the viscera. Fate, indeed, determines longevity as it does birth, yet disease may be averted by employing the movement cure, which is preferable to delaying until disease sets in, when the art is comparatively useless. These are the principles on which the cure rests. These curious searchings into the mysteries of life and death are followed by a description of the details of the process. These are too numerous and complicated to be mentioned at length. They deal with the periods of air-swallowing and friction, the time for inhaling the sun's air and the moon's air, the time and modes of friction, the implements for shampooing (amongst them being a bag filled with water-worn pebbles, and a pestle or round bat for pounding the abdomen), and the various muscular movements, many of which are exceedingly comical. In gulping the air the east should be faced, and twelve of the various operations described should be gone through,

each forty-nine times. In going through the exercises there is to be no thinking, for the mind must be absolutely quiescent. Reference to this air-swallowing is made in the earliest extant Chinese medical treatises, but regular practitioners have always regarded the exercises as charlatanism.—*Nature*.

USEFUL MARTYRS.—Breton girls who want to get married go to Sené, near Vannes, and stick pins in the foot of the wooden statue of a saint called St. Uferier, who marries his devotees within the year. The pin must be well pushed in, for if it falls out the wedding will fall through; and it must be a strong straight pin, for if it bends the future husband may be a hunchback or a cripple. This is on the Atlantic coast. On the Channel, at Ploumanac'h, on a rock accessible at low tide, there is a little shrine supported by four Roman columns, and dedicated to St. Quirec, who landed there from England in the sixth century. His wooden image is stuck full of pins. So is a statue of St. Laurence near Quintin. Here the pin must stick at the first push, for each failure postpones the marriage for a year. The same practice has been traced farther inland, at Laval, in the ancient province of Maine, where the bare legs and arms of a colossal wooden statue of St. Christopher are covered with pin-holes and pins; and both young men and maidens join in the rite. There is an old tale told of an idiot who broke the statue of St. Mirli on the eve of his *fête*. In order to conceal his crime, his mother made him take the saint's place. Now upon the occasion of his feast there was a great resort of pious pilgrims who stuck pins in St. Mirli's knee for all sorts of wants. The first few pins of the day happened to be those of children, and did not much hurt the saint's representative; a young girl followed and drew blood; a stout old countrywoman then drove a corking pin so far into the poor idiot's leg that he jumped howling over the devout and prostrate bodies, and there and then made a miracle; for St. Mirli is believed to have flown up to heaven. Pins can be made to enter wood; but the old worm-eaten, decaying statues of the past are often replaced by stone figures, which are rebellious to pins. In that case the pins are still brought by the petitioners, but they are merely played round the base of the effigy.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

PHœNICIAN GRAVES.—In the common fate which attends all men, we feel a touch which makes us kin with the Phœnician, and we sus-

pend our blame as we go with him to bury his dead. We have no record either in literature or in sepulchral inscription from which to learn his belief about the hereafter; but the remains which we are able to examine point to the conclusion that his notions did not differ widely from those of the Chaldeans and the Syrian nomads. He appears to have held to the idea of a shadowy underground existence after death, but to have formulated no doctrine of immortality, or, indeed, of any larger life, though the myth of Psyche, often represented on the coffin, indicates hope. The skeleton is found surrounded with vases of exhaled perfumes, intended, probably, to arrest decay; with amphoræ containing a sediment as of evaporated wine; with philters and patens; with amulets and charms as a protection against the unknown perils of the under-world; with rings and seals and statuettes. It is deposited in a spacious cave or vault, perhaps enclosed in a coffin of metal or of cedar; the chambers, whether subterranean or opened from the face of the rock, are very roomy, and constructed with extreme care; but neither these nor the colossal piles in some places reared upon the sepulchre, have any indication of art, or any touch characteristic of the maker except the restriction to what he deemed absolutely necessary. The only peculiarities are coffins made of massive plates of lead, moulded, and tightly soldered together; and what M. Renan calls the "anthropoid sarcophagi"—upon the lids is a swathed human figure, of which, for the most part, the face and throat only have been carved by the sculptor; but these, even where most highly finished, clearly find their motive in the Egyptian mummy case.—*W. Holmden, in the "Magazine of Art."*

THE PARENTAL "DON'T."—Some parents are continually checking their children. Others, again, seem to have hardly will enough to chide or deny them anything. A little work which has reached us, and which bears the above title, seeks to instruct fathers and mothers how to steer a middle course between these difficulties and to insure a successful future to their offspring. Success, in the words of the author, implies more than financial distinction. There must be true and equal development of the physical, mental, moral, spiritual, and commercial side of life in order to deserve the term. His advice to this purpose is on the whole very sensible, and is given in a terse but interesting style, which renders the paper agreeably readable as well as instructive. We note

with satisfaction that he dissents from the present high-pressure system of school education, and would rather train the mind of childhood than fill it. Physical exercise receives due attention. Practical hints on the teaching of morals and religion are not wanting. A somewhat lengthy section is devoted to home hygiene and the rearing of infants. The observations contained in this chapter are well considered and accurate. We could wish that all parents were equally clear in their understanding of the value of milk alone as an article of infant diet, on the injurious effects of close, hot rooms, long and heavy clothing, empirical sedative remedies, overcrowding, and drainage deficiencies. We do not doubt that readers of this pamphlet will learn from it some points of use in the training of children which they don't know at present.—*Lancet.*

MEDICAL HEROISM IN RUSSIA.—A case of heroic self-sacrifice of medical men has just occurred at Kharkoff. A patient was brought into the lunatic asylum with hydrophobia, who was so violent that he had to be put into a sack and carried along by *gens d'armes*. All the attendants refused to touch the unfortunate man, declaring that they would rather lose their situations; whereupon two of the medical officers, Dr. Gutnikoff and Davidoff, themselves undertook to wash him and attend to him, though he was in the filthiest condition and covered with vermin. They managed after some time to get him somewhat cleaner and calmer. However, in one of his paroxysms, he bit Dr. Gutnikoff in the finger, and bespattered Dr. Davidoff's hand and eye with his saliva. The man did not live through the night. The two doctors are considered to be in great danger, and the principal, Professor Kovlefski, has written to Pasteur about them. It seems, however, that they have no funds to enable them to undertake such a long and expensive journey. Perhaps, however, public or private generosity may step in, or, as they are Government officials, it is conceivable that the Imperial treasury may be opened for the purpose.—*Lancet.*

WHAT DISRAELI DID.—Without great fortune, without patronage, without popular agitation, without the popular subscription of money which two of his famous contemporaries, Cobden and O'Connell, did not disdain, he raised himself from a very ordinary, though not mean, station to the Prime-Ministership of England, and to something which has been mistaken by men not altogether fools for the

arbitership of Europe. I do not mention his earldom, because that has been obtained by quite otherguess sorts of persons, and because it has been suspected that at least one part of Mr. Disraeli's reasons for accepting it was good-humored delight in feeling that the fact of his acceptance made a similar acceptance by other people, who would really have liked it much more, a political impossibility. As to what he did for England we get once again into contested matter. Let it only be said what the men before referred to, some of whom have not been deemed fools, *thought* he did for England. They thought—and it would appear have not ceased to think after seven twelve-months and a day—that he raised the country once more to its proper position among European nations, after a generation of backsliding ; that he put it in a state to maintain, if it chose, that position ; that he ranked as a kind of pacific Wellington, as a bloodless Marlborough, as a restorer of English honor after a long eclipse. Very likely they were wrong : on that point it would be improper to offer the least opinion here. But who else that can be mentioned has ever spread such an opinion of himself and his actions not among the thirty millions "mostly fools," but among the thousand or hundreds, some, at least, of whom are most certainly not foolish ?—*George Saintsbury, in the "Magazine of Art."*

ENSILAGE.—The question of the adaptability of silos to the bulk of tenant farmers appears to be rapidly coming nearer to a solution. The experiments of 1885-86 have shown a decided advance over those of past years, and amongst the results are two of special value. The first is that it is not only unnecessary, but unwise, to weight the silos each time an addition is made whilst in process of filling. When so weighted, fermentation is evidently checked, the stuff never gets the needed heat, and silage more or less sour is the product. Secondly, when time is allowed between the fillings, and the product gets up to a heat of 125 deg., or more, the result is sweet ensilage, a much more palatable, and we may assume, a more healthy food. These conclusions have been abundantly proved by a series of experiments that have been tried in filling silos in the North of England in 1885, and substantiated at the opening of the said silos in 1886. Possibly one of the greatest objections to the ensilage system was the labor and expense involved in putting on and taking off the weights whilst filling the silos ; and now that this objection no longer

exists, the fact will doubtlessly lead more tenant-farmers to adopt the silo system, seeing that a much larger bulk of provender is secured for live stocks than when grass is made into hay. Under the new light thus thrown upon the subject, it is much preferable to build a number of small silos than to have one or two large ones, because with the smaller ones the work of filling can be almost continuous, and the necessity of waiting for the temperature to rise will be obviated. One other lesson seems obvious in my opinion, namely, that it is a mistake to chop the food before putting into silo, as food so treated turns out much more acid than the uncut. The why or wherefore of this must be left to the chemists for solution. Grass appears to be the best product for the silo. To silo immature oats must lead to a loss of feeding product, for the matured grain and the straw, we think, will give better results. It is a wide stretch of the imagination to suppose that weeds or any trash put into a silo will emerge from it as good food. Coarse grass will come out in a state that cattle will eat, but the silo cannot convert a bad product into a good one. The only instance I have seen of an attempt to ensile in stack, made with all care, has been a failure, and a great amount of the grass has been wasted. In building silos, or converting old buildings into silos, which may be done at a light expense, whenever practicable, it should be contrived that the carts can come up to a level with the top of the silo, so as to reduce the labor of the forking of the product into the pits to a minimum. Where the buildings will not admit of this, from the nature of their construction, then it will be found to be true economy to provide for the same object, by sinking the silos so many feet below the natural level of the floors of the buildings.—*English Illustrated Magazine.*

A LEGEND OF NAGASAKI.—In the course of prolonged cruises in many waters, it has been my pleasant lot to anchor in many a beautiful harbor, but none, I think, more fascinating in its fairy-like loveliness than that of Nagasaki, on the southern isle of Japan. The pretty town of Nagasaki is quite an idyllic city, where commerce, with its restless hurry and struggle, is singularly unobtrusive ; and the most conspicuous feature is the multitude of large, heavily thatched roofs, half veiled by dark foliage, each marking where some handsome Buddhist temple, with cool, shady courts, has niched itself in one of many pleasant valleys, or on the

terraced sides of the richly wooded hills. Quite as numerous as the temples are the peaceful and carefully tended burial grounds, which in Japan are always points of attraction, and are, moreover, the scenes of most graceful festivals on behalf of the dead. Many a terrible memory of wholesale massacre clings to these fair isles, but two especially belong literally to this now peaceful harbor. The first is the story of Takaboko, a very picturesque islet with pleasant grassy slopes on one side, but faced on the other with precipitous crags. Thither were brought a great multitude of native Christians, who had previously been subjected to all manner of horrible tortures to induce them to renounce the Holy Name; and who, as a last appeal, were led up the grassy bank to the brink of the precipice, and there bidden to choose between trampling on the Cross, or being hurled from the crag to fall in battered anguish on the sea-worn rocks far below. It is said that not one would accept the alternative of a life so basely ransomed; and, in memory of such devotion, the Martyr's Isle is now generally known as Pappenberg—"the crag of the Fathers." The other memory to which I referred is that of a terrible sea fight, *à l'outrance*, which occurred about the year 1637, when these calm waters were reddened with the blood of a host of brave warriors, Spanish and Japanese. In the whole range of naval warfare, I know of no record so startling as that of the fate of the last Spanish three-decker which dared to enter this port. News travelled slow in those days; nevertheless, tidings had reached the Court of Japan that about a year previously a Japanese junk had been seized, robbed, and scuttled off the coast of Manila by the Castilians (generic term for all Spaniards). These sea-pirates had thought to secure secrecy by drowning all the crew, nevertheless some "bird of the air had carried the matter," and the edict went forth that no Spanish ship should ever again dare to approach the shores of Japan. Great, then, was the excitement when it became known that a large Spanish vessel, laden with merchandise from the Philippine Isles, had disregarded all remonstrances of the harbor authorities, and had sailed right up to the town of Nagasaki, and there anchored. The Imperial commands were forthwith issued to the Prince of Arima, bidding him set fire to this invading ship, and utterly destroy all her merchandise and her crew. The proud Spaniards were not to be easily turned aside from their purpose; for Japanese gold they had risked this venture,

and Japanese gold they were resolved to carry with them. So night and day they toiled to dispose of their cargo, and relade their beautiful ship with one more precious. When this was accomplished, they prepared to sail, but the hour of grace was past. Meanwhile the great Prince of Arima had arrived with an army of picked warriors in a fleet of rowing boats. From the height of their majestic three-decker, and confident in the invincibility of their fire-arms and three tiers of brass cannon, the Spaniards looked down disdainfully on the ant-like multitude who swarmed around them; but their scorn changed to amazement when these athletic little warriors, led by the Prince of Arima in person, scaled the sides of the huge ship, boarded her, and, utterly regardless of their own lives, fought so desperately that they actually obtained possession of the upper deck. It was too late then to repent of the folly of having despised their foe. The position was desperate, and called for a desperate remedy. The retreat was sounded, the Spaniards one and all retired to the lower deck, closing the hatchways after them, and by the aid of many small charges of gunpowder, blew up the main deck. The Prince of Arima narrowly escaped sharing in this wholesale destruction, for, suspecting treachery when the Spaniards retreated, he leapt overboard just in time to avoid the fate of his retainers. Quick as thought he summoned a second scaling party, and again led on the attack with the identical result. The second deck and then the third were thus blown up by the desperate defenders of the great ship, and still fresh boatloads of valiant Japanese warriors pressed on to fill the place of their luckless comrades. The Spaniards had now retreated to the hold of their vessel, and there, fighting with the courage of despair, defended themselves for six hours, till the very last man was dead; and the conquerors, whose victory had cost them the lives of three thousand of their bravest warriors, literally obeyed the Imperial command, and scuttled the invading vessel with all that remained of her goodly merchandise. It is said that in after years no less than three thousand cases of gold and many other treasures were recovered by Japanese divers from the depths of Nagasaki harbor, and wondering children still gather round some gifted teller of old legends to learn how bravely their forefathers gave their lives in obeying the Emperor's behest in that terrible fight with the great Spanish mercantile man-of-war.—C. F. Gordon-Cumming, in *Time*.

